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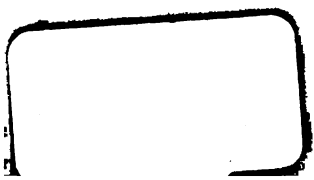
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THE
IRISH MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

JANUARY TO NOVEMBER, 1874.

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THE
IRISH MONTHLY
Magazine.

JANUARY, 1874.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

CLIMBING up a mountain, one needs at certain stages to pause and take breath. Now, the first use the climber is sure to make of these breathing-spaces is to turn his face away from the heights before him, and to look back upon the road by which he has come. There it winds down the side of the mountain, a white track amid the furze and scanty herbage, lost from sight here and there, where it sinks into some hollow which a mountain-stream has scooped out; and then when it reaches the foot of the hills, the road makes its way more directly through fields and hedges to the hamlet from which the traveller started hours ago. How long it appears since he set out! Yet, the village seems to be not very distant, with the smoke curling up from its chimneys, near the beach of that sea yonder, which lies so calm and so bright far away beneath him.

Our New Year's Days are just such breathing-spaces in the up-hill journey of life. Rather, life is not a journey from shore to mountain-top, but from shore to shore, across the rugged and perilous range of mountains which separate two oceans—the ocean of nothingness, from which we have come, and the ocean of eternity, into which we are going. How far have we advanced on our journey? How many steps further will bring us to the margin of that mysterious sea which all must cross and never re-cross? Is the

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slow climbing over for us, and have we begun the swift descent down the other side? Do the waves of the eternal ocean, dashing on the rocks below, strike on our ears more clearly and more clearly at every step? They will, if we listen.

But one answer to these questions will not do for all. We seem to be journeying together, but we are not. Side by side, yet far apart. Those even who started on the journey together do not reach the journey's end together. For, ah! no allegory can match the plain realities of life and death. We cannot pause to look back, like him whom we imagined climbing up the mountain. We may look back, but we cannot pause. "*Le moment où je parle est déjà loin de moi.*" There is no real pause, no blank, no breathing-space. While we look back, time goes on, and we go on with it—at every moment one step nearer to the brink of our eternity. We cannot pause, but we may look back. Nay, we *must* look back, and New Year's Day is a proper time for looking back and looking forward.

Sir Arthur Helps begins one of the chapters in his "History of Spanish Conquest in America" with some reflections which come in more aptly in this opening page of our second volume than in their original context. One thing that strikes us, he says, when we ponder on the mystery of life, is its terrible continuity for the individual. To others this may not be so clear, but to the man himself it is fatally so. "Considerable and outwardly abrupt events take place in a man's life; but they do not surprise him much, and they never interrupt his sense of the continuity of his being. Hence the constant remark of the aged, that all life is but a dream, and that their youth seems to them but as yesterday. Madness, it has been said, may produce an apparent pause, but sanity knows nothing of the kind."

Yes, so it is. No pause, no break, no rest in this hard task-work, this life-long duty of *living*. But, if we are really sane, we shall make for ourselves artificial breaks, such as this annual homily preached to us at the "Midnight Mass of the Dying Year." Never, perhaps, has that moral been urged more effectively than in the "New Year's Night of the Miserable Man," which poor Clarence Mangan has, with consummate skill, turned almost literally into rhyme, out of the exquisite prose of John Paul Richter. A certain old man is forced, by such thoughts as we have followed thus far, to look back in earnest on his life, which has now nearly reached its term. He looks back, and he sees nothing there but a dreary blank, and worse than a blank—folly, and crime, and sin—opportunities lost, graces abused, inspirations stifled, the promise of youth blighted—all lost, utterly and for ever! And he cries out in the bitterness of his soul, "Oh! that I could live my life over again. Oh! that my youth could return!" And, lo! his youth returned. He was young again. His life was still before him. It was all a dream that he had dreamed—a dream of what might have

been, of what might still be, if he did now at once shake off his sloth, and curb his passions, and strive to live for God and eternity. Let us, also, dear readers, dream this dream, and awake from it to a like resolve.

Solemn thoughts like these will not cloud, but rather brighten, the gaiety of that kindly greeting which, in these days, is passing round from mouth to mouth, and from heart to heart, and which we now repeat with full hearts—wishing to our IRISH MONTHLY, and to all its friends everywhere, many a Happy New Year.

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

AT last that strange sort of lull that creeps over the house on which a heavy blow has fallen was felt at Edenhall.

The body of the young heir, of the gallant fearless boy, had been laid out for the grave. Massive wax candles burned in the room of death, and many of the women-servants were watching by the corpse. In a corner knelt Mistress Dorothy, the housekeeper; her sleeves hid the beads that were passing rapidly through her fingers as she prayed for the soul so suddenly summoned before its Judge. Unshriven he had passed, but not by his own fault.

Mrs. Dorothy was a person who, while perfectly maintaining her position as housekeeper, never preaching or obtruding her opinions, contrived to gain a wonderful influence over the minds of others. Perhaps her own serenity, or perhaps the constant prayer that bound her soul to God, was the secret. Be that as it may, Lord Milroy, who would never listen to his sisters' remonstrances, and defied his tutor as far as he dared, had often held converse with Mrs. Dorothy, had let her see into his heart; and the memory of those glimpses gave her inexpressible comfort in this awful hour. With confidence she could breathe the words of Holy Church: "Remember not the sins of his youth and his ignorances, for though he hath sinned, he hath not denied Thee."

The sisters had wept themselves to sleep; the Earl was shut up in his chamber, for none might look on the proud man's grief. On the terrace outside the hall paced slowly up and down Philip Engelby, his eyes fixed on the distant horizon, where the faint flush of early dawn might be descried.

"Strange chances of life," he mused, "in an instant from a poor dependent on a great man's state to become heir-at-law; the

one great obstacle in my path swept away in a moment. Is not my onward progress clear and plain? 'Tis easy now to mount. Yet he may wed again. I scarce think it. But what boots the title without the lands? What useless folly thus to divide the inheritance; There is but one remedy—to win the hand of one of these fair girls; and I trow few would murmur at that condition. I know not which is the fairer, the stately Rita or the dove-like May. Which would be the easier to win? As the proverb runs, I must look well to my cards. Methinks it would be seemly if I delivered them from my presence till the burying be over. I wonder of what sort is the parson, and whether he would give me lodging. I take it parsons are mostly hangers-on at great men's tables, and he will gladly pleasure the *heir-at-law*! I'll creep softly to my chamber now, and put together my effects; and when the sun has risen, I will seek my fortune with Parson Hunter."

Philip was right in his judgment. When day brought back its miseries, when the mourners with aching nerves and downcast hearts came out to receive their guest, great was their satisfaction to find he had departed. The Earl especially appreciated the proceeding; Philip made a tremendous stride in his favour by the step. It showed a thoughtfulness for others, together with that frankness which would not simulate a sorrow he could not feel; all of which impressed Lord Edenhall favourably. His first impulse had been to hate the man who was now heir to the family honours and name, and to determine such brilliant prospects never should become a reality; but this move of Philip's somewhat changed his mind. He was averse to marrying again. His heart was still in a strange sort of way faithful to his lost wife. Marriage with a young damsel would be most distasteful to him. There was an old prophecy, the Earl called it an old woman's tale, that if ever the house of Edenhall denied the faith, there should never more be an heir in the direct line.

"Folly," said the Earl to himself, as he strode feverishly about the room: "I suppose the old crones will be croaking over my poor lad's grave with such stuff as this? I suppose Providence had arranged the horse was to throw him; and the fact of his mounting it when warned it was untrained is to count for nothing." Still, notwithstanding this soliloquy, the thought that even if he did re-enter the uninviting state of matrimony, the curse might yet be fulfilled, recurred with an unpleasant frequency to his mind; and before the day closed, following that which saw the ending of Robert's young life, he had been talking to Philip (who of course presented himself in the course of each day to make inquiries) in a tone of friendly confidence which raised high the hopes in the young man's breast.

The following day, fortune seemed to favour him still further. Strolling about the grounds, he came on Rita alone. She was sitting in an attitude of the deepest dejection. A book which she

had been trying to read had fallen from her hands; the tears were slowly coursing down her pale cheeks.

Very high-spirited people are generally more utterly cast down by sorrow than those more usually serene; and Rita felt the loss of her joyous, handsome, mischievous, but loving brother to her heart's core. She coloured up as she saw Philip, and bent her head; she was feeling too languid and worn out to rise. "Pardon me, fair coz.," he said, bending low, "if I disturb you; say but one word and I am instantly gone. But if you would suffer me to break in upon the sad train of your thoughts, not to jar against, but to harmonize with them, how blest I should esteem myself."

"I shall be but dull company, Cousin Philip," answered the girl, sadly; "I cannot school my spirits to play my part of hostess. Let me thank you, Cousin, for taking up your abode with Parson Hunter. I fear your lodging is but a sorry one."

Philip smiled, and evaded the last question, but picked up the book lying on the ground. "What? poetry, Cousin? Do you study this? I am madly fond of it. Doubtless, you know the Italian tongue, and have many a strain of Dante by heart?" Rita answered she knew Italian well; and, standing before her, the young man began some of the immortal lines of the great master, which touched the sensitive heart of Rita, and made it thrill.

It was like balm dropping on a wound. Philip seated himself on the grass at her feet, and the conversation ran swiftly on. He learned her tastes, her favourite pursuits, the books she read, the heroes she delighted in. Proud and reserved as she naturally was, she would not have believed it possible, an hour before, she could have talked so openly to a stranger; but with consummate tact he led her on. He possessed to the full the power of pleasing, and he exerted it to the utmost. She had been pining for action—to see the world—only now, this blow had come, she cared for nought. She wanted to do some great thing; she could not be content to spend her life spinning and embroidering, visiting poor people, and entertaining a few country neighbours. "No," said Philip, with kindling light in his eyes, "you would say with the poet"—and he opened the volume of George Herbert she had been reading—

—————"The sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on :
Write on the others—'Here lies such a one.'"

"Yes, that is just what I feel," said Rita, in a glow of delight at being so well understood.

She was ashamed the next minute, at having seemed so to forget the sorrow of the present moment. Philip saw he had said enough for one day, and presently after took his leave. But the sorrowful train of Rita's reflections had been broken; she was looking cheerful when May came to join her.

May had been praying in the chamber of death. It was not the first time in her young life that her devotion had kept her out of a snare. For the last twenty-four hours Philip's thoughts had been turning to her. There was a great attraction to him in the apparent yielding softness of her manner and character; but the lucky chance that threw him in Rita's way was not to be despised, and from henceforth his mind was resolved to win her.

When May joined her sister, Rita told her about Philip. "I don't like him," said May, softly.

"For Heaven's sake, why?" rejoined Rita, fretfully; "You have such extraordinary fancies.—His parts are excellent; his manners most agreeable."

"He is not true, I think," said May, slowly, and in a sorrowful tone.

"Well, really, sister, I wonder you do not scruple to burden your conscience. This man has never wronged you. You cannot know he is untrue. You can only guess it, and read it in his face, as you fancy. I think you lack charity, sister mine."

"It may be so, Rita, dearest," answered May, humbly: "perhaps it is wrong for me to see these things in faces. I have no one to ask now"—and her eyes filled with tears. "In Paris, dear Sœur G  n  vieve and P  re de Lyonne used to teach me how to correct my faults. I will not do it again."

"Darling May," said Rita, as she kissed her fondly, "it was I that the good nun and priest had to torment them. You never had any faults."

"Oh, Rita, hush!" May's eyes were overflowing now; and the subject of Philip Engelby was for the moment forgotten.

TO THE MOTHER OF THE CHRISTMAS BABE.

(Unpublished Poem).

BY THE LATE RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

ROSY dawn, the orient flushing,
 Dews o'er purple flowers that flow,
 Crimson wings of martyrs, blushing
 Like the blood ye shed below;
 Ye in light celestial glowing—
 Gems that pave Jehovah's hall,
 Eden-streams in music flowing,
 Rills o'er opal rocks that fall:
 Lamps of God careering o'er us,
 Robed in more than regal sheen,
 Sing aloud in pealing chorus,
 Hail, Holy Queen!

While she clasps the pretty Lisper
To her holy Virgin breast,
White-wing'd cherubs round her whisper,
Angel armies o'er her rest.
'Tis the lip that now on Mary
Sweetly sheds seraphic smiles,
Bids the tides of ocean vary,
Lights on high the starry isles.
Ye who from the sun's dominions
Gaze upon that heavenly scene,
Sing to harps, with quivering pinions,
"Hail, Holy Queen!"

All the spheres behold with wonder
Sleeping on thy bosom lie
Him whose word in cloud and thunder
Hurl'd them flaming through the sky.
Mary! sacred Star of Ocean,
Rise thou o'er the stormy brine,
Quell the passions' wild commotion,
Cheer and save us, Mother mine!
Round us while the tempest rages,
Be thy guiding lustre seen,
And our song through endless ages,
"Hail, Holy Queen!"

[Through the kindness of a friend at New Orleans, the widow of Dr. R. D. Williams, well known to many of our readers for his *Misadventures of a Medical Student*, in the early days of the *Nation*, has sent for publication in *THE IRISH MONTHLY* some unpublished poems of this gifted Irishman. The piece which we give first in honour of this holy Christmastide has probably not received the last corrections of the author, though we print it from his own copy in the clear bold handwriting of "Shamrock."

The poet was born at Grenan's Town in the county of Tipperary, at the foot of the Devil's Bit Mountain. After the troubled year, 1848, he went to the United States, married at New Orleans, in 1856, and died in 1863, leaving a son and two daughters. Over his grave at Thibodeau in Louisiana, some of his countrymen have placed a stone with a loving inscription. A collection of his poems would be his best memorial.]

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE FATHER HENRY YOUNG, OF DUBLIN.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER Henry Young's career commenced at a time when the relaxation of the penal laws brought about a rapid change in the outward aspect of the Catholic worship in Ireland. Several terrible accidents had taken place in consequence of over-crowding in the wretched places where the children of the Church were forced to congregate for Mass; and this opened the eyes of the authorities to the necessity of tolerating the public services of the Catholic religion amongst a people who could not be induced by terror or by interest to abandon their faith. As soon as the iron hand of despotism was withdrawn, churches sprang up as if by magic all over Ireland, and the solemn offices of the Church began to be performed with some of their sacred impressiveness and wonted beauty. In this movement Father Henry joined with all the fervour of his ardent zeal. Everything that related to the service of God and of His altars was the object of his minutest care. Later on we shall have occasion to relate how extreme was his conscientiousness as to all matters of rubrical appointment, and how deeply he valued every opportunity of carrying out the adornment of the Sanctuary, which from the first outset of his priestly life he sought to forward.

Not with less strenuous ardour did he devote himself to the service of his neighbour. The condition of the poor was at that time peculiarly trying, and excited to the utmost the energies of his charitable zeal. In consequence of the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland, all parliamentary duties being transferred to London, the nobility had entirely abandoned Dublin, and most of the wealthy gentry followed their example. This, and the invention of machinery, which superseded hand-loom labour and threw thousands of weavers out of employment, caused indescribable misery in the overcrowded and poor districts of the city. As poverty increased, as the houses became ruinous, and the people more and more wretched, fever, starvation, and cold made sad havoc amongst them. There were then no Sisters of Charity or Mercy, no St. Vincent de Paul Societies; even the workhouse did not exist. Private charity was almost the sole resource of the destitute, who, hidden away and dying by hundreds, in dilapidated houses in obscure streets, were known only to the priests, who spent, and often sacrificed their lives in endeavouring to provide for the

spiritual and temporal need of their starving and suffering flocks ; and many are the names, even at this day, held in veneration and love by the children and grand-children of the poor sufferers to whom they devoted themselves. Nothing can be more touching than the affectionate, undying reverence with which the Irish poor treasure up the memories of the priests who have served them and suffered for them in bygone days. We may well say in speaking of those faithful shepherds,

“Thy great heart, Erin, is their grave.”*

The name of the Very Reverend Thomas Betagh, S.J., vicar-general of Dublin, who died in 1811, is one of those never mentioned without a blessing. He is still spoken of as “the Saint,” and little articles touched by him are preserved as relics. This holy priest was indefatigable in his charity and zeal towards the poor. He established schools wherever he could, including an admirable institution where several hundred young men assembled every evening after their work, and were instructed in reading, writing, and accounts. During a season of peculiar distress and sickness, Father Betagh had exhausted all his means, and drawn on the charity of his friends to the utmost for the relief of the sufferers. The rent of his schools becoming due, he was utterly unable to meet the demand, and was threatened with an execution. Vain were all his efforts to obtain time, or to raise the necessary funds. The schools, and the young men’s Institute, with their books and fittings, which it had been the work of his life to establish and maintain, were about to be snatched from him, just as their efficacy had begun to reward his labours. On the evening preceding the threatened ejectment, he withdrew to his room and prostrated himself before the Cross. His prayer was not ended before the door was softly opened and a person entered, who laid a packet on the table and was gone before the astonished priest had time to address a question to him. On opening the packet he found that it contained precisely the sum so urgently required—by whom given or brought was never discovered.

We gladly link with this sketch of Father Young the names of some of the more eminent of his fellow-labourers ; and we may therefore mention here Father Peter Kenny, another holy Jesuit, who is still held in grateful remembrance as a distinguished missionary priest and eloquent preacher. He was one of Father Young’s most cherished and intimate friends, and had frequent opportunities of observing the details of his life. He used to say that Henry Young was the only person he had known or heard of in his own time who practised to the very letter the austerities of the Saints of former ages. He was not singular in this opinion of his friend’s sanctity. Such men as Dr. Blake, who became subsequently bishop of Dromore, many of the Jesuit Fathers, the Carme-

* Aubrey de Vere.

lite Fathers O'Rorke and Colgan, Fathers M. B. Corr, P. Corr, P. Walsh, and J. Walsh, and many other priests noted for their zeal and piety, were struck by the austere life, and bore testimony to the virtues of the young priest, who was devoting himself with so much earnestness to the good of souls and the relief of the miseries which surrounded him.

Of course, through his own wealthy family Father Young was able to do much : and every penny he could procure, every article which was given to him, was at once devoted to charity. Fearing that money might be injudiciously employed, he opened an account at a shop, and then caused six pockets to be attached to his coat, each pocket appropriated to tickets for six different necessities of life. Every morning he filled the pockets with these tickets, and distributed them to his necessitous clients. He shrank from nothing by which he could serve the poor; he was sometimes seen carrying on his back a bundle of straw* to make a bed for some fever-stricken desolate creature in a wretched cellar or garret, or loaded with loaves of bread for children famishing in some loathsome alley. He literally practised our Lord's precept, for he retained nothing beyond the single suit in which he was clothed, and very often not even that, for he was known to take off his waistcoat in order to give it to some shivering beggar. One severe day he met a miserable old man whose dilapidated hat did not afford him the least protection; Father Young asked him for it, and handed his own to the old man. The beggar, surprised and distressed, wished to return his Reverence's hat, but Father Young said, "No : I shall find it much easier to get another than you would."

Mr. Young, calling one day to see his son, told him that if he had any friends he should like to invite to dinner he would be most happy to entertain them ; Father Young replied that he had some friends to whom he very much wished to give a good dinner. The day was fixed, and Mr. Young on his return home gave suitable orders. The hour named for the feast arrived, and so did Father Young, accompanied by a large party of the most miserable beggars. Mr. Young remonstrated, but his son settled the question by saying : "You told me to invite my friends, father, and I have done so—I have no other friends." On another occasion, when he had completely exhausted his resources for the relief of the poor, a number of beggars followed him to his father's house, where he was going to dine, on arriving he told the cook to bring up whatever meat was in the house ; she did so, and he distributed it amongst his poor people. He then went to his mother, and told her what he had done, suggesting that she could easily supply the deficiency.

A plan he often adopted on discovering some respectable

* A similar story is related of the Carmelite Father O'Rorke..

poor family in distress was to pay them a visit, and when leaving put money into the mother's hand, requesting her to have a good supper ready for him at a stated hour. In this delicate manner he provided a comfortable meal for the objects of his care, which he never himself returned to share. He had always a great dislike to snuff, yet constantly carried a box of it in his pocket. When asked why, his answer was: "I like to gratify my dear poor people, when they ask me for a pinch. They always give a *God bless you*, and I love to obtain the prayers of the poor." On one occasion a priest had placed some of his clothes before the fire to air, Father Young chanced to enter the room, and being at the time in search of some relief for a poor man, took the clothes and gave them to him. On the owner inquiring for his missing apparel, Father Young quietly told him that he had given them to a poor man, who much needed them, and consoled his friend for his loss, by reminding him "that naked came we into the world, and naked will we go out of it." No doubt he knew he could reckon on his friend's charity.

There was one poor widow, very far from amiable, with whom Father Young bore and forebore for a long time. If he provided her with a comfortable home, she quarrelled with the other inmates and then came to complain to him. When he was unable to reconcile matters, he has been known to accompany her to her lodgings, bundle up her bed and clothes, and carry them to some other abode, rebuking her the while for her irritable temper, or endeavouring to soothe her into a peaceful state of mind.

One evening as he was on his way to his father's house, he met a party of outcasts. In earnest words he addressed them, commanding and entreating them to repent, and abandon their sinful courses. They appeared much moved, and said that if they could get shelter for that night they would go to confession in the morning and endeavour to support themselves for the future by honest labour. He promised that they should have shelter; and, on reaching his father's house, he told the servant who opened the door that some sleeping place must be provided for these poor women. The servant remonstrated and said that Mr. Young would be exceedingly displeased if such persons were admitted into the house. "Then," said Father Young, "I will take them to the stable, and do you come and spread plenty of hay for them to sleep on." The servant replied: "But very likely they are impostors, who will take all they can get, and to-morrow when they go away become worse than ever; and what will all the people say when they hear what we have done?" Father Young said: "We need not trouble ourselves as to what people will say, while we can rejoice if only for one night the glory of God is not outraged by the sins of these poor creatures."*

* St. Ignatius made a similar reply when doubts were thrown on the perseverance of certain poor sinners reclaimed during a mission.

When he was living at the Presbytery in Francis-street, one of his brothers said to him, "How very inhospitable you are, Henry, you have never asked any of us to dine with you." Father Young replied, "Well, if you like to come to-morrow and share what I have, you will be welcome." Accordingly, at the appointed hour his brother made his appearance. Father Young laid the cloth, and the servant carried in two large plates of "stirabout," or oatmeal boiled in water. "Is this all you are going to give me?" exclaimed the visitor. "Is it not plenty?" replied Father Young. "If I had anything better you may be sure I would give it to other friends of mine who badly want it."

We insert here a characteristic letter which Father Young addressed to his sister, a nun of the Order of Poor Clares, on the 12th of January, 1815. It evinces his ascetic spirit, even at this early period of his ecclesiastical career, and his unbending observance, from his first entrance on the mission, of the rule of Church duties which he had imposed upon himself. There is something remarkable in the simplicity of purpose and genuine detachment which reveal themselves in every word of the quaint old-fashioned letters of the holy man whose character we are studying.

"J. M. J.

"Thursday, 12th January, 1815.

"MY EVER DEAR SISTER,

"I think it my duty to write to you those few lines, to thank you exceedingly for the rich, handsome, and devout present you were so good as to provide me with. I know not, dear Catherine, in what manner I can return you a like favour. If some occasion offers to be of service to you, and to show by exterior signs the interior gratitude of my heart, I will eagerly seize it to reward your sisterly kindness. I know you expect your reward from God, who will surely return with more than a hundred-fold the least act of charity we do on earth. In the mean time let us remember each other in our prayers, and I will not forget you in the daily Sacrifice of the Altar. I would willingly comply with your desire that I should celebrate some morning this week in your chapel; but, dear sister, my situation and fixed hour in Mary's-lane chapel forbid me to acquiesce in your request. Let us offer up to the Lord this mortification of our will which He will bountifully accept as a pleasing holocaust, and will impart to us more abundant graces. You know that if I asked leave of my Superior, he might perhaps give it to me; but still it would be an infringement on the rules of the chapel, a subversion of order which should not take place, except through necessity. Therefore, let us sacrifice our private gratification to public order and the common good. Moreover, I should

have to substitute another priest to say my eleven o'clock Mass* which I should not like to do.

"About the beginning of this month I wrote to my dear sisters in Cork, and some days before I wrote to my brother in London. I do not intend to write them any more letters, that I may have more liberty to dedicate my whole time to the exercise of my priestly functions without any impediment. For I must now attend the confessional, and the remainder of my time I must employ in visiting my Superiors to consult them on various occurrences, in studying English and in composing discourses, as Dr. Hamill has advised me. These motives will be a sufficient excuse if in future I do not correspond with you either, or if I do not visit you at Harold's Cross,* for I prefer fulfilling my duty to any private satisfaction I should undoubtedly receive from your devout conversation, and in your pleasing company. The sweetness you enjoy in the frequent visits you make to the Blessed Sacrament abundantly supply for the poor entertainments of a brother. Let the chapel, that is, the dwelling-place of our Lord, really present under the veil of the Sacrament—let this sacred place, I say, be our chief and only recourse and rendezvous on all occasions, and let it be more frequented than the parlour or any human company; for the more we shun and avoid human conversation, and keep company with our good God, the more he will cause our souls to overflow with heavenly joys, and make us partake of the sweet nectar of the celestial abodes—that hidden manna replete with all delights, entirely unknown to worldlings and to those who run like children after venomous toys and trifles of sensible pleasure. Dear spouse of the Most High, let us love and assist one another, as we help the souls in purgatory, that is by prayer and at a distance. This thought is sufficient to deter me from visiting your monastery, even if I had no other impediment. Let us remember that the less we visit each other in this frail flesh, the more we shall enjoy for all eternity our companionship in Heaven. Let the education of the orphans entrusted by God to your good care and direction be the prime object of your solicitude, for *Tibi derelictus est pauper, orphano tu eris adjutor*. If they receive a Christian education, they will edify the world with their piety and behaviour, of which good you will be the cause, and will receive the plentiful reward. I must conclude by declaring myself to be

"Your loving Brother,

"HENRY YOUNG.

"*Omnia ad majorem Dei gloriam, et B. V. Mariæ, omniumque Sanctorum.*"

Writing to an Abbess, about nine months later, he repeats his determination to observe his rule. "I am sorry to displease you,

* Distant only some twenty minutes' walk.

by declining your invitation ; but I do not like to deviate from my obligations for any entreaties whatsoever. When in Mary's lane, I refused even to say Mass for my mother."

When Father Young was transferred from St. Michan's to be curate in the parish of St. Nicholas of Myra, the latter parish included, with the portion of Dublin to which it is now confined, Rathmines, Rathgar, Harold's Cross, Cullenswood, Ranelagh, and Milltown. There was then no place of Divine worship between the Sandysford Chapel, miles away in the mountains, and the old Carmelite Chapel, in French-street, now represented by the church in Whitefriar-street. The first division of this wide district took place in 1823, after the death of Dr. Hamill, the excellent Vicar-General of the Most Rev. Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin. The City portion was entrusted to the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Kenrick, a very distinguished ecclesiastic, and the uncle of two eminent men, well known for their apostolic labours in the New World : Francis Patrick Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore ; and Peter Richard Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis, who died some months ago, ten years after his brother. The suburban district, which at that period contained only a few houses, scattered through the fields, where now regular streets stretch round for more than a mile, was formed into the new parish of Rathmines, and given in charge to the late Father Stafford.

Writing, a short time before his death, to a relative residing at Milltown Park (the Irish Novitiate of the Society of Jesus), Father Young referred to his early connexion with that place. "In the years 1815-17, when I was a curate in St. Nicholas, Francis-street, I used, in my turn, on Sundays, to celebrate Mass in Harold's Cross Chapel ; and then, a second Mass* in Milltown, returning home by the fields." In the same letter, he alludes to the fever which he caught in 1818, on one of his sick calls, and by which he was so much weakened, that his kind Superior, for change of air, sent him to the rural part of the parish, placing him over the Harold's Cross Mission. "Many years have elapsed since then," he adds, in his quaint way, in the letter which we have just quoted, "and many mortalities have since occurred, from which God has spared us, as yet ; but a future day is fixed for our departure from this world—I hope to a better one." Father Young's habits of austerity were already so formed, that even so early as this (his 32nd year), it was a positive mortification to him to be compelled to sleep in a comfortable bed. He entirely concurred in the saying of A Kempis, that "few are improved by sickness ;" and, for the indulgences he was forced to use during this illness, he thought it necessary to do penance afterwards.

* Which was then allowed to be celebrated as late as one o'clock.

CHAPTER V.

WE have now to follow Father Young to the first of the many rural spots where he was to pursue his labours, and to leave imperishable traces of his passage; for of him it may be said, as of his Divine Master, that "he went about doing good."

We have seen that, in the year 1819, he was appointed to the Mission of Harold's Cross. This is a suburban village of great antiquity, which was formerly the battle-field of many a conflict between the Irish and the Danes. The name is supposed to commemorate the defeat and death of a Danish King Harold. The cross planted there, in days of strife and bloodshed, has gradually drawn around it, centuries afterwards, influences of a different sort. It has become one of the head-quarters of the holy warfare waged by our Lord's servants against Satan and the world. Once, the whole district of which it forms the centre, belonged to the Church. This is indicated by the name of another place, Harold's Grange, which stands further on, towards the mountains. It is now the property of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, who is entitled to exercise the rights of Prince Palatine within the liberties of the Cross.

There is a tradition that St. Patrick preached in this spot. It is related also, that the stones with which St. Patrick's Cathedral was built, were taken from a quarry at Harold's Cross, and that, from the quarry to the Cathedral, one continuous line of men toiled, from sunrise to sunset, passing along the stones devoted to that sacred purpose—a fair type of the work performed by the Irish race, during the long ages in which they have, silently, patiently, unceasingly, transmitted from father to son, from generation to generation, the spiritual stones which have raised their Church in faith and beauty, to be the wonder and consolation of the faithful in all lands.

Quaint and picturesque is the aspect of that old suburb of Harold's Cross. A stranger, wandering on the outskirts of Dublin, is surprised to find, within a few minutes' walk of the City, an uninclosed, rural-looking green, surrounded with straggling, antique buildings, presenting the same appearance they might have done hundreds of years ago. Formal avenues and terraces encircle its precincts; but in the centre of that agglomeration of brick houses, stands the old grey hamlet, with its gardens and its orchards, like an ancient jewel set in a vulgar modern frame.

Father Young, with his simplicity, his hermit-like habits, his utter unworldliness, must have harmonised with the old grey buildings more than with the trim dwelling-places surrounding them. When he took possession of his curacy, Emancipation had not yet been granted, and Catholics were still struggling, but more

successfully than heretofore, against the restraints of the penal laws. The chapel was a miserable little building, and within a great distance no other Catholic place of worship existed. Peaceful as was the appearance of the place, it had been notorious from time immemorial for riots and disturbance. The mountain clans and the citizens of Dublin had of old been in the habit of waging a sort of guerilla warfare, and many wild stories are on record of fierce conflicts in this locality, even as late as the early part of the last century. At the time when Father Young arrived there, lingering traces of this spirit still remained. Faction fights were of frequent occurrence, the green affording ample space for a battleground, and disorders of all sorts prevailed. The numerous mills drew a multitude of undesirable characters to the place, and the evening assemblages round the maypole led to drinking, fighting and all their attendant evils. When their diminutive priest, small in figure and unimposing in appearance, appeared amongst his lawless flock, it would scarcely have been supposed that he was the person destined to work a complete change in it. His arrival at Harold's Cross reminds us of the debut of the famous Curé of Ars, in his parish. It is impossible not to be struck with the many points of resemblance between Father Young and the holy priest whose sanctity the voice of the people of France has so loudly proclaimed, and the process of whose canonization is advancing at Rome. We read of the French Curé, that when he looked around him at Ars, he saw nothing but the most profound spiritual destitution, and amongst his people, with a few exceptions, nothing but indifference, supineness, and a passionate love for amusement. He set himself at once to conquer for God those souls entrusted to his care. He worked by day and he prayed by night. He led a life of such austerity that no Father of the Desert could have been more dead to the concerns of this world. He made himself a saint in order to accomplish a saint's work; and he succeeded. Ars, the scene of his life-long labours, was converted, sanctified, and transformed into a Sanctuary, where, from all parts of France, men and women of all ages and of all ranks came to kneel at the feet of the poor Curé, and drink in his simple teachings as if our Lord Himself spoke with his lips.

Father Young was not destined, like Jean Baptiste Vianney to labour always in the same place; but he worked in the same spirit, and used the same methods. He had to deal with men who had not indeed lost their faith, but who were addicted to lawless and turbulent habits. Single-handed he had to combat the evil customs which reigned amongst them, and he set himself to do this with that intensity of purpose which ensures success.

St. Augustine's sister once asked him what she was to do in order to become a Saint. He said: "Will it." Father Young willed to convert his parishioners, and he succeeded. One by one he visited the mill-workers, addressing himself individually to each

soul amongst them, exhorting, threatening, persuading. He gave himself no rest, nor did he let any one rest in his sins. Each day the chapel was opened at five o'clock in the morning, to enable the work-people to hear Mass before going to their labour. Every evening the bell rang for night prayers, and he walked himself through the village, urging every one to attend. He put up a notice in the window of the small room he occupied near the chapel, that confessions were heard at all hours. Neither his meals nor his sleep were suffered to interfere with his constant readiness to hear those who sought his ministrations. There was no limit to his charity in this respect; and the more ragged the applicant, the warmer was his welcome.

Soon the effects of this zeal became apparent, and the little chapel could hardly hold the numbers who crowded in. An event occurred a short time after his coming to Harold's Cross which he turned to good account. One morning a man of very religious habits fell suddenly dead before the altar. Father Young at once addressed the awe-struck people, and said, "He is most happy to have died thus in the act of worship—God will accept the effort he made in coming here this morning, to honour His holy name, as an atonement for his sins." This circumstance made a deep and lasting impression on the congregation, and prepared them to lend an attentive ear to their pastor's warnings. In the evening, when a crowd gathered round the maypole, there, also, was the fearless missionary entering the fighting ring, and forcing his way between men wild with drink and excitement. The habitual reverence of the Irish for the priesthood carried him scathless through these dangerous experiments. One would exclaim, with clenched fist, "Only for your coat, Father Henry, we would surely have our revenge;" and another cry to a foe whom he had fully resolved on felling to the ground, "Musha, then, it's in luck yez are; only for his riverince, it's little cause of boasting we'd lave yez." Over and over again he stopped in this way bloody encounters, and not seldom succeeded in inducing a great number of those who, a moment before, were flourishing their cudgels, and vowing vengeance on their opponents, to follow him to the chapel, and to perform there the Stations of the Cross. This reminds us of a French priest who, on the opening day of a mission, found the church perfectly empty at the hour when he was to give his first instruction. Some one came in and whispered that a fiddler was in the town playing the tune of a favourite dance. The French like a good dance, and the whole population of the village were following the itinerant musician about, capering away with all their might. The missionary hurried down from the pulpit, and, guided by the sounds of the music, soon found himself in the midst of the dancers. The fiddler was getting tired; he offered himself to play in his stead; and having a great talent for the violin, he struck up with so much spirit, that the delighted multitude followed him,

dancing and singing in great glee. He made the circuit of the village, and then led the way towards the church. When they reached the door, he turned round and said: "Now, my good friends, I have fiddled you to the door; you will not be so rude as to turn your backs upon me and refuse to enter, when I invite you." The people in great good humour followed him into the church, and he spoke to them with so much fire and unction, that the work of the mission was freely begun that day. It had a full success, and as it went on the missionary was sometimes waylaid by youths who wanted to go to confession out of their regular turn, and the plea always was, "Father, I am one of those who danced to your fiddling."

Father Young succeeded in completely suppressing the faction fights at Harold's Cross. Nothing since his time has marred the peacefulness of its village green. But to secure a lasting reformation in the district he aimed at founding schools, which might establish permanently in the place habits of order and industry. He persuaded a small community of devout religious to establish themselves in this spot, and to assist him in the work he had in view. This took place in 1821. Schools were opened, and he never rested till he had induced all the parents in the place to send their children to catechism and school. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," were words ever on his lips. He used alternately threats and persuasions, and was by no means sparing of denunciations against those who endanger by their culpable negligence the souls God has committed to their charge. He lived in community with the monks, who became a branch of the Carmelite Monastery of Clondalkin, until they were properly established in the place. They caught his spirit, and for fifty years have carried on his work. Their Superior gave in a few words his answer as to the impression which a life-long intimacy with Father Young had left on his mind. "If ever there was a saint on earth," he said, "that holy priest was one." At night the small figure of the zealous pastor was often seen as late as eleven or twelve o'clock, sometimes even at two and half-past two in the morning, wending its way to Milltown, a place about two miles from Harold's Cross, in order suddenly to appear in the drinking and dancing houses, and disperse the revellers. On his way he would knock at the door of a young boy who was very dear to him, and who never failed to obey his summons, even when it awoke him in the midst of his slumbers. The priest and his young companion then proceeded together, reciting the fifteen decades of the Rosary. Armed with prayer, strong in faith, they suddenly surprised riotous men in the midst of their pleasures. The aspect of God's servant, or a few of those words which he knew so well to choose on these occasions, achieved what a band of policemen could not have done. Some were touched, some ashamed; none resented his intrusion. Plain,

forcible, and abounding in homely illustrations, his language was exactly suited to his hearers. It was not eloquent, unless we are prepared to say, as some have done, that where a man's words reach the heart, influence the mind, and stir up the will of those he addresses, there must needs be eloquence in them. But they hit the mark, they went straight to the point; they were real, and they were earnest. It was difficult to withstand their power. It is necessary to add that, as a preacher of set sermons, Father Young did not succeed. More than once, even on occasions of special solemnity, the Archbishop, Dr. Murray, presiding at the function, he descended from the pulpit without finishing his discourse, and would say simply afterwards, "You know I can't preach." "But," added the venerable priest who gave this account to us, "he did wonders with 'Challoner's Meditations.'" This was his favourite book for reading aloud during his chapel-services. His voice, though strong and clear, was harsh and unmusical, as we shall have occasion to note hereafter.

Father Young's sanctity was soon held in such esteem that his parishioners had recourse to him on all sorts of occasions. He made up quarrels, reconciled enemies, settled family disputes, and abolished scandals which had defied the laws of God and man.

Having provided Harold's Cross with schools, he did not rest till he had erected a chapel in Milltown. The only place he could procure for the purpose was a stable.* He made a collection, and in a very short time opened a small church, the first which had been consecrated in the County Dublin for one hundred years. He likewise opened a school in this village. There was one in the village in the hands of the proselytisers, which was a constant thorn in his side. It was carried on by a man and his two sons, who used every art to entice the Catholic children, and seduce them from their Church. One day Father Young appeared at the door of this school-room, which was approached by a narrow staircase, and discerning some of the lambs of his flock he forthwith commanded them to come away. The masters were so exasperated at his interference that they treated him with great roughness, and flung him down the stairs. Then, acting in the spirit which is so eminently

* To introduce a name beloved by the Catholics of Dublin and Sheffield, it may be mentioned that this stable belonged to the father of the late Father Michael Burke, C. M., who himself, as a child, took part afterwards in the ceremonies of the consecration of the little church. Another of the little acolytes on the occasion remembers the dedication sermon preached by Father Peter Ward, from the Gospel which tells of Jesus weeping over Jerusalem. The old Sacristan of the chapel, who "got the start of the century by a year, and kept it ever since," and who boasts that he has been "ringin' that bell there since 'Mancipation,'" told our informant lately, that in some monetary difficulty which fell upon the beloved little chapel in its early days—"long afore there was that railing that Dr. Meagher put up, nor all that grandeur, nor nothin'"—when debt pressed upon them, the people "got a big Life of O'Connell with picturs, and riz a raffle, and swep' it all away."

characteristic of the enemies of the Church, whatever their rank in life, or the sphere of their malice—the spirit of the wolf of the fable, who picked a quarrel with the lamb—they brought an action for assault against Father Henry, who had no witnesses but the children, and only his own testimony to oppose to that of the three men who swore he had attacked them. At that time a court of law was little likely to give a favourable verdict where a priest was concerned, and great anxiety was felt as to the result. But a solicitor, who was much attached to Father Henry, prepared the defence with masterly skill, and O'Connell, then on the eve of the final struggle for Emancipation, pleaded, and carried his cause. He was triumphantly acquitted. General notice was taken of the fact that the three men who had borne false witness against him died miserably within the year.

The agitation consequent on the Catholic claims was at that moment at its height. Demonstrations against the expected concessions were everywhere set on foot. From the pulpit and on the platform, the Protestant clergy denounced the Church of Rome; and itinerant preachers went about the country, following their lead, and vociferating abusive declamations against the Pope and his religion. Father Young, from his known zeal in behalf of the Catholic faith, was peculiarly obnoxious to these ranters; and, on one occasion, he was waylaid by a party of them, in a lonely place near the canal, thrown down, and in danger of being seriously injured, if a number of boatmen had not arrived, just in time to change the face of affairs. It required all Father Young's influence to prevent the itinerant preachers from undergoing the fate intended for himself, and getting a good ducking in the canal. Another scene of the same kind took place in a dancing-house, which he entered late one night. One of the persons present, a Protestant, and probably drunk, struck Father Young. Nowhere, perhaps, but in Ireland, would a set of men whose pleasure had been suddenly interrupted by the stern remonstrances of a priest, have resented, with such intense and passionate indignation, the insult offered to him by this man. They rushed upon him with such fury, that if Father Henry had not thrust himself between him and his assailants, he would have been in danger of his life. When the man's employer* heard of the occurrence, he dismissed him; but Father Young, hearing of it, insisted on his being taken back. The other men, however, refused to work with one who had struck the priest; and the poor fellow had to go elsewhere to seek for employment.

No one could love little children more tenderly than did this true imitator of our Divine Lord. When he went on country missions, if there were any children in the house where he stayed, he always spent his moments of leisure in the nursery, enjoying, he

* The Mr. Burke before referred to.

said, the company of angels. As he went along the road, on his way to the churches or the priests whom he had to visit, he frequently alighted at the cabin doors, to shake hands with the children, and say some little word about religion, which often remained fixed in their minds throughout their lives. Once he met a little girl on the green of Harold's Cross. They walked together some time, and then he took her to her mother's house. "What is your name?" he asked, as they went in; "Mary Cole," the child answered. "Well; little Mary, take care to be good, to love God, and for his sake to avoid all wickedness"—he said—"else" [pointing to the fire] "you will burn, like that coal, for all eternity." This play of words upon her name made an impression on little Mary Cole, who, in after-life, often repeated what Father Young had said to her. He was generally followed in his walks by troops of children. He did not think it beneath his dignity to play with them, and by winning their affections to induce them to listen to his teachings. At one time he procured an empty cask, which just held his diminutive form, and allowed the boys to roll him about in it, to their infinite delight. Then, at a given moment, he rang a bell, and, emerging from the cask, led the tumultuous crowd of urchins to the church, where they repaid him for his condescension by their good behaviour at catechism; each trying to outdo the others in showing love and reverence for Father Henry.

When the death of a child was announced to him, a smile always shone on his face. The soul of the happy little one was safe for ever. He was seen rubbing his hands together—his gesture when he was pleased,* and over and over again saying to himself, "A soul gone to Heaven! a soul gone to Heaven!"

* The same gesture is noticed in another little incident which Dr. Montague, once President of Maynooth College, used to tell of Father Young. They were out in an open boat, on the sea, opposite Bray, when a squall came on suddenly, and placed the boating party in real danger. Instead of showing any alarm, Father Henry kept rubbing his hands, in great glee, saying, "We'll soon be in Heaven! we'll soon be in Heaven!" "Now don't say that any more, Father Henry," remonstrated one of his comrades in peril—"perhaps every one is not as well prepared as you."

[*To be continued.*]

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

ONCE more I pace thy pillared halls,
 And hear the organ echoes sigh
 In blissful death, on storied walls :
 But where art thou ? not here ; nor nigh.

Once more the rapt spring-breezes send
 A flash o'er yonder winding flood,
 And with the garden's fragrance blend
 A fresher breath from lawn and wood.

Friend ! where art thou ? Thy works reply—
 The lowly School—the high-arched Fane :
 Who loves his kind can never die :
 Who serves his God, with God shall reign.

AUBREY DE VERE.

ADARE, 1873.

JACK HAZLITT.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

CHAPTER XII.

SHOWING MR. EDMUND BROWNE'S VISIT TO THE BANKS OF THE SHANNON,
 AND HOW CAPTAIN JOHNSON WAS NO GREAT WINNER IN THE LONG RUN.

ABOUT the middle of May, 186—, a chaise and pair drove into the pleasant town of Killaloe, the old Cathedral town of Clare, and made its way to the neat hotel, midway up the hill, on which Killaloe sits in dignity. Even in the pre-railway times, the arrival of a chaise and pair would have produced some little sensation in Killaloe ; but at the period just indicated, the facilities of railway travelling had lessened the horses' labour and ostlers' chances, in the roads running along this part of the Shannon, so that a good

many who had time at their disposal emerged in an edifying trot to where the vehicle seemed destined to find an evening's repose.

The usual out-of-the-way stamping of the horses, and masterly pulling up of the reins, and rush forth of the ostlers, and india-rubber movement of the man in barragon, and the waiter, towel in hand, approaching the door of the chaise, having been punctually performed, and the door of the chaise opened, with tight swift movement, a gentleman descended, and approached the hotel door. He raised his hand quietly, as if to stay the eagerness of the servants, until he should have found the state of affairs inside; but then, as quietly beckoned to them, as if he had satisfied himself that all was right.

The gentleman to whom we direct attention was about two and thirty years of age, not much above the middle size, but most graceful in his form and movements, and having an expression of thought, if not melancholy—which is always a kind of attraction, even to a crowd. The gentleman was dressed in a dark travelling suit, wore tight-fitting high boots, and carried a scarf on his arm, when he entered the hotel. He was embrowned enough to be a foreigner; and his rich dark hair, that appeared in profuse fulness under his travelling hat, would have led to the same conclusion: but it was remarked that he wore neither beard nor moustache, and that his whiskers, trimmed straight down on either side, and running under his handsome chin, looked like a band, on which the chin and face reposed. One other thing was remarked about the stranger—and that was, that his shirt collar did not turn over the tie, and downwards, in double triangle, but ran round his neck, white as snow, and the points, like half-opened wings in front, held a diamond pin at their meeting. We have taken some care in this description, and the more singular, because the gentleman is not at all a stranger; but we like him ourselves, and have known him since he was a hale-hearted youngster—and we like the reader to know him too, and well; for no one ever knew anything that was not kind and good, and many knew things that were more, of this young gentleman of two and thirty. He is Mr. Edmund Browne of Pall Mall, of the well known firm of M'Cann, Browne and Company, bankers.

Mr. Browne found his quarters good; and, indeed, it was never hard to please him. He was said to be the ruin of good servants, of whom, nevertheless, he kept a rare supply. Some of them were so irreverent as to call Mr. Browne "heaven on earth," and others "a saint," or "an angel"; but we are to remember that Mr. Browne, the banker, was so singular in his habits, that he would have no people round him but Irish people: and every one knows that a little kindness goes far with that race of men, women, and children.

Mr. Browne was generally credited to the United States of America; and, indeed, he came to London from the States, as every

one knew; but then, the servants found him so considerate, and quiet, and liberal, and so like a good Irish gentleman, that, no matter where he came from, they made up their minds Mr. Browne was an Irishman.

"If he came from it tin thousand times, he's no more an American than I am," Thady said; and Biddy confirmed the view of her companion by "Arrah, to be sure! Did *you* see that man meeting the little childher in the shreet. An' stopping 'em—'iss stopping 'em to give 'em money, an' the poor—arrah! let me alone: I never see that man pass by a poor little boy without turning the boy's head a'most, with the handful he gave him."

"Thrue for you. 'American!' how are you—'tis long since I caught you! Arrah, where's the American would mind the eight o'clock Mass like Mr. Browne? 'Sha 'sthone.' If I stud for 'im in America, I wouldn't believe but he was an Irishman!"

Mr. Edmond Browne's place of birth was thus fixed by, and on, principles that cannot be questioned. The poor servants would have what makes the mass of characteristics define the national character—not the chance of birth. After all, the saying that "a man is not a horse because he is born in a stable" is not so wide of the mark as impractical metaphysicians would make it. And we accept the poor people's conclusion as true, regarding the country of his extraction.

Mr. Browne dined quietly, drank little, and dressed studiously, for an after-dinner ramble. To the landlady, who apologised for the fare, he replied that he could not desire better; and to the waiter he made a nod, quite eloquent, as to the servitor's qualifications. Indeed, he told the landlady that it was quite pleasant to see the open frank expression of the countenances of the servants in this country, and their "eminently native politeness,"—a sentence which was parsed by the schoolmaster, next day, to an admiring audience; and which, to this day, holds its place as an illustration of the sound work an adverb has to perform, in its list of services, if it be employed properly.

What we really want to suggest is, that a man can make a great deal of people comfortable, and at very little expense. It does not cost much to say the honest truth of honest merit, and make the poor heart glow, that, may be, has not many comforts. And, "tell truth and shame the devil" has a most apposite application here; because that marplot of human felicity has a constitutional objection to our seeing any good in any one unless ourselves; and, in fact, that is one of his theses and preachings to us, ever and always. So, again we repeat—"to tell truth and shame the devil" is most appositely illustrated by him who has a kind word for every one, before him or behind him: for who is so abandoned as not to have some little mark of where he came from—that is, some quality worth a good word?

Well, Mr. Browne ascended the hill of Killaloe, and before he

descended upon the other side, he paused to look at the scene before him. The outline of "Keeper," looking like a new earth springing out of the old; the mountains to the north-east, far away (the Great Artist's back ground for His glowing picture); the crowds of trees, clothed in the transparent green of young summer, and singing their summer song to the sky; the great Shannon, coming forth from afar, and twisting and turning itself in the beautiful beams, like something too happy to be perfectly tranquil, and the singing birds and peeping flowers; and the gambolling lambs, and quiet, matronly sheep; and castle, and mansion, and farm-house, looking from wood, and copse, and river-banks—everything around seeming to gather about the mirroring expanse of water, which reflects their beauty! In sober truth, Mr. Edmund Browne looked upon a scene which claimed kindred with an exalted soul. It was an impious thing; but like many impious things, it was a suggestive thing, that a landed proprietor said, one evening, not a hundred years ago, near the spot on which Mr. Browne then stood. The good man was dying, and the clergyman of his persuasion found it hard to reconcile him to the last great change. At length, warming with his theme, he desired him to look up to heaven,—to see the glory soon to be revealed in him,—the blessed—the good, and the beauty of the new Jerusalem, where they dwelt! But the dying man looked out from his bed, through one of his chamber windows. He saw the Shannon in the last sunset he should ever witness. He heard the music of its march mingle with the concert of the air. His eyes turned on the minister, sad, sad in expression, and fading fast. "Ah!" he said, Ah, Sir! I will leave heaven to God, if God will leave me Balboroo!"

Mr. Browne did not go sight-seeing without a good glass, and no wise person will. He had a magnificent span of the picturesque to enjoy, and he was a gentleman who could enjoy it. But, besides his love of the beautiful, Mr. Browne had some memories of the Shannon, which wed his warmest feelings to the noble river, and he had a dream that now his warmest hopes were likely there to find their summer. Back through the weary waste of one-and-twenty years, across graves, and sorrows and clouds, he sought the Shannon side, and viewed the willows where he dreamed, and the castles and the crags which he had peopled with his phantasies. And he thought of the innocence of heart, and the busy workings of that sanguine trust that wove the destiny never to be realized; and he thought with himself how much of a dream there is in the realities of existence, as well as in the child's imagination. Mr. Edmund Browne was a rich man with a noble soul, and on his future there seemed to shine a golden sunrise. But there stood before his mind and in his vision at that moment a poor cabin and an old woman, whose eyes he sometimes caught fixed in tearfulness upon himself, who made one little boy her world, and love, and joy, and whose hard, brown face relaxed and became transfigured

when she looked upon her darling, and stooped down to kiss him—and to curse his foes, we must add; and at the old woman's image Mr. Browne's eyes overflowed, and his pulse quickened, and he felt he would give up all the world's grandeur, and the rewards of the world's esteem, for the feelings of ecstasy that once filled his heart when he had made the poor old woman happy. The words of his heart to-day were what they would have been in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven, had he found a treasure to give it all to *Gran*.

Mr. Browne held his glass in his hand, deep still in his reverie, when he was rudely ejected from dream-land by the hand of the *real*. He heard a voice just near cry out "beautiful!"

Mr. Browne started, and looking round found himself in the presence of a clergyman, who seemed to pause on his journey somewhat as Mr. Browne himself had done. Their eyes met, and the effect seemed pleasant to both, for both smiled as they simultaneously repeated, "beautiful, indeed!"

The clergyman spoke.

"You seem a stranger in these parts, sir," observed the clergyman; "but good fortune has been your guide. You could not have selected a more beautiful point of view."

"My good fortune is greater than you think, Reverend Sir," observed Mr. Browne, smiling, for I really needed some friendly direction at the moment you arrived."

"Well, you see nothing comes by chance, my good sir, nothing," said the clergyman. "Providence can be seen in everything; and in everything man is his debtor—his debtor, sir—only man keeps his accounts badly—badly! Pray, pardon me—pardon me, sir—tis only a way of mine—a way."

"I honour you for it, Reverend Sir, and I quite share your views. In fact, I do not know how many times in my life I have experienced their truth."

"You are an Englishman, sir."

"No; I have the honour to be an Irishman, though a resident of the country on the other side."

"*On the other side?*" emphatically repeated the clergyman.

"Yes," answered Mr. Browne, who did not desire to observe the political echo which the clergyman gave to his words. "And I have some business with a family named Hazlitt in the neighbourhood of the Shannon here."

"Then, sir," exclaimed the clergyman, "you, sir, are Mr. Browne—Mr. Browne," he repeated.

"Quite true, Reverend Sir," answered Mr. Browne in astonishment.

"I know the whole history of your kindness—your kindness. And, sir, trust me, the kindness was not a minute too soon—not a minute."

After some few observations on the population and their habits,

the clergyman turned again to old Mr. Hazlitt's case, and Mr. Browne's kindness.

"But, Mr. Browne," said he, "I have been mystified—mystified about that same affair. I never will believe that scapegrace, Jack Hazlitt, handed back the money with his own consent—with his own consent—never!"

Mr. Browne smiled.

"I see I am right—right, Mr. Browne - and I would think it a better chance for him—I mean old Mr. Hazlitt—a better chance, soul and body, if he were not fed with a re-hash—a re-hash."

"How is that, Reverend Sir, I pray?"

"Well, sir, after a pretty fair lesson, which his manner of bringing up his son taught him, this apparent contrition or benevolence of young Hazlitt is making the old man think, 'after all,' he is right. He begins to say that people thought he had spoiled his son, and Queen's Colleges, and mixed education, and so on—so on; but that there *now*—there now—what a noble fellow; and the humility always bred—always bred, sir, by misfortune, is passing away, I am afraid."

"You are a clergyman?"

"I am the priest of this parish."

"Father Riorden?"

"Rearden, you have it, sir—have it."

"You know Mr. Hazlitt well?"

"I do, and Miss Hazlitt, Nannie, well," said Father Riorden. And he paused. He then turned to Mr. Browne.

"I am aware, sir—aware that you are a Catholic—a Roman Catholic."

"An 'Ultramontane,'" said Mr. Browne, smiling.

"The thing your friend Frank Moran would say," went on Father Riorden, "and which is such a spectre to the great Anglo-Saxon."

"Ah! he begins to understand."

"To understand! Not he. He will never understand. With your politicians it is only a rawhead-and-bloody-bones to scare the ignorant—the ignorant, sir; and your press—your press—well, it sees only one thing—what will go down with its patrons! Your press writes for party, not for truth, no sir. Politicians of any knowledge or experience know that 'Ultramontanism' means nothing, or means every Catholic that minds the obligations of his state, and that all are Ultramontanes, or nothing. They know all that quite well; but it sounds well, as a thing to hate. England is made up to stick to it—stick to it, sir."

"But you know some of our own employ the term to designate others?"

"Oh! *our own*: don't call them by that name, Mr. Browne. They are not ours; not they. They wear our colours, to appear to have a right to sell themselves, and us—and us. Ours!—oh, no, Mr. Browne."

A pause.

"Where were we, Mr. Browne? Ah, I know. I know I **was** saying that I had been made aware that you were a Roman Catholic, and you made the distinction in jest, which so many of **your** public men pretend to make in earnest—in earnest, sir. Ah! well, then, I was going to say that I had some hopes that in Mr. Hazlitt's humility the grace of faith might be vouchsafed. We can never make grace and pride shake hands, you know—never. Well, well."

"Sometime or other, I suppose, the facts will come out. They are simple. My partner, Mr. M'Cann ——"

"Oh, the fine fellow!" cried Father Riorden, "the grand fellow! I beg your pardon, Mr. Browne—your pardon!"

"Not for that interruption, certainly; no more worthy man than J. J. M'Cann. But Mr. M'Cann had seen young Hazlitt at play, and found that he was cheated. He found moreover that Hazlitt would have his own way, and that 'sense bought' was his best schoolmaster."

"Right, sir!" again interrupted the priest. "Right!"

"He allowed him to play away till he had lost everything—£700 or £800. Meanwhile, he took care to make himself possessed of the playing-cards used by the parties, and found they were marked minutely on the backs; and in fact, the cards always employed by blacklegs. He then purchased all Mr. Hazlitt's notes, now in the possession of the blackleg—Bank of England and Bank of Ireland notes—by a cheque upon his own bank in 1002 Street, New York; and when the cheque came in he stopped it."

"Well done, Mr. M'Cann! Noble man!"

"He made the party understand that his safest way was to keep silent on the whole thing; and he sent the money home to me to be placed to Mr. John Hazlitt's credit."

"How wonderful are the ways of God! No other ship, no other man, no other time would have saved a good family. But, oh! sir, if you knew them."

"You must now be my introducer."

"Oh! shall I not?—shall I not? But stay! You asked me if I knew Mrs. Hazlitt? Well, every one knows that there's grace and a blessing where she moves; and she has given Nannie the whole form—the whole form of herself. Ah, Mr. Browne, I'm not ashamed or afraid to say, you will meet—you will meet!—Well, I'll go no further. But Mary O'Brien ——"

"O'Brien, did you say?"

"Yes, sir; of Gort-na-Coppul. She has, they say, the grace and the beauty—och, but whatever she has outside, the heaven is in her heart! Ah! 'tis the poor, the poor; the poor and the desolate know that—know that, because she makes the poor and the desolate feel it; and, also does the angelic Nannie!—she does."

"Indeed, I have heard" ——

"Heard! Didn't 'alms' bring down the Angel Raphael?"

Wasn't his company the angel that 'alms' put in its own place? because you know 'alms' itself is God's Angel. And, sir, sir! ah, pardon me, for all this moralising; but really, sir, what wonder that you feel the presence of the other world—the presence of our unseen Raphael—when you are near one whose life is made alms to the wretched?—what wonder?—the wretched”——

“Beautiful!” said Mr. Browne.

“You mean Nannie?”

“Oh, no;” answered Mr. Browne, laughing: yet he really blushed—blushed; and Father Riorden saw the same thing perfectly. “I mean the character you draw.”

“The *characters*, then; the *characters*,” said Father Riorden. “Dear Nannie,” he said, half musingly; “surely the holy angels always surround you—you, Nannie!” he said.

“You surround the family with singular interest, and already make my journey feel a happy one. You must, of course, know the Hennessys?”

“The Hennessys? To be sure, sir—to be sure. Oh, we have all heard of the wonderful M'Cann: and I could not tell you, in an hour, how much every one speaks of his noble benevolence, and how much Mrs. Hazlitt feels it. And I really believe that his care of Minnie Hennessy, and his magnificent gift to help the family to emigrate, has had more effect upon her than the recovery of the money for herself.”

“And John Hennessy?”

“Has just left: he lived about a half-dozen miles away: and was half beside himself with joy. Yet his daughter's attempting even to travel with Hazlitt—John could hardly forgive—hardly.”

“Surely, all care was taken to shun imputation?”

“Yes—yes, Mr. Browne; but on *that subject* our people are, you know, unapproachable. They will make no allowance—none. Any more recent news of Jack?”

“I have heard little. He has won a great yacht-race, and has made some money. His associations are wealthy; but they do not move in the most respectable society, and are said to be what is called a ‘ring!’”

“‘A ring!’” cried the clergyman. What is that—that?” asked the sententious Father Riorden; “a ‘ring.’”

“Well,” answered Mr. Browne, laughing, “a ‘ring’ or ‘circle,’ is a kind of company—a joint-stock in adventures, sales, losses and profits. They stand to one another in all difficulties, and help each other out of dangers of all kinds. They may be confined to one locality, or may spread over a whole State; and they may consist of as great a variety of classes as of places. Mutual aid, in all contingencies requiring help, is the life-principle.”

“I understand—I see,” said Father Riorden; “and now, I have been wheedling you on till I have led you to the Parish Priest's house; so in you are now to come.”

Mr. Browne found himself at a turn which revealed, on a rising ground at no great distance, a handsome dwelling, two storeys high, and approached between two luxuriant quickset hedges, from which a number of graceful poplars shot up, all along the way. A well-kept carriage drive swept round a pretty little lawn to the hall-door, and opened its arms at each side to embrace the field and flowers that laughed in the life of a spring, now gaily dressed, to welcome summer. A big, magnificent dog lay at the door, patiently expecting his master, and a goat as big as the dog stood near, casting its drowsy, sensual eyes here and there, as if waiting for some one also. It was a kind of comment on the character of the house, to see this pair on such amicable relations, and Mr. Browne had sense enough to remark the same. Of course, as soon as the master came in sight, the row was general; the goat kept running round in a circle, puckering imaginary things with his horns, and sometimes imitating bipeds by standing on his hind feet; while "Nero" placed Father Riorden in imminent danger of being overturned, by aiming at a canine embrace.

Mr. Browne looked and felt extremely interested, which, we may well think, had its effect upon the good priest.

"Ah, yes," he said; "love makes love, you see. The animals are sensible—yes, indeed—very sensible to kindness; and they show plainly enough the road to mutual regard. Kindness changes their very nature—their nature, sir. How much might we do for one another, Mr. Browne, if we listened to the philosophy of our hearts, and of the Gospel too. Oh, how much!"

The house was just what we might expect from the approach. The drawing-room and library were the same apartment, on the left-hand side; the parlour on the right. The furniture was very neat, if not very rich; and the whole wore the appearance of tranquillity and competency. Mr. Browne remarked that Tasso and Cicero's Letters were on the table of the library; and, of course, the inevitable portfolio, containing an out-of-the-way number of cartes. Almost at once Mr. Browne fell upon the carte of Lelia Moran, and pronounced her name. This gave occasion for a long account of Frank and his stately lady mother. Mr. Browne informed Father Riorden of the wonderful progress which Frank had made, the high society in which he moved, and the grand hopes entertained by all his friends. He hinted at Frank's probable alliance with the Haydock family, and the attachment of the Baronet to the beautiful Lelia.

"What's the use of all that?" demanded the priest.

"Why?"

"Why; because neither marriage can ever be. Are the Haydocks not Protestants?"

"Certainly."

"And think you, sir, the Morans have read no lesson in the household of dear Mrs. Hazlitt? I know them, sir, well. I do!"

"That *is* a difficulty."

"A difficulty! Frank Moran! Not he. Look, Mr. Browne, do you know this rich Englishman over the Shannon?"

"Mr. Bolger?"

"Just so, sir. He is very rich?"

"Very."

"He could settle two thousand a year upon his wife?"

"Certainly."

"And he is a good fellow?"

"A most respectable man—and well read."

"That he is. Well, Mr. Browne, he came to Hazlittville. He came in a carriage and pair, worth one thousand pounds. He came with letters of introduction from a number of great people, and from Frank Moran among the rest. He did, and offered to lay his fortune at young Nannie's feet—and to settle upon her, in her own right, two thousand pounds a year."

"And?"

"And he was refused. He was unquestionably very eligible, and Hazlitt is failing fast—fast failing. The old man would have been delighted to obtain a protector for his child"—

"But did *he* refuse? Is he not a Church of England man?"

"He is. But his answer was, 'I thank you, Mr. Bolger; and I will repay your kindly candour. I value you and your position, and you are most acceptable for every personal reason, but Mr. Bolger, you are a Protestant.'"

"Mr. Bolger was astonished, and as was to be expected, remarked how strange it was that a Protestant gentleman would make such an objection."

"Well, and then?" Mr. Browne inquired, evidently roused a little.

"And then John Hazlitt said, 'I love Nannie too much to half close against her the world she has spent her life in—the world of religion.' And, sir, Hazlitt went on, 'it *is* half closed to a woman married to a man of a different creed.'"

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Browne.

"He did that and more. He told him that though he loved his wife more than his life, and always lived to make her happy, yet sure he was that in this matter he had, in spite of himself, been a cloud upon her road. And he then said, 'Mr. Bolger, I lost my son because I did not make him stick to his mother's teaching. I lost him doubly. He died to my heart, and died to his own honour. My daughter has the soul of a seraph.' 'Oh, Mr. Bolger!' he said, 'it cannot be.' Nannie knew nothing of the whole thing, unless the fact of his having wished to be known, and that he had letters from Frank Moran. 'From Frank Moran!' cried Nannie, and she furthermore spoke not a word."

"Pray, sir, do you think there is any attachment there—I mean to Frank?"

"Well, Mr. Browne, that I cannot say—no! But her remark might easily be one of astonishment at Frank Moran's introduction of a Protestant gentleman, And, to say the truth, had the parents decided otherwise, I think the issue would have been the same.

"She would not yield?"

"Well, when Nannie believes herself under a moral obligation I do not think she could be induced to ignore it.—I do not. And when you become acquainted with her you may soon find it out yourself. Indeed you may, sir. But, Mr. Browne—I leave Mr. Browne, by the hand of the clock, and the weights and wheels: here they come! I am so glad! here they come!"

Sure enough, as Father Riordan spoke, Mrs. Hazlitt and Nannie made their appearance at the end of the great cut hedge and were walking quickly in the direction of the Parish Priest's house.

Our readers are, we hope, sufficiently acquainted with both mother and daughter not to require a second introduction. It is only seventeen or eighteen months since we bade them a temporary good-bye, and they are little changed since we met them. Mrs. Hazlitt is a shade paler, and Nannie is marked by more thought, but otherwise they are the same.

Mr. Browne did not practise the self-denial of an anchorite as the ladies approached. He took every advantage of his position to examine them carefully; and at that moment, and at the distance from which he viewed them, it was hard to say which was younger, more graceful, or more attractive. Even when Mr. Browne saw them nearer, he could not help expressing astonishment at the regal grace of Nannie's mother, while he could not help admiring Nannie herself. There were a thousand thoughts crowding in upon Mr. Browne's mind, and perhaps not a few anxieties. He was the soul of honour—frank even to a fault—and although he had mastered a sudden, impulsive, emphatic way of giving his opinion, that governed him as a boy, no one ever could complain of not knowing exactly what he held.

We have said that Mr. Browne was very graceful himself in his manner and carriage. In every way that a stranger saw him, his deportment was that of a perfect gentleman.

The introduction of Mr. Browne to the ladies immediately followed their entrance; and the circumstances made all the company old acquaintances in a few moments. Lelia Moran, her mother, and Frank, unfortunate Jack Hazlitt, and Mr. M'Cann, and even Lowry M'Cabe, and Nelly Mooney, came in for as great a share of the conversation as the young Baronet and the two enchanting London ladies.

Mrs. Hazlitt fixed her fine eyes upon Mr. Browne, and they had a singular expression. They were tender, even affectionate in their gaze, and Mr. Browne could not help observing it. Whatever were the recollections or inspirations, it was Mr. Browne blushed, and it became him.

her mother, Mrs. Hazlitt was ardent in her inquiries about Mrs. O'Connor Moran, and praised her to the skies. Nannie was as anxious about Lelia, and quite as laudatory. She was suggesting by her manner more than by her language that Mr. Browne had an interest in that quarter. But Mr. Browne left not a moment's difficulty on that subject.

"Miss Moran," he said, "is likely to make a grand alliance. Frank rises rapidly, and before three years will be a Queen's Counsel; and I heard it rumoured that, almost immediately after, he will be made a Colonial Judge."

"A judge!" cried Nannie.

"Certainly," answered Mr. Browne, smiling.

"Hah!" cried Father Riorden, "you are afraid that Lelia and you will be more separated; remember, I say, *Lelia*, little one."

Certainly Nannie reddened, but she was not at all confused.

"Ah bien, mon père," she said, "I think I really was in love both with Frank Moran and Lelia, equally, though."

"Well, Nannie!" the elder lady said.

"On my word, mamma, it's a fact. If I cared more for either, I believe Lelia had the advantage. But how is poor Lowry McCabe going on?" she asked, to turn the conversation.

"Lowry, Miss Hazlitt, is a great man. He saved young Sir Emery Haydock's life, and sent the assassin to prison; but all the power of England could not make Lowry prosecute, so the villain is free again."

A good two hours were happily spent, 'twas a luxury of happiness to Mrs. Hazlitt, and certainly Mr. Browne shared it to the full. Before the departure of the ladies all things were settled for one week, at least; Mr. Browne was to take up his abode at the priest's house. He was to visit Mr. Hazlitt the day after, and to receive the thanks and hospitality of those who owed him so much.

"Remember the confirmation class at twelve to-morrow," said Nannie to the clergyman.

"That is what brought you up, little one, it was," replied Father Riorden.

"Precisely," answered Mrs. Hazlitt, "though I had forgotten it." Her eyes at *this* moment were fixed on Mr. Browne.

Filled with thought, and perhaps happy in anticipation of the morrow, Mr. Edmund Browne, the banker, retraced his steps to Killaloe. The parish priest desired to drive his visitor to the town in a capacious gig; but Mr. Browne would not hear of such a thing, nor would he even allow the clergyman to accompany him on his way. He had great company in thought, and good company, too, because he was of that selfish class that ever and ever aim at happiness, by dispensing what they can of the same commodity. Happiness is an angel in its way, as Father Riordan described almsgiving; and Saint Thomas is an authority for the opinion that "*angels are where they operate.*" Distribute bliss and it will

come back to you again in streams pure, bright, and abundant,
"occursus ejus usque ad summum ejus."

Mr. Browne crossed a green field, jumped a hedge or two, and found himself in a narrow way, where hedge-rows looked ragged enough to be the poor of their class, and the *borheen* had two deep furrows made by cart wheels that seemed to have had their way, for many a day, in tearing up at the humble road. Yellow pools were here and there on the sides; and a few cabins, very like the locality in dress and wear, looked hungry and dark behind accompanying dunghills. Even the geese were not fair, and the cocks and hens looked spiritless, idle, and sleepy, because the *borheen* *glass* only gave place for a home, want and sorrow.

At a turn, and under a sallow-tree, a little boy about twelve or thirteen years old was working away with his knife on a piece of wood, and so earnest in his occupation that he never saw the traveller. The child was poorly clad, but he was clean, and particularly distinguished by a very white linen breast and collar. Mr. Browne paused. He looked at the boy steadily, and evidently felt deep emotion.

At length he called to the boy to come to him, and the youngster readily obeyed; but he kept still working away at his piece of sallow as he approached the gentleman. Arrived, he took off his little cap.

"Put on your cap, my boy; and tell me does this road go to Killaloe?"

"Oh! yes, sir; but there's a great round intirely."

"Is there?"

"Yes, sir; but you can make a short cut across the fields. Look, sir! over there."

"Ah! I see. Thank you."

"You're welcome, sir."

"You go to school?"

"Oh! yes, sir."

"What do you learn?"

"I'm in fractions, sir."

"And where do your parents live?"

"They're dead, sir; I live wid gran."

"And she keeps you at school?"

"Gran does, sir. She knits an' spins, sir; and she says the neighbours are good to her."

Mr. Browne had been carefully wrapping up in paper some money; and now he took the little boy's hand.

"Look, my good boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you give this to gran, and tell her I sent it?"

"*You*, sir! who?"

"Tell her that one whose granny reared him, and taught him to love the poor, sent her that."

"Your gran was fond o' you, sir, is it, and reared you—'s that it, sir?"

"God bless you, my boy! All right."

The sum sent was a large sum for poor gran, and it made her happy, and made her strong in her loving care. And how happy the memory of the dead made Mr. Browne of Pall Mall!

CHAPTER XIII.

SHOWING WHAT MR. BROWNE GAINED BY HIS CHARITY, AND THE DOUBLE GENEALOGY OF THE SAME GENTLEMAN.

EARLY next day Mr. Browne was snugged in his new quarters, and began to feel that return of youthful joy so entrancing to the nature whom life's realities begin to rob of life's charms. He had an exquisitely situated bedroom of no great dimensions, but it was itself a kind of beauty looking out upon the Shannon. Its windows, only two, were wreathed with lines that marked the twining paths of the roses, and gave early promise of their return. And looking out from the windows, Mr. Browne found that the house was nearly built in a garden of which the walls of the house themselves seemed only a continuation. Beds nicely planned, and walks nicely cleaned, and gooseberry and currant trees, and apple and pear trees, were crowded with messenger blossoms, which proclaimed the near presence of glowing May; and charming hedge-rows with smiling green peeping between, and young flowers dripping with gems which only advancing Spring can scatter, were crowding back and off, until the Shannon sang its welcome where they seemed to spring from its breast. Mr. Browne had thoughts happy enough to wreath any scene with enchantment: but had he not been nearly as happy, there were objects of tranquillizing beauty around and before him that whispered peace, and content, and gratefulness. Mr. Browne was sentimental enough to hum a little distich:—

"Chante à jamais sa bonté sa puissance !
Chante à jamais sa gloire et sa grandeur !"

Mr. Browne's piety was now, however, led by Father Riorden into another direction. He reminded his guest of the visit promised to the confirmation class, and Mr. Browne was well enough inclined to make it. The two gentlemen were soon in the parish priest's vehicle, and made their way along the road in the sensible manner which the Rev. Mr. Riorden's quadruped was accustomed to travel. Father Riorden did the work of his own parish; and although the parish was not a large one, the travelling was quite enough for himself and the poor beast. The animal had special

privileges according to its special labours, and among them a great amount of its own way. The priest thought and prayed, and read his office, and even the morning paper, on his horse's back; and as rapid motion did not comport with two at least of these occupations, Bessy lapsed into its literary or religious gait, even when the master was not saying his office or reciting his prayers at all, and would not change the same gait for any one in the world. Father Riorden pretended that the animal insisted upon piety as the normal condition of dutiful travelling, and as the condition of any service to be rendered by herself.

What was very striking, however, and what Mr. Browne had not seen since long long ago, was, what a summons Father Riorden's gig and horse appeared to give to the whole country round through which he passed. From cottage door and farm house, car-man stage, and hovel; from the sowing or setting, or trenching or carting, the horse and gig of the clergyman were an attraction universally felt. To the hedge which separated them from the road, to the horse's head from the door-way, and often side by side with the vehicle for a quarter of a mile, the poor people gave and got the news, the blessing, and received the *coorlah*, and then went their way with a new light of soul and a new strength of rectitude. Mr. Browne enjoyed a rare feeling and re-lived a blessed youth on that morning when they set forth for the confirmation class of Hazlittville parish, or the parish where Hazlittville was situated.

Happy, happy land, where the people can say "father," and feel they have one when the clergyman meets them by the way. He is the living gospel, and its freedom, and its instrument of grace to the soul.

For three weary centuries and a half, evil has been making the religion of separation; and, alas! evil by an inscrutable judgment has had its way. Evil has had its way as a vial of vindictive justice upon the graceless, faithless, and ungrateful. And who knows in these times of modern trial how much ruin evil will perpetrate still—and perpetrate by the same deceptive course which it has pursued so successfully?

"The old love is in the old land still, Father Riorden," remarked Mr. Browne.

"Thank heaven that it *is*—it is so," replied Father Riorden. "A bad look out for the world when that bond breaks, Mr. Browne."

"You think so?"

"Don't *you* think so?"

"Well, Father Riorden, I like to hear *you* speak."

"I *do* then think so. The world may become anything you like when the people and the priest are as two."

"Well, but I like to hear you say, Mr. Riorden."

"Call me 'father,' now, do," said Father Riorden; "and don't you commence the separation, I pray—don't," he said laughingly.

"Well, father, I like to hear you explain."

"Well, what went before the Revolution—the bloody Revolution of France?—the separation of the people from the priests. What led to the demoralization in Italy, in Austria, in Spain, in Portugal?—the separation of the people from the priests. What favoured most the source of all modern convulsion and decay of public principle?—the separation of the people and the priests. All Europe is now an open book in which you read the prophecies of evil coming, and the record of evil crushing mankind's happiness. It is all simply the separation of the people from the priests."

"You do not call this a 'reaction' against the clergy?"

"No, sir, I call it the jealousy of governments that attempt to grasp the crozier, and to have all to themselves as they think. I call it the corruption of infidels to whom a conscience is an inconvenience, and to whom all that makes a conscience is mortal hostility. I call it, above all, the punishment of human crime by divine justice."

"And do you see the end?"

"No one can see the end clearly enough; public law is giving way to the code of brute force, as we see in Italy. Secularism, which means every man's idea of his own convenience and advantage, separated from faith and morals, illustrates it. We are coming fast to the principle of *force* as the dogma and the ethics of Europe."

"And ———?"

"And that will end in despotism or in anarchy, unless God interfere. See, sir, those petty states—Naples, Parma, Modena—fought against the power of the priesthood, until populations began to find a gain in *indifference*, and the people whom they made indifferent were easily made disloyal when new influences came to work on them. Principle once dismissed, men look for the agreeable. They do, sir. Their conscience is to seek opportunity, and let the passions revel. Kings have used these instruments against Christ; and the same evil power that inspired the kings, inspired the people afterwards to make kings feel that they had broken the rod of lawful rule. Quite true, populations are not led by abstractions. They will be led by *men*—men representing a conscience which authority must regulate; or by men representing the sovereignty of their evil passions, and that means, 'take what you can, and enjoy where you may.' The end, to repeat it once more, is, that some one will coerce men by an army, and then tyranny rules; or an army becomes impossible through the general disorder, and then anarchy sways. You must choose either, if for one half a century, or may-be for half that time, you separate men from their religious guides."

"Thank God, sir, our country stands by the old love!"

"Thank God, sir, she does—thank God!" answered Father Riorden.

As the travellers anticipated they found the little church crowded and a large number busy in preparing the little flock. Everything in and about the house of prayer was very neat, but nothing very

rich. The yard was handsomely planted; the walks were becomingly kept; and the evergreens in the border-beds were cozily railed in or wired in, and evidently well protected from the incursions of cocks and hens, or the marching in and out of illimitable regiments of geese, who tread out the civilization of gardens as heartless Vandals do that of men. The interior was seated by short forms and kneelers up the sides, leaving large space up the nave, and the altar was of Caen-stone, nicely enclosed by rails of twisted metal, decorated with trefoils of gold on a blue ground. The roof was open, not too lofty, but sufficiently so for artistic freedom and good air, while the plain tiling through and through the building was clean as a new pin. Mr. Browne nodded to the parish priest when they entered, and the nod just said, 'this is what I expected from you, Father Riorden.'

Mr. Browne went straight up to the altar-rail and knelt down; and he shot up from Father Riorden so fast that the priest looked round to see what had become of him. The clergyman himself knelt a little inside the entrance.

Teachers and children turned their heads to see the fashionable gentleman from London quietly saying his prayers; and we are certain that the said fashionable gentleman knew they did, and was in due degree influenced by the knowledge.

Mr. Browne believed there were two duties performed at the same time, which is the same thing as to say that he felt himself under two obligations. He thought, very likely, that one duty was to pay the direct debt he owed to God, and the other was to pay the one he owed the big and the little in the church. It would amuse an observer of human nature—only some observers have a conscience—to see "fashionable young gentlemen" in their dealings with God Almighty on the occasion when a kind of social necessity obliges them to recognise the claims of a Divine sovereignty. The lounge to the church so lead-like and weary; the ascent up the steps made with such an effort as a climber may be supposed to make when just reaching the top of Mount Blanc; the blessing, somewhat like throwing a cigar-end over the shoulder; the stretch upon the seat, if he can get room to stretch, and which means, "if I *must* be here for half an hour, once in a while, let me make the thing as comfortable as I can;" and that dignified patronage and half performance of everything which plainly proclaim the out-of-the-way compliment he is paying to the Christian religion, by the self-sacrificing action of coming there that day and hour—all of them are a lucid commentary on the amount of knowledge, and an exact balance of the weight of brain contained in that man's head. Poor O'Connor Moran was just the one to describe the psychological specialities of that *genus homo*. "He is the meanest of cowards," our poor friend would say. "He hasn't the courage to be anything. He hasn't the pluck to be what he professes to be, or the pluck to pick up with Luther, Knox, or Rousseau. He is of the dunghill breed, sir," O'Connor Moran would irreverently say.

And somehow any "fashionable" young man who happened to go to church at the same time with O'Connor Moran became very much improved by the company.

We have moralized too much, not for the case, but for the reader. Yet a page or two is well employed, if it remind one how much good and evil is sown by the example of those who are of the "better," and the "respectable," and the fashionable class.

"Exemplo regis totus componitur orbis."

The young, the humble, and the unlettered, are rapid in producing the growth from the seed-sowing of example; and if the interests of God or the interests of men can be of any obligation, that is, if the first commandment be not abolished, Mr. E. Browne only did what we all should do. We can attest that *straightness* made Mr. Browne a banker, as well as made him a Christian. Even when he was "little Eddy Browne," he used to say, "Dad, I wouldn't tell a lie to myself." The boy shrewdly said, that when his deed went against his creed, he lied to himself. Was he not right, good reader?

It was a great enjoyment to the priest to develop the knowledge of his young parishioners, and to find Mr. Browne very competent to perform the same function. Mrs. Hazlitt was there, too, and so was Nannie, and no place became them better. Both of them were very much struck by Mr. Browne's readiness in the mystery of examining the youngsters; and both of them not much less so when he told them that he himself was "habitually a Sunday school teacher." Poor Father Riorden was completely overpowered by this announcement, and he shot out his right hand with great force, and he wrung Mr. Browne's right hand with great force!

How the faces of the children beamed; and how the little boys felt a pride themselves in the "gentleman's" knowledge; and how the little girls were thinking how handsome the gentleman was, and all they would have to tell about him at home; and how Mrs. Hazlitt thought that he was very like in manners Frank Moran's father, and like a man that would make home happy; and how Nannie thought of Lelia Moran and Frank, and how happy the three of them should be when they met together—Mr. Browne, the banker, and her two old friends; and what other things all of them thought we must leave to the eloquence of that interior world of action and expression which springs into existence so unbidden, and makes that charm of a double life, which, doubtless, is every day lived by the reader of this history.

They felt happy every one. The children were happy, and the teachers, and the priest, and the visitor. And the happiness seemed of a kind reserved for one class of deeds, and indeed for one class of places. The spreading of inward light and love that fills the soul and sets the heart aglow in the HIDDEN PRESENCE, is the

touch of the TABERNACLE, and is like the spell of predilection that produces the awful ONENESS of the promise.

The party had only just left the church when, proceeding down the beautiful road, they saw, turning round a hedge-way by which the route led towards the Shannon, the renowned Father Ned, the fine-hearted friend of O'Connor Moran. An exclamation of joy escaped Father Riorden, because he was very much devoted to Father Ned, and Father Ned to him. The ladies bore themselves more quietly, because, for a reason they had, they were not surprised at all. And Mr. Browne simply waited for the moment when he could conveniently do so, to present his hand to Father Ned, and announce that he was "Browne."

Very short time it would take to make Father Ned acquainted with anybody, and a shorter time, if possible, was required to make him more than at home with the new-comer. His relations with "dear Lelia," and the "old lady," and "Frank," were well known to Father Ned, and in fact had led to a correspondence between Father Ned and Mr. Browne, so Father O'Donnell and Mr. Browne were old acquaintances.

It soon appeared that Father Ned and Mr. Browne were destined to spend the evening together, and also that Father Ned had "on his own hook," he said, "asked two more to meet them." Father Riorden was importunate to ascertain who they were; but Father Ned would make a mystery about it, and keep them on the tip-toe of expectancy. They knew well, however, that Father Ned would not accomplish such a feat as asking two strangers to any one's house, even though sure they would be welcome. He used to say he never had a serious falling out with any one: "because," he used to add, "I never *fall in* too much with any one, not even with old Riorden;" and they were models of attachment. The maxim is a French one, and not the worse for the voyage across to Ireland.

They had not to wait until the evening, however, for the solution.

Mrs. Hazlitt considerably availed herself of the company of Father Ned; and Father Riorden, having walked some three or four hundred yards with his visitor, Mr. Browne, thought he would join the old people, and allow Nannie and Mr. Browne to speak about London and the Morans.

And Mr. Browne did speak a vast deal about Frank and Lelia; and he was very detailed in his accounts of the impressions made by her beauty and her virtues; and he particularly dwelt on the attachment of the young baronet for Nannie's old companion; and Mr. Browne did not at all forget to mention the admiration of Euphemia Haydock for Frank, and Frank's great attention to her and we believe we must admit that this was tentative somewhat. But whether the conversation was directed by policy or by chance it is unquestionable that both felt somewhat the happier at the

end of it; Mr. Browne for some occult reason, known to the reader, and Miss Hazlitt, our Nannie, for a reason very much the same. We need not explain it. Conventionally the reader is bound to know all that kind of thing, which is a great comfort to a writer, at any rate a great comfort to the writer of these lines.

Mr. Hazlitt was ready to receive them, and evidently had been thinking of his son. A case of pistols belonging to Jack Hazlitt lay upon the table of the drawing-room—and a pair of boxing gloves. The fine painting on ivory, of two children playing by the side of a river, that usually hung near the great mirror, now lay upon the mantelpiece.

The servant arrived to demand the presence of Father Ned, and Father Ned smilingly followed the servant. In a few minutes the drawing-room was emptied into a reception-room down stairs, and Father Ned's friends were found to be a blind man and the blind man's wife.

No one can tell how much might be made of this incident and this visit, if the reader were dealing with a sensationalist writer, or even an author who wanted to make the most of his materials; but we flatter ourselves that all the readers of this book have come to the conclusion that we belong to neither class. We have habitually avoided mystery and plot, and all that kind of literary play upon human sensibility; and we do so in this present visit of the blind man and his wife, by announcing that he is no other than a most respectable middle-aged man, and she a most respectable middle-aged woman, whom Father Ned has brought down upon Mr. Browne for purposes and projects as like Father Ned as members of the same family could be.

"Here is the gentleman, now, James," said Father Ned.

"Well, I'm glad to see him," answered James. "I always stick to the old word," continued James, "because I *see* people in my mind; my mind, Father Ned, creates them, as it were, and shapes them, I declare, according to the form my heart invents."

"Well, what kind of man is Mr. Browne, now?" asked Father Riorden. "What kind, now?" he repeated, according to his reverence's way.

"Mr. Browne, sir! Is it Mr. Browne?"

"Why, yes, James."

"Well, sir, Mr. Browne is a young man—and he has a kind face, and he has a man's courage, and a man's strength—what our fathers called *nearth*. It wouldn't be hard to move Mr. Browne in a good cause, and it wouldn't be easy to stop him. That is the kind of shape my heart gives Mr. Browne!"

"Well done, James! well done!" Father Ned cried, taking the blind man by the hand.

Mr. Browne, at the same time, took the good man's hand in turn.

"Ah! that's Mr. Browne," the blind man exclaimed. "The small hand, that holds like iron."

All laughed cheerfully.

"Now, Mr. Browne," the blind man continued, "you see little James's father."

"I know that, sir," Mr. Browne said. "We shall talk all about your son before I leave for London."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Browne; the blind man came to see you, and to thank you, here, to-day; and, although this poor, dear, loving wife of mine, I dare say, would like to talk, for talk sake, of her Jamesey, all I could say in the world would be, I'm content in my mind, and thankful to God and you, Mr. Browne."

"Then you do not feel your privation so much?"

"Sometimes I would like to see my boy—and often to see my Mary, here," the poor man said, and he turned the sightless balls towards where he knew she was. "And still I shall be spared the changes that years make in those I love, Mr. Browne; and I shall see them as I saw them—see her, my Mary, as when I crowned her the 'May Queen,' eighteen years ago."

"Oh! James, dear! James, dear!" cried the good woman, "Now, James, do not——"

"Ah! a cushla, the gentleman and Mrs. Hazlitt, and the young lady and the priest won't like the world less to see an old man as much in love as he was at one-and-twenty. But, Mr. Browne, whatever reason I had at one-and-twenty—and the world said I had enough—I had lots of reasons since."

"I know that," Mr. Hazlitt said.

"That you do, sir. When I lost my little place, and went into the Workhouse, she followed me, and she needn't do it; and when the white-washed walls and the weary heart were dimming the light in my eyes, she put on the pauper's clothes to mind me. You know, sir, my Mary became a nurse in the infirm ward to be near me."

"God bless her!" cried Mr. Browne.

"Oh! sir, that was little to her. I mean little to what she did for me."

The poor woman appeared in agony, but the blind man went on.

"When the sight failed me, she said we should come out into the free air—and she could work or beg, she said, but I should stay no longer among the white walls, and the sorrows of that black place. The little boy was then about twelve years of age, and though poor Mary found it hard enough to get the week's rent and the little meal in the beginning, she always kept Jamesey at school."

"A good boy he was," Mrs. Hazlitt said.

"Well, ma'am," continued the blind man, "we soon became known to Father Ned, God bless him—and Father Ned wrote to Mr. Frank Moran, God bless him; and Mr. Frank found out Mr. Browne—may the great and good God bless him!—and Mr. Browne took my boy and gave him and me, and his mother, a living."

"Not yet," Mr. Browne remarked; "by-and-by he may be able to help you."

"Ah! bless you, sir—bless you, Mr. Browne—Jamesey sends me ten shillings every week out of the pound a week you allow him."

"Ten shillings a week! and live in London on the remaining ten!"

"Well, Mr. Browne, you see, *he*, Jamesey, is his mother's son—and that's the way."

"You must come over to London when he has a higher salary," remarked Mr. Browne.

"Why, then, Mr. Browne, I think I see all around me here, and the noises of the water, and the birds on the trees are music to me; and when I pass the churchyard, I remark the old headstones, and the places where my parents are lying. I would miss them all; but I would go over the sea for sake of Mary—this foolish little woman! She would be dying to see her son; but I know she *would* die sooner than leave her poor dark husband."

The young fellow's fortune was half made by the visit: and Father Ned felt extremely comfortable.

"He must be a well-educated man," remarked Mr. Browne.

"Yes; educated for the legal profession, when his father was canted out about twenty-two years ago. The father died, leaving him a remnant of fortune, on which he married. A couple of bad years, and a demon of a landlord sent him down," said Father Ned, "and when I first discovered him, it was in the Workhouse of Killaloe."

As might be expected, the evening of a day all sunshine was bright and happy. Mrs. Hazlitt seemed to look on Mr. Browne in some such way as she would look on Jack Hazlitt, were he all she had wished him. There was a tenderness in her manner that was striking, and even affecting; and a familiarity that, for her, always so restrained to strangers, was really wonderful. As for the old man, he was in high spirits and agreeable to every one. He rallied Mrs. Hazlitt on her wonderful good looks; and Nannie upon the loss of Frank Moran; and Mr. Browne upon his bachelorship, and the priests upon their politics; and, in fact, the news from Jack Hazlitt, and the recovery of seven or eight hundred pounds, raised erect the drooping spirit, and half-healed the wounded heart.

Mr. Browne was, of course, the guest, and Nannie was the *vis à vis* at table, and Father Ned, with his scholarly attainments, and Father Riorden, with his good sense and fine benevolence, and the queenly lady of the mansion, who looked perfection and was perfection, in *tenu* and address, made the circle both charming and charmed at the same time. The conversation about Jack Hazlitt became, for the first time, quite free, because the father knew nothing of the circumstances under which the money was restored, and easily concluded that his son was becoming a good and a rich man. The mother was more staid; but even to her Mr. M'Cann's

acquaintanceship was, for many reasons, a fountain of hope; and Nannie, who shared her mother's confidence and ease, was, of course, a reflection of her whom she deemed angelic. They were the "one heart and one soul" from which have flowed forth the grandeur and glories of devoted love. What wonders of heroism, sacrifice, endurance, suffering, and triumph have sprung from that union of "one heart and one soul?" It is the eternal harmony which comprehends all things true, beautiful, and heavenly, and commands the vision and the power of the Infinite!

Father Ned was quite a Roman, and he delighted all around him by his description of the paintings, sculpture, and buildings, ancient and modern, in the Eternal City. Father Riorden was nearly as enthusiastic about France and the rival claims of the French capital. Mr. Browne listened like a wise man, and commented like a scholar; and, moreover, he had the advantage of having grown up in the West, as well as of visiting and studying the great centres of population over the European Continent. Indeed, although both clergymen had a high opinion of Mr. Browne's abilities, neither of them, and no one in the company, had imagined that a man of business could have become so familiar with the condition and literature of the old countries; and it was during a pause which followed some eloquent remark of the young stranger, that Father Ned suddenly asked,

"What part of Ireland has your family sprung from?"

Extremely quietly, as if he had been describing a Roman aqueduct, Mr. Browne answered,

"I had no family."

Father Ned laughed, and Father Riorden joined him. Mrs. Hazlitt blushed, and Nannie looked bewildered.

"Melchisedech," cried Father Ned, "without father or mother, or genealogy!"

"I have not even that distinction," again quietly remarked the stranger. "My father I never remember, but I believe he was transported. My mother I remember only when I saw her dying; and I believe I am indebted to the charity of a noble soul for my earliest education."

"Mr. Browne," cried Mr. Hazlitt, "I am sure you jest with us; you do not mean to ——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hazlitt," interrupted Father Ned. "Mr. Browne, I do not like to flatter you; but upon my word, you tempt a man."

"You speak truth," said Father Riorden.

Nannie withdrew for a moment; but Father Ned, who saw her eyes welling over, divined the cause; and Mrs. Hazlitt, very shortly after, summoned her in again.

"Well, Mr. Browne," Father Ned continued, "you must have heard that your family sprung from this neighbourhood."

"Yes; a kind of cloudy tradition upon which my grandmother sometimes spent a sentence or two."

"A sentence or two?"

"Yes; my grandmother Bid—'Bid' she was called—would be as well pleased her grandson descended from a decent ploughman as from *Ollamh Fodhla*; but she would have the ancestor and the descendant honest men and men of courage, poor old woman."

"Bid?" "Bid?" again inquired Father Ned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Browne, "the freshest, lovingest, honestest soul I have ever met was old gran. She was noble, sir; and I almost worship her memory."

"Mr. Hazlitt," said Father Ned, "have you ever heard that this estate belonged to the Brownes?"

"Yes, certainly. My ancestor bought it from some Cox or Watts, and he had it from Edwin; I believe he was a baronet, a Sir Edwin Browne, who, I suppose, sold it to him."

"You are aware, Mr. Browne," said Father Ned, "that from 1703 to 1780 Roman Catholics could not keep land in fee."

"Oh, quite."

"And that they often conveyed their right and title to Protestants whom they trusted, hoping for a better day."

"I heard so."

"And that sometimes the said Protestants, through neglect or dishonesty, kept the estates in their families, or sold them to strangers and made paupers of the owners?"

"I have heard that, too."

"Your father's name was Edmund?"

"Yes!" answered Mr. Browne.

"And your grandfather's?"

"Well," said Mr. Browne, smiling, "I have heard so."

But now Mr. Browne's eyes lit, and the little company began to hush their breathing. You should see Nannie's face! Mrs. Hazlitt looked like one who was not surprised.

"Your father was transported for the possession of arms which his enemies had secreted in or about the house?"

Mr. Browne looked astounded.

"And your grandfather was ejected from a property which he held under a joint lease, on which there was not a farthing debt due of him."

"You are a profound historian, Father O'Donnell," said Mr. Browne. "Who is your informant?"

"The dark man, Mr. Browne. '*Graí galore agus beatha an aenacht*.'—Happiness is found in love's company. I think, however, that half the dark man's knowledge is due to a lady who knew your grandmother, and loved the grandson when he was a boy."

"What, sir?"

"Well, if your wife is ever to be a 'lady,' your love of the dark man's boy and——; but I declare, Mrs. Hazlitt——"

Mrs. Hazlitt was seen now with great tears rolling down her

cheeks! But they were drops in the sunlight; she was smiling **all** the time.

All was triumph! Just the time for music! Language was now a heavy burden on the tongue, and literature, art, and anecdote would fall flat upon the overwrought fancy. Father Riorden declared he had heard Mr. Browne sing, and Mr. Browne had made up his mind to relieve his soul. All parties were quite agreed.

Mr. Browne opened the piano, and Mr. Browne played a *sweet* prelude; and Mr. Browne sang a charming little song of Petrarch, the burden of which was not mysterious. It concluded—

“Una speranza un consiglio, un ritegno
Tu sol mi sei in sì alto stupore
In te sta la salute e’l mio conforto.

“Tu hai il saper, il poter, l’ingegno :
Soccorri a me, sicche tolta da errore,
La vaga mia berchatta prenda porto.”

Nannie’s time had come. But how could Nannie sing after Mr. Browne’s song? Nannie would sing for those who heard her, not for herself; and the two priests were immovable in their resolves to get a certain song, *not* of Petrarch. Mrs. Hazlitt made some little difficulty, but it was laughingly done, declaring the thing was old now, and the music very indifferent. But Mrs. Hazlitt’s opposition was something of the kind one loves to provoke. The deprecation of the graceful lady by the Shannon, Father Ned said, was *itself* music. At all events, the priests would have their way, and Mr. Hazlitt would have his way; and so, Mrs. Hazlitt was led to her piano, while the poetess stood beside her mother. The song was—

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

The words by Nannie, the music by Mrs. John Hazlitt. (The music left entirely to the reader’s taste.)

I.

“HARK ’tis the Christmas chime!
How peacefully it rings!
Bearing the blessings of the time,
Adown on Angels’ wings!
And harmony celestial round
A list’ning world flings!

II.

Hush! ’tis the Christmas chime!
How joyfully it peals!
Up in the clouds, like Angels’ rhyme!
While the list’ning world kneels!
And the opening East with golden crest
The Star of Hope reveals!

III.

List to the Christmas chime !
How gloriously it swells !
The Anthem of a faith sublime—
In each sweet cadence tells
How sin and care fly everywhere
Before the charmed bells !

IV.

Hush ! 'tis the Christmas chime !
How tenderly it cries
Unto the weary, wounded soul :
'Awake, faint heart, arise !'
The Son of Man—the Sinless ONE—
Leaps, love-pierced, from the skies !

V.

List ! 'tis the Christmas chime !
How soothingly it cheers
The mourners of the loving dead !
Who weep by many biers !
For He who raised the Widow's Son
This Christmas-time appears !

VI.

Hark ! 'tis the Christmas chime !
Within the Vatican
Christ's martyr bends in silent prayer
Unto the Son of Man !
The Pontiff-saint makes no complaint,
But smiles at bolt and ban !

VII.

For, in the Christmas chime,
He hears the mighty word,
That marshals wide the Seraphim,
And bares the flaming sword,
And striketh wrong with death-blow strong !
The falchion of the Lord !

VIII.

Hence, while the Christmas chime
Peals joyously to-night,
And laughing stars in clusters shine
Like beck'ning Angels bright,
Sing we the hymn of Bethlehem !—
Sing we Jehovah's might !

IX.

Oh ! may this Christmas chime
Bear blessed hope to thee,
Dear wand'rer in a distant clime ! *
Thou, dear to hope and me !
May Christmas bells for thee weave spells
Of HOME's sweet ecstasy !

* Of course, the hero or subject of our story is meant Poor Nannie !

X.

So faintly swells the chime!
 The night fades fast away!
 And op'ning clouds shall soon proclaim
 The coming sunshine's sway!
 So, then, good night! soon love and light
 Shall hail our Christmas Day!"

* * * * *

The amount of enthusiasm deserved by this song was understood by the company, who listened thereunto, and who cheered according to their kind (number), again and again. All we can say is, the sentiment of the song is commendable, and the music, which is the reader's *own*, is extremely good.

We conclude the chapter by saying, that Mr. Browne made up his mind, for some reason or other, to run up the new line of genealogy; that Father Ned and Father Riorden promised to assist him; and that the dark man promised to find "THE PAPERS," and so forth, which, although they might not result in giving to the world another "Lord," would be sure to give to the world another "Lady." How much of truth or of mere good-will was in the dark man's story time will tell.

[*To be continued.*]

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

WHAT is the Catholic Church? The Catholic Church, in its fullest acceptation, is a visible, well-defined, and thoroughly organized moral body established by Christ, and whose members profess the Catholic religion which He instituted. This body comprises the simple faithful, and also pastors or superiors in different grades, the chief of whom was at the Church's foundation, St. Peter, and is at every other given period his successor for the time being, namely, the Bishop of Rome. The whole of the essential organization of the Church was the immediate work of Christ: as much His work as the institution of His religion.

That legislative authority which exists within the Church, and of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, includes the power of making regulations about the Church itself and the details of its government, more or less similar to the by-laws of a temporal corporation, and, like them, not touching the essential constitution

of the body. The appointment of patriarchs and metropolitans, the various forms of juridical procedure, and innumerable other features observable in the Church may be traced to this source. None of them are of the essence of the Church.

The Church has not, so to speak, grown out of the Religion, but was established contemporaneously with it. This idea needs to be kept well before the mind. The Church is not a mere result of the Religion. It has not been got up by men for the sake of the Religion. Those who constitute it have been placed in it by God, admitted into it by God, as into a society—a moral body—framed by Himself.

This Church is most absolutely *one* in a twofold sense. First, it is only one, and not many. It is not multiplied, nor capable of being multiplied, in any way or degree, according to the states or countries in which the Catholic religion is professed. It is not made up of national Churches if we take the word in the same meaning. There are, no doubt, national churches in another acceptance; that is to say, there are locally distinct portions of the same one Church, as there are distinct provinces and countries in one kingdom, and these portions are called Churches, because the term is a convenient one; but they have no amount of integrity or independence in relation with the one Church, nor are they, *as parts*, modified by their nationality. As parts they are perfectly homogeneous.

Secondly, the Church is most absolutely one in its Faith, Communion, and Government. Unity of Faith does not exclude differences of opinion. On the contrary, there is a large and wholesome liberty in the Catholic Church, such as cannot be found in Protestant Churches, where so much responsibility is cast on individuals. A Protestant indulging in opinions runs the risk of contradicting dogmas, since these, too, must be settled for him by himself. Faith, and consequently oneness or Unity of Faith, strictly regard dogmas alone, namely, truths revealed by God and sufficiently proposed by a competent authority in the Church. Whoever believes and professes all these is, so far as Faith is concerned, a member of the Catholic Church, and this he may be without explicit knowledge of all such truths in detail, and no doubt there are innumerable good Catholics who could not state the whole of them, but sincerely hold all that the Catholic Church believes and teaches. Faith, I have said, and Unity of Faith strictly regard dogmas. But, besides these, there are many doctrines so received and taught in the Church as not to be mere matters of opinion, nor to admit of being rejected consistently with doctrinal soundness. They may be impugned without heresy, though often the impugning of them raises a legitimate suspicion concerning the Faith of the parties who undertake it.

Unity of Communion consists in identity of Sacraments and of public worship, in the fact that all agree as to Sacraments and public

worship, and in a mutual recognition of membership of the Church; likewise in the recognition of the same pastors, especially the Roman Pontiff. Of course, participation of the Sacraments and actual conjunction in acts of worship appertain to the unity of communion; but they are not essential conditions on the part of individuals to their being in the Catholic Church and belonging to it. For a man who never goes to Mass, or confession or communion, does not thereby cease to be a Catholic, though he is certainly not to be reputed a good one. Baptism is the only Sacrament whose reception is strictly necessary to our being members of the Church. Hence the expression, not uncommon among Catholics in England, of persons being *out of the Church*, because they neglect their duties, is not perfectly accurate, though, as the meaning is sufficiently understood, no great mischief arises from its use.

The Church is one in Government, because it has one visible Head on earth, the Roman Pontiff, to whom all other pastors are subordinate. The Pope is one man holding supreme authority over Bishops, priests, and people. The Bishops are the special chief pastors of different local portions of the Church; and they—the Pope included—are, at the same time, one great governing body, whose compactness is secured by the conjunction of the rest with the Pope, and their dependence on him. The Episcopate is, none the less, of divine institution and invested with a divinely derived authority. This is shared in a lower degree by the second order of the clergy. The Pastors of the Catholic Church, mainly the chief Pastors, that is to say, the Bishops, with the Sovereign Pontiff at their head, constitute what is called the *Teaching Church*—the *Ecclesia Docens*. We may, with equal propriety, call them the *Governing Church*—the *Ecclesia Regens*. The term *Church*, by itself, is very often taken in this sense; and, a little later on, I will take it almost exclusively in this sense; as my principal concern is about the Teaching or Governing Church. I have, however, something still to say of the Catholic Church in its more comprehensive acceptation.

The Catholic Church, though not exactly the same thing as the Catholic Religion, is inseparably connected with it. One is nowhere found without the other. They are perfectly coextensive. Both were instituted by Our Lord for the whole human race. His design was that all men should be members of the Catholic Church, and professing the Catholic Religion. This design was not an efficacious decree, to be inevitably carried out by Divine Omnipotence, which never fails to do thoroughly whatever it undertakes. But this was still no less truly the design—the intention—of God and of Christ. For God most really wills many things that do not come to pass, because He permits them to be impeded. No one doubts, for instance, that God really wills we should all serve Him faithfully, avoid evil and do good; and yet, we often, unhappily, succeed in not carrying out this will of our

Creator. The plan of Christ, in founding His religion and His Church, took in the whole world, and contained provisions of themselves sufficient for its own realization. But human perversity, though unable to prevent the establishment and wide-spread diffusion of Christianity, and of Catholicity (which is the only Christianity that has Christ for its immediate, intentional author), though unable too to overturn the Religion and Church of Christ, once established, or to reduce them within narrow limits, has been allowed largely to interfere with their absolute universality. Had the project of our Redeemer been fulfilled, all men would be Catholics. There would be neither Pagans, nor Jews, nor Protestants, nor Infidels. We all know how different is the actual state of things. We must put up with it. We must do the best we can for our Religion, for our Church, for ourselves; for those also who, unhappily, do not enjoy that great blessing which was intended for all, and which, through God's mercy, we possess, in being the people of God in a far more exalted sense and degree than the Jews of old. We must live in peace with them, and try, by all legitimate means, to induce them to become sharers of the same advantages. We must, at the same time, resist, by all legitimate means, their attempts at aggression on our Religion and our Church.

Before proceeding further, I will take occasion to draw an inference or two from the undoubted truth I have been stating—undoubted, I mean, among Catholics—of the absolute universality of our Religion, in the designs of its Divine Founder. First, it follows that Catholicity was originally intended by God—and He has never changed that intention—to be a pervading element of all human society; that the Church's one organization was to stretch through all places, concurrently with the various civil organizations of the whole earth; that the entire mass of mankind was to live as much under a visible Divine rule, as the ancient Hebrew nation—under a visible Divine *religious* rule; for their political government was not to be a Theocracy, as was that of the Jews; but it was to be in accord and harmony with the Church; and could not have been otherwise, when kings and subjects were all faithful Catholics, as God willed and wills they should be. The Catholic Religion was not to be a mere accidental adjunct, but part and parcel of the constitution of human society. So it was, in fact, for centuries in many countries, not without defects and shortcomings, the result of men's weaknesses and vices; but so it was in a great degree. So it is still in those few nations that are still Catholic; though, indeed, none are as exclusively Catholic as many were a few hundred years ago.

We see in countries whose population possesses partly that imperfect Christianity which exists outside the true Church, partly the Catholic religion—for there are no Christian countries without an admixture of Catholics—we see, I say, in all those countries, that even this imperfect Christianity enters into the constitution of

civil society, and renders it far other than it would be without much of a wholesome leaven. Sectarian Christianity moulds civil society. Much more does Catholicity do so. Though the Catholic religion is not a political institution, and can co-exist, and flourishingly co-exist, with all legitimate forms of political government, it necessarily exercises great influence over the merely natural and human condition of those countries in which it prevails. I repeat now, once more, that in the designs of God all countries were to be such, and consequently those countries which are, or which were Catholic, are, or were, so far, in what may be truly called a normal state, and no others. Hence that secularism, which is so much cried up at present, and often by otherwise able men, is most directly and radically opposed to the designs and intentions of God.

A second inference I would draw from the design of God concerning the extent of Catholicity is, that those are mistaken who say or think it is in a manner all right there should be different sects of Christians, and, perhaps, of non-Christians, too: not, of course, that all of them are correct in their views, but that this diversity is legitimately incidental to religion. This is certainly a broad way of putting it, broader probably than would be easily ventured on. Yet, the idea is afloat, principally among persons outside the Church, but not, perhaps, quite exclusively. I am not alluding here to the toleration of various creeds by a Catholic or non-Catholic Government; neither am I alluding to friendly intercourse with sectaries; nor even to the excusableness, before God, of many who are not in external communion with the Catholic Church; but to the notion that different sects have an objective right to be, that this is the appropriate lot of religion. Divergencies of doctrine are looked on somewhat in the light of various schools of philosophy. The reason of different men, it is said, will take different roads in religious matters. I say, unfortunately this is so, as a matter of fact; but God would not have it thus. Not only do we know that there is but one true religion, and that whatever religions are at variance with this one must be false, and all other religions are at variance with it; but we know, likewise, that the Almighty positively and definitely appointed this one true religion, and the Church with which it is indivisibly associated, for the whole of mankind, for all those who now culpably or inculpably profess other religions. These other religions ought not to be. They are all the fruit of waywardness and perversity; they are all against the designs and will of God.

What I have said concerning the intention of Christ in founding His Church goes a good way to show the nature of the relations of the Church to civil society. If that intention had been fulfilled the Church would be identical with civil society as to its members, and there would be mutual concord in the attainment of the respective ends of the two combined orders—social and reli-

religious. As things stand, wherever the Catholic Church exists, there is the same identity of the members of the Church with the members of civil society, and there *ought to be* the same concord in the attainment of those ends. This concord often fails to subsist, not through the Church's fault, but through that of the rulers of the State, sometimes Protestants or Infidels, sometimes Catholics not acting in a Catholic spirit. The Church has a divine right, whether acknowledged or not, to be left free and unshackled in all that regards the constitution which it has received from its Divine Founder. This right resides in all and each of its members. In the first place, the whole Catholic Church, taken as one body, possesses this right for all and each of its parts or sections, say for the sections that are found in France, in Germany, in Italy, in England, in Ireland, and so on, respectively. Secondly, each of these sections possesses this right for itself, in virtue of its being a portion of the whole Church, through which the right is, as it were, diffused. Lastly, in every place, every individual belonging to the Church has his share in this right. The Catholic Church has its charter directly from God, it came immediately out of the hands of God, not through princes nor through people. It was first established when all princes, and we may say, all nations were against it. This circumstance was providential, not only inasmuch as it served to show the power of God and the Divine character of an institution which was able to triumph over such obstacles, but also because the Church, in its origin, neither required, nor received, nor waited for any consent from existing political states. Later it was to be combined with them, to influence them, to work in harmony with them, if they would work with it, never to be subject to them. Its members are their subjects in another order, not itself.

The Church has a right to be protected by the State, because the Church is no intruder, but has a right to be there; and whoever and whatever has a right to be there has a consequent right to be guarded by the State against molestation. This is true even when the right to be there comes from the State, which ought to be consistent; but it is more obviously true when the right to be there comes from a higher authority, which the State cannot legitimately contravene.

Besides, Religion is necessary for the well-being of civil society. Civil society cannot go on without religion, and never has gone on without religion of some sort. All governments that have lasted any time have understood this, and have acted accordingly. No doubt, many of the religions on which society had to depend at various periods in different countries were miserably defective, full of the grossest errors, comparatively unfit even for the temporal purpose to which I am now alluding, and comparatively ineffectual in attaining it. But they were better than nothing. The various forms of Paganism were better than nothing. There was a certain

amount of religious truth mixed up with them, and this was better than nothing. Natural religion would have been far better. Best of all must be the supernatural religion framed by the Almighty for the whole human race, accommodated to the circumstances and destinies of men in their present condition, comprising in itself natural religion; but natural religion exalted and combined with higher elements. Such is the Catholic religion—the Catholic religion alone. This, then, is the religion best fitted—alone fully fitted—to do the work which civil society needs to have done for it by religion. This is the religion which the one great Author of civil society and religion, the natural and supernatural order of things, intended should do that work for society. This, then, is the religion which every state, every government is bound to receive, protect, cherish, even with a view to securing the more immediate end of temporal rule, the temporal tranquillity and happiness of men on earth. With the Catholic religion comes the Catholic Church, inseparably as both are bound up together.

I have been taking rather high ground, regarding the due position of the Catholic Religion and Church in every nation; high, no doubt, but not higher than that which necessarily results from the right understanding, the only true Catholic view, of our Religion and Church, higher, however, than I expect to be accepted by non-Catholics, who, as a matter of course, will not agree with us concerning the Divine prerogatives of either. Though we cannot abandon this high ground, we are not precluded from taking *also* a lower level, and vindicating what may be called accidental and extraneous rights of the Church. At these I will only glance, as they do not enter into my subject, which is confined to the essential rights of the Church considered as a Divine Institution.

The Catholic Church is legally authorized to exist in various countries, in some of which the Catholic Religion is that of the State, while in others there is no State Religion, and in others again there is some other State Religion, as is the case in England. But the Catholic Religion and Church are permitted by the law. The language of the law in all such countries is to this effect: "Catholics have full liberty to profess and practise their religion." Such is the language of the law in these countries—in all the British dominions, in England and Scotland where there are established Churches, in Ireland and the Colonies where there is not any established Church, and where Protestants have no legal preeminence over Catholics, if we except the personal prerogative of the *present* dignitaries of the Disestablished Church of Ireland, and that is not much. This complete liberty of Catholics, and of the Catholic Church, throughout the British Empire, is not based on any acknowledged Divine right of our religion—nor are we foolish enough to pretend that it is so. Whatever the Divine right may be, and undoubtedly is, according to our belief, the right we have to rely on before the State is a human political right guaranteed by

public constitutional law. But we maintain that the principle, once admitted, ought to be consistently carried out. We maintain that our social temporal needs should be provided for in a way not at variance with our religious tenets. Hence our repeated complaints concerning the modes adopted, or not adopted, by the State of dealing with Education.

We maintain, too, that we are entitled not to be interfered with as to our Monastic Institutions. These institutions are part and parcel of the Catholic Church. We have the same right to possess them unmolested as we have to profess our creed or practise our ceremonies. The members of religious communities have a two-fold right to perfect liberty in pursuing the course they have chosen, and to own and administer the property bestowed on the establishments or their inmates. They have the right which comes from, and is identified with, the full toleration of the Catholic Religion in these countries, and which the State cannot consistently abridge; and they have the common right, as mere citizens, to live, separately or together, in any manner they please, that is not palpably and grievously pernicious to society. Hence, we complain of that penal enactment still subsisting, which, in a manner, proscribes all members of male religious orders in these countries, and deprives their communities of advantages possessed by any voluntary association of merely secular persons with regard to the acquisition of property. Hence, too, we protest against the attempts of busy fanatics and others from whom better might be expected, to pry into the pecuniary and other concerns of convents, with the obvious ulterior view of injuring them. Amongst the defences set up for proceedings of this kind, it is alleged that the same thing, or even worse, is done in Catholic countries and by Catholics. It is not, therefore, to be attributed to Protestant prejudice. This is a superficially specious argument—but there is really very little in it. The men who act thus abroad are often of Catholic families, and they may not, themselves, have embraced any other particular creed. I apprehend no humanly respectable body of religionists would be anxious to claim them. Many of them are notorious infidels. None of them are religious men, nor do they pretend to be so, except by occasional hypocritical professions—rather ludicrous in the circumstances—whereby to cloak their malice: Even if they be really Catholics, they do not act as such in the courses they pursue with regard to the Church and religious or ecclesiastical communities, any more than a Catholic or a Protestant acts as such in the commission of delinquencies to which his passions or his interests impel him. Those whom their friends or enemies regard as good or thorough Catholics, as a rule, do not do such things, though occasionally some of their number may be deceived into a certain amount of co-operation in them. There are plenty of human vicious motives to induce men to assail religious and ecclesiastical institutions, quite irrespective of what are called sec-

tarian prejudices. Such motives will operate on men who retain the true Faith, but involve no proof that the institutions assailed deserve such treatment, or that Catholic belief has anything, directly or indirectly, to do with it.

But I must stop. The question on which I have been touching does not, as I have said, belong to my programme, and from its nature would, if treated satisfactorily, involve a disproportionately long digression. This question I may possibly take up at some future time, but not in the present paper on the relations of the Church to Society.

I will, therefore, proceed next to consider the origin, nature, and office of the *Teaching and Governing Church*, to which I have already alluded.

JOTTINGS FROM A GREEK PRAYER-BOOK.

IV.

CONFESSION.

THE controversy between the two great parties in the Church of England, which has divided that Church for the last forty years, has of late turned mainly on the practice of confession. That it has been brought to a most distinct and formal issue, may be inferred from the many conflicting declarations and manifestos which have emanated from the advocates of either view; and the "London Times" of this date (December 6th) contains a very remarkable evidence of the irreconcilable character of the conflict.

On the one hand, the Bishop of Peterborough, in reply to some resolutions condemnatory of the practice of confession, forwarded to him from a public meeting held at Leicester, declares his "deep sense of the evils and danger of the doctrine and practice," and his strong reprobation of "the introduction of auricular confession and priestly absolution into the Reformed Church of England."

On the other hand, the very same journal contains a "Declaration," signed by a number of clergymen of high dignity and great reputation, including Dr. Pusey and Archdeacon Denison, in which the practice of private confession and priestly absolution is upheld as a saving ordinance and a high source of spiritual consolation. It affirms that "God through absolution confers an inward spiritual grace and the authoritative assurance of His forgiveness;" that "the Church of England, when speaking of the benefit of absolution, and empowering her priests to absolve, means them to use a definite form of absolution;" that, when the Prayer-book orders that the sinner shall be moved to make a special confession of his sins, it "cannot be supposed to rule that men are bound to

defer to a death bed, which they may never see, what they know to be for the good of their souls;" that, on the contrary, it is plain that "the use of confession may be, at least in some cases, of not unfrequent occurrence;" that "all who claim the privilege of private confession are entitled to it," and that "the clergy are directed, under certain circumstances, to move persons to such confession."

In view of this conflict of opinion among the members of what claims to be "a branch of the Church Catholic," we may not inappropriately close these notices of the devotional practices of the Greek Church by a few extracts from the preparatory Exercise for Confession in the *Synopsis*.

The Exercise for Confession begins with a preliminary instruction as to the method of preparation, in perusing which the Catholic reader will find it difficult to realize that he is not reading from the pages of the "Path to Paradise," the "Garden of the Soul," or some other of the popular prayer-books in use among ourselves.

The penitent is admonished that he must examine his conscience accurately and in detail—his thoughts, words, deeds, and omissions, contrary to the commandments of God and His law, or to his duty to his neighbour or to himself, considering his state and the place in life which he holds. And after he has stirred up his heart to sorrow for what he has committed, and excited himself to sorrow for having dishonoured God, violated His commandments, and abused the grace which He bestowed upon him, he is to go to his ghostly Father, and bending the knee of the spirit as well as of the body ("since it is not to a mere man that he presents himself, but to God, whose person the ghostly Father bears,") he is to make a detailed accusation of himself. "I confess," he is directed to say, "to God the Father, in the presence of thee, my ghostly Father, all the offences and sins which, sinner that I am, I have wilfully committed in thought, word, and deed, and I implore pardon of my Lord God, Jesus Christ, and of thee my ghostly Father."

He is then ordered to commence the enumeration of all his sins, confessing them with great purity, but taking care not to pass over any, even the slightest, accusing himself, and acknowledging his guilt, under each head, and having a sincere purpose never in the future to be guilty of them or any other offences. "Knowing that without such purpose, neither is his confession true confession, nor the absolution of his ghostly Father a true absolution, since it is wanting in contrition, which is a necessary condition for the fruitfulness whether of the act of the penitent, or of that of the spiritual Father."

After he has completed the recital of all his sins, he is directed to say, "These, reverend Father, and numberless others, which I do not know or call to mind, are my evil and sinful acts, for all which, although unworthy, I humbly ask pardon and absolution; and I

am ready to accept with joy whatsoever instructions and penance thou my ghostly Father mayst impose upon me for my sins."

Thereupon, having received a suitable penance from the ghostly Father, he bows his head and implores absolution.

The penitent, having received absolution, is reminded of the example of the Samaritan, who, on being cleansed from the leprosy, went to Christ to return thanks, and of the commendation which Our Lord bestowed upon him for his so doing; and he is exhorted to retire in like manner, "and give thanks to God, who has cleansed him from the leprosy of sin." The confession is to be followed by this—

"THANKSGIVING AFTER CONFESSION.

"I give thanks to Thee, O most merciful and long-suffering Lord, that Thou pardonest our iniquities, and rejoicest in the return of those that have gone astray! I give thee thanks that, taking pity on me, Thy miserable and unworthy servant, who, having received countless favours from Thee and madly abused them all, have wandered far away from Thee, and recklessly offended and dishonoured Thee by transgressing Thy commandments, and plunging headlong into the depths of wickedness, Thou hast held forth to me the hand of mercy, hast raised me up, and hast vouchsafed that, all unworthy as I am, I should be permitted to prostrate myself before the throne of Thy mercy; that I should ask and obtain forgiveness of my transgressions, and should again be admitted into the number of Thy elect!

"I give Thee thanks that Thou hast not despised my wretchedness, that Thou hast not turned away from my enormities, but hast received me back, like the prodigal, and hast clasped me to Thy bosom. I am filled with alarm at the thought of this unequalled goodness. Do Thou strengthen me for the future with the grace of Thy most Holy Spirit, to strive against the devil, the world, and the flesh, and against sin itself. Enlighten the eyes of my soul, that I may walk in the way of Thy commandments; that I may, henceforth, through life, live in peace and innocence; and, that in the end, I may come to Thee, my God and Saviour, and may bless and praise Thee for ever and ever!"

This exercise concludes with the psalms *Miserere* and *Domine exaudi orationem meam*, followed by the doxology.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the complete identity, not merely in general character and spirit, but in every particular of method, order, and even form, of the system of confession, as here detailed, with that practised daily in the Western Church:—the detailed examination of conscience; the topics with which this examination is concerned; the distinction of sins of thought, of word, of deed, and of omission; of sins against God, sins against our neighbour, and sins against ourselves; the specific and detailed accusation of each particular sin which is prescribed; the previous act of contrition and purpose of amendment; the imposition of penance by the priest, and its acceptance by the penitent; and the subsequent prayers of thanksgiving and good purpose. All these, without the change of a single word, would be perfectly in place in any of our own popular books of devotion. And we can scarcely doubt that, among reverent and thoughtful members of the Church of England, a dispassionate examination of the prac-

tice of the Greek Church as to confession, would weigh powerfully in influencing the judgment which ought to be formed in their own domestic controversy as to the practice of auricular confession. It affords the clearest evidence of the faith of the Greek Church thereupon.

But it is impossible to stop here. No dispassionate reader of the Instructions and Prayers for Confession contained in this *Synopsis*, will believe that this institution which they describe is a shadowy and unreal ordinance, or an occasional and extraordinary observance, much less a device of sublimated æstheticism; bringing, it may be, a certain high-wrought but fleeting comfort to enthusiastic souls, but not designed for the work of every-day Christian life, nor forming a settled element of the practical Christian system. No one will believe that the rite of confession described in our Greek Prayer-book is, like confession in the very highest Anglican theory, a simply voluntary ceremonial, to which Christians may, indeed, turn at pleasure for spiritual consolation and unburdening of conscience, but which is not only not prescribed by the Church to the people, as a duty, but is even discouraged by the popular voice, nay, reprobated and proscribed by those who are the highest in the ranks of the Church, the most accredited organs of her teaching, and the most authentic expositors of her practice. It is plain, both from the Instructions and from the Prayers of the *Synopsis*, that, with the Greeks as with ourselves, confession is a reality of the religious system; that it is dealt with as one of the natural incidents of the spiritual life; and that it is set down as the ordinary medium through which the sinner is to be restored to the grace and favour of God.

It would be impossible, we repeat, to find in any of the devotional books of our own Church, where the obligation of confession, as a duty of every adult Christian, is most strongly insisted upon, a clearer or more stringent exposition, whether of the duty itself, or of the various particulars of the manner of its observance.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

THIS blessed Christmas morn, the bells
 Fling out their music wild;
 They make me dream of olden days
 When I was but a child,
 And heard their solemn voices wake
 The still cold morning air,
 As strayed I towards the village church
 To chant the midnight prayer.

This blessed Christmas morn, the light
 Breaks in the shady sky ;
 And angel voices sweet, and low,
 Pour out their song on high :
 While up from many an altar shrine,
 There swells the gladsome hymn :
 Religion's light is burning bright,
 It never waxes dim.

This blessed Christmas morn, the poor
 Are gathered round their God ;
 His voice speaks from His manger-home
 To bless the path they've trod.
 That voice will cheer the pilgrim's heart,
 As shrineward slow it bends ;
 Those eyes will light the pilgrim's soul,
 As heavenward it tends.

II.

This blessed, happy, Christmas night
 My young heart homeward veers ;
 For, circled round our Irish hearths,
 Are friends of boyhood's years.
 And one fond voice that lingers near,
 Where'er my footsteps stray,
 Breathes forth a wish that I were there
 To make their feast more gay.

This blessed, happy, Christmas night
 Will wile me from my books ;
 And wing me o'er the ocean's breast,
 To kinder, friendlier looks —
 Will wing me towards my boyhood's home,
 The Slaney's wave beside,
 Where oft the spring-voiced birds have lisped
 The music of its tide !

This blessed, happy, Christmas night,
 My mem'ry steals in dream,
 To where the turf on yon old hearth
 Throws out its dusty beam :
 For the light of many a faded year,
 And many a day that's gone,
 Shines in the cheerful fire that burns
 Upon that old hearth-stone !

P. M.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I. *The Little Flower Seekers: being Adventures of Trot and Daisy in a Wonderful Garden by Moonlight.* By ROSA MULHOLLAND. Illustrated. (Marcus Ward and Company.)—Under the title of Juvenile Gift Books, Marcus Ward and Company have published, this season, the prettiest series of Christmas stories we have seen for many a day, and perhaps, on the whole, the most attractive specimens of literary, artistic, and typographic work ever issued from the Royal Ulster Works, Belfast, which is saying a good deal. While all are brought out with an eye to striking general effect and careful attention to proportion of detail, to say nothing of the good feeling and good taste that distinguish the literary matter, we cannot but own to a preference for "*The Little Flower Seekers.*" The chromographs, facsimiles of drawings by the well-known artists, Fitch, French, and Hulme, are exquisite in grouping and colour. What, for example, could be more brilliant than the bunch of anemone, iris, and wallflower, which forms the frontispiece, or more perfect in its natural and cool effect than the fall-blown water-lilies? The stories illustrate the pictures, or the pictures illustrate the stories—one hardly knows which. If the artists' work is eminently successful, the author's is deserving of particular notice as immensely above the average of even good books of this class. There is sufficient thread of narrative to connect the many stories that vary with playful fancy the simple outline of the general plan, and to produce a sufficiently realistic effect. But these stories are the gems of the book, even pictorially they are rich in pure imagination, and overflowing with poetic thought; while, at the same time, the writer shows a close observation of nature, and no small knowledge of the habits, and if we may say so, the history of flowers. Youthful readers will follow the pages of this beautiful gift-book with intense delight; and grown-up people will linger over it with hardly less pleasant emotion, appreciating the literary skill displayed with so little effort, and seeking, and many times finding, a deeper meaning than the first reading of the tale suggests. Here, as oftentimes elsewhere, we find that what looks like fancy, may be the very truth itself. Anyhow it is with no little pride that we draw attention to this charming book as an example of Irish taste, workmanship, and genius.

II. To many who, in this season, are prowling from book-shop to book-shop in search of Christmas gifts to be given or to be got, another godsend will be a neat and cheap volume published by Burns and Oates—*Seven Stories*, by Lady GEORGIANA FULLERTON.—We could almost wish that the story which begins the volume and fills more than half of it, were published on its own account, though the remaining half dozen are good, too,—some of them very pretty. But *Rosemary* shows, in construction and execution, no little of the skill to which we owe such brilliant novels as *Grantly Manor* and *Ladybird*, and slight as it is, is not unworthy of the gifted woman who, as Lady Herbert of Lea, remarks, "has contributed more than any one in England to give a healthy and religious tone to the popular literature of the day, and whose works" she adds, "are an index of her holy hidden life." The development of Polly's character in this tale, and the fidelity and fortitude of Joan Porter are admirably portrayed; and, indeed, the life-like and interesting picture that is here sketched would fill worthily a much larger canvass. Any little Polly of the present day, whose mamma leaves her the choice of her Christmas book, might do worse than ask for "*Seven Stories*," by Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

III. There is something almost irreverent in this sudden transition; but, as a sample of a Christmas gift of a different kind, we can heartily commend a new edition of the ever ancient and ever new *Imitation of Christ.* (Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill.)—Though it is almost an *édition de luxe*, the price is extremely moderate. The reflections attached to each chapter have more unction and originality than those commonly taken from *Peré Gonnelleu*. But

it is the exterior of this edition that entitles it to a place among Christmas books.

“‘Shall I have nought that is fair?’ quoth he,
Have nought but the bearded grain?”

Shall dainty binding, and bold, clear type be lavished on secular books, while pious and holy books are made as unattractive as possible? It ought not to be so, and here at least is one notable exception.

IV. From the Belgian town of Mechlin the well-known ecclesiastical publisher, H. Dessain (successor to P. J. Hanicq) sends us two companion volumes, by Miss JOSEPHINE MACAULAY—*Jesus Christ our Lord*, and *The Life of the Ever Blessed Virgin, proposed as a Model to all Women*.—They are stated to be translations (for, though published in Belgium, they are in the English tongue); but they have all the freedom and freshness of original works. Designed for the use of the English-speaking residents abroad, these devout and graceful little books will be none the less acceptable here at home, especially to the translator's younger fellow-countrywomen.

V. Mr. C. Smyth deserves much credit for the enterprise he has shown in the publication of the *Dublin Annual*. He has been most successful in obtaining the assistance of well-known Irish writers, and the result is, that the literary matter is varied, attractive, and far from ephemeral in character. It is enough to say that among the contributors are Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Martin Haverly, Lady Wilde, Dr. Waller, the author of “The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil,” and several anonymous but not unknown members of the literary world. The contents exhibit a goodly bill of Christmas fare; the *pièce de resistance* being placed, not unseasonably, in the first course. “A Runaway Princess” is the title of a paper as amusing as a romance, but as valuable as a downright historical fact—which it is. The escape of the Princess Sobieski from Innsbruck, where she was detained by the Emperor of Germany, and her adventurous journey across the Alps to meet the Pretender, to whom she had been affianced, are the subject of the story, or rather of the narrative. This episode in the Stuart History has been given in a necessarily curtailed form in Mr. J. C. O’Callaghan’s “History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France;” but the writer in the “Dublin Annual” not being pressed to inconvenience for space, gives the story almost in full, and yet leaves us wishing for more. The Annual is certain to obtain a great success at home, and to create a sensation in America and Australia, where every work of Irish history or Irish literature is read with interest and delight.

VI. Though it does not come under the heading prefixed to this article, we must commend to the devout reader *A Handbook of the Confraternity of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus*. (Dublin: W. Powell.) We cordially welcome the opportune appearance of this little manual, the compiler of which has compressed within the narrow limits of thirty-six pages abundant material for most solid devotion to the Sacred Heart. So clear are the explanations of each pious practice, and so judiciously selected are the prayers appropriate to each, that we do not feel it an exaggeration to say that this little book is calculated to do more good than many a book of ten times its size, and a hundred times its pretension. This is peculiarly the age of devotion to the Sacred Heart—and these are, consequently, times when frequent allusions to this beautiful devotion are found on the lips of pious Catholics. But when those who, having in whatever degree the care of souls, wish to give practical issue to pious sentiments, they have been liable to be met by the difficulty of placing in the hands of our poorer people especially, an explanation of the various devotions that would be at once concise and intelligible, a list of indulgences attached, such as would stimulate the piety of the faithful, and lastly, a collection of short prayers, in which that piety might find suitable language in which to express itself. Now this is the precise difficulty that is obviated by the appearance of this little manual.

THE CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

BY FREDERICK CANON OAKELEY.

AMONG the minor evidences of the Divine origin of our Holy Religion, there is none which, to a certain class of minds, is more impressive than that of the structure and composition of its liturgical offices. It is an evidence, however, which demands, on the part of the recipient, certain qualifications for judgment which are by no means universal; such as, an intelligent knowledge of the Latin language, an intimate and experimental acquaintance with the Catholic Liturgy, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, and a natural attraction to ceremonial religion in its devotional aspects. To name these qualities, is sufficient to indicate that the evidence in question is one which addresses itself especially, if not exclusively, to the Clergy. But although it be the Clergy alone who, as a general rule, are susceptible of it, there are many admirable priests upon whose minds it appears to be almost wholly lost. This evidently comes of the fact, that it depends, to a great extent, upon the vividness of the imaginative faculty; an accident of mental character which, though it be a great privilege to possess, it is no demerit to want.

The evidence to which we refer is the marvellous power of the Church in concentrating, on the multifarious subjects which come within the scope of her treatment and illustration, all that is scattered up and down the pages of Holy Scripture or of ecclesiastical antiquity in reference to each of them, so as to present the subject in question to the contemplative mind in the form in which it is best calculated to minister to faith and devotion. The reader will understand our meaning, if he call for a moment to his remembrance any one of the liturgical offices of the Church which he may please to select; such, for example, as those of Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, or Corpus Christi. It may certainly be said that, in these and in numberless other specimens of the Catholic Liturgy, Holy Scripture receives an illustration which it does not derive in an equal degree from any other kind of commentary. The light which it casts upon every possible subject in the range of revealed doctrine is brought as it were to a focus, and poured upon each of those subjects in succession. How often does one wish to have the power of resorting to this argument, in the controversy with those who charge the Catholic Church with neglect of the Written Word! But it is the fate of our Religion, that many of its most cogent proofs are incommunicable to those who differ from us. In the words of the most thoughtful of heathen poets, they have a voice which is inaudible except to the like-minded. Of all such evi-

dences, that which results from the liturgical uses of Scripture is the one, perhaps, which is the least forcible in its effect on the mind of the ordinary Protestant. It is commonly said that liturgical composition is an art which has long since become extinct. It would be truer to say that it is one which never had any existence, except in the Catholic Church; and the only reason why it is there brought less into action in later than in former times is, that its former efforts were so complete as to have dispensed subsequent ages from the necessity of having equal recourse to it. The total inability of uncatholic institutions to frame a liturgy is best shown by the fact, that the Anglican Prayer-book, which is incomparably the best specimen of a Protestant liturgy, is almost wholly made up of translations from the Breviary, with the addition only of extracts from Scripture, which are either taken from Catholic sources, or exhibit no especial felicity in their selection.

When we speak of the liturgical offices of the Catholic Church, we use that phrase in its widest sense, and mean to include in it the offices of the Ritual and Pontifical, as well as those of the Missal and Breviary. Indeed, there is one department of Scripture illustration which, although everywhere complete, is exhibited in what may be called the occasional offices of the Church with especial power; we mean, the application of the Psalms. It would be sufficient to refer, under this head, to the Burial Office, in which the soul of the departed finds, in that wonderful repertory of Christian and Catholic sentiment, words in which to clothe its plaintive prayer, so appropriate that they would seem to have been framed for the occasion. Yet this is not more true of the Burial Office, than of others belonging to what may be called the domestic department of the Liturgy; such, for instance, as the beautiful Mass of Marriage, or the short office of Benediction after childbirth.

But it is, perhaps, in the Pontifical offices, that the marvellous versatility of the Psalms, as well as of other parts of the Holy Scriptures, is most strikingly exemplified. Several instances in point occur to our thoughts at the moment; more especially the various rites of clerical ordination. But we prefer at the present moment to take another example, as peculiarly suited to the time at which we write. We write at a moment when Ireland is assuming, more and more, the external attributes of a great Catholic nation. That spirit of indomitable faith and true Catholic piety, which has ever been her characteristic, is coming to be more and more represented by visible tokens. To this end, the recent disestablishment of the State Church has materially contributed, although the memorials of past persecution must necessarily linger for a certain time in our language and habits of thought. Yet we hope that the day is not far distant, when the church and the chapel, which have hitherto changed places in our national phraseology,

will resume their relative positions, so that a stranger will no longer be compelled to reverse St. Austin's test of Catholicity and heresy in discriminating between the original and the imported religion. Catholic Ireland, however, did not wait for Mr. Gladstone's Act to begin the work of ecclesiastical restoration. The splendid churches of Killarney, Kilkenny, Enniscorthy, and many others, had risen and were in operation before the disestablishment of the Protestant Church was anything more than a dream of the future; while the magnificent fabrics which were last year opened at Rathkeale, and, above all, in the Primatial city of Armagh, for the celebration of Divine worship, were projected and begun when Protestantism was still in the ascendant.

But that which most of all gives the impression of stability to this great ecclesiastical revival is, that the splendid fabrics which have risen, or are rising in different parts of Ireland, receive, as they are completed, the seal of consecration; and, together with it, that character of permanency which is the true symbol of an indefectible Church. Our readers are well aware that the preliminary condition of consecration is the inalienability of the building to be consecrated. Now a church is liable to be alienated from its sacred use by two causes, which must severally be met by corresponding securities. It may be diverted from its original purpose, either because the ground on which it is erected is not freehold, or because it may become liable for debts, the payment of which is guaranteed by a mortgage on the building or the ground. The two requisites, accordingly, which are necessary for consecration are, first of all, perpetuity of tenure; and, secondly, immunity from pecuniary burdens. We fear, from what we can understand, that many of the Catholic churches in England are actually precluded from consecration by one or other of the causes just specified; and we have no reason to doubt that the same impediments may exist in certain instances in Ireland. But both in England and Ireland new churches are beginning to be consecrated; and we sincerely hope that, in the case of those which are yet to rise, provision may be made, as far as possible, for carrying out the same most desirable object. We purpose devoting the rest of our article to a brief review of the rite for the consecration of a church, in order to illustrate what we have already said as to the light which it throws, in common with other portions of the Catholic Liturgy, on the revelations of the Written Word.

The rite of consecration may be considered under three heads to which generally its subject may be referred: 1. The consecration of the exterior. 2. The consecration of the interior. 3. The consecration of the altars, including the introduction of the sacred relics. These, as many of our readers are probably aware, are sealed up in their several metallic cases on the preceding evening, and reserved apart from the church, with every mark of honour, till the time of their solemn removal. On the following morning, the con-

secrating Bishop takes his place in front of the church, and, after blessing holy water, makes three circuits of the outer walls, which he sprinkles each time at a different elevation. After each of the three circuits, he goes to the great door of the church, and petition for entrance, in the words of Psalm xxiii., "Lift up your gates, O ye princes, and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates, and the King of Glory shall enter in." Here it will be seen that the Bishop is regarded by the Church as the representative of Our Lord, coming to take possession of His own house. On the first and second occasions, he is answered from within by the deacon, who acts as custodian of the building, and still in the words of the same Psalm "Who is this King of Glory?" Again, in the words of the Psalm the Bishop replies, "The Lord, who is strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle." On the third occasion, and not before the Bishop is admitted; and, on his entrance, implores peace on the Lord's House in the words, "Peace be on this House;" to which the deacon replies, "And on thy entrance into it." The choir then sings Our Lord's words addressed to the repentant publican in the Gospel, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide in thy house." This introduction of the beautiful narrative to which these words refer is again made in the Gospel of the Dedication Mass, and exemplifies what we have already said as to the living force which is given to the words of Scripture, by the creative power of the Church. In her hands, the Written Word is a picture, giving present and permanent effect to its sacred subject, whereas, elsewhere it is a mere record of times and things gone by. After the aid of the Holy Spirit has been invoked in the hymn *Veni Creator*, there follows one of the most striking incidents in this wonderful rite—the inscription of the Greek and Roman alphabets on the floor of the church, from corner to corner. This remarkable ceremony is surely intended, like the Kyrie Eleison in the Mass, and the Reproaches on Good Friday, to symbolize the union of the Eastern and Western Churches. While the alphabets are being traced, the choir chants the *Benedictus*, between each verse of which are introduced, in the form of an antiphon, the words of the patriarch Jacob, "How terrible is this place! This is no other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven." The chant which forms the vehicle of these words is one of the grandest in the Church; and, when given by a numerous and well-trained choir, produces an effect which is not likely to be lost on minds susceptible of ecclesiastical impressions. The words of Jacob are again introduced into the Dedication Mass as the Introit, and thus give us another occasion to observe the harmony between the different Offices of the Church, which forms one of the most beautiful features of the Catholic Liturgies. When the alphabets have been inscribed, the Bishop proceeds to prepare the materials for the consecration of the altar or altars. Here we will break off our commentary, in the hope of being able to resume it at some future time. Mean-

while, we shall have said enough to illustrate our thesis as far as we have gone. The more we pursue the subject, the greater reason shall we find for concluding that the Liturgy of the Church is a work in which the finger of the Holy Ghost is everywhere visible, as the Interpreter of that Written Word, which is no mere historical record, but the mirror in which the Church holds up to the eye of faith the ever present reflection of the Divine Mind.

F. O.

CHAINS OF GOLD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DON ANTONIO DE TRUEBA.

[*In the Asonante Metre of the Original.*]

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY, M. R. I. A.

I.

TO the war the good Count goeth,
 To the war-field of Granada,
 On his speckled steed well mounted,
 Well-equipped in helm and harness.
 Weeping wait his little pages,
 Weeping waits his Castellana,
 She who with the Count had wedded
 Scarce seven weeks before they parted;
 But the good Count rides right onward,
 By his honour's voice attracted,
 Where, presumptuous, on the frontier
 Had the half-moon been expanded;
 For if Christian warriors, placing
 Trust in God, their Heavenly Father,
 Trample not the Moorish crescent,
 Woe then to the Christian standard!
 Woe to Leon and Castilla!
 Woe to Aragon and Navarra!—
 Now he has approached the border,
 Now makes ready for the battle,
 Now attacks the unbeliever,
 Crying "Spain! and Santiago!"
 Bravely does the good Count combat,
 Bravely fights his little party,
 As Pelayo in Covadonga,
 As Don Alphonso in *las Navas*.
 But as *he* had scarce a hundred,

And the Moor a thousand lances,
 The half-moon in triumph rises
 O'er the Cross that it supplanteth :
 The good Count they carry captive,
 Captive carry to Granada,
 Where, a fitting prize, they place him
 With the Moorish King, their master.
 Soon the beauteous Princess Zaida
 Of the Count becomes enamoured,
 And to the King her father sayeth,
 But you'll hear what 'tis she asketh—
 "Father, if thou art my father,
 Thou a gracious boon wilt grant me,
 Let the Count be chained in fetters,
 Light and easy to be carried,
 Put a chain of gold upon him,
 On him put light silver shackles,
 For those who at home are noble,
 Exiled, should be so regarded."
 Now they on the good Count rivet,
 As the Princess had demanded,
 A small chainlet of fine metal,
 Light and easy to be carried.
 But, as clanked the golden fetter,
 Thus the mournful captive chanted :
 "Ah! what boots it to the captive
 That of silver are his shackles,
 That his light chain is of gold,
 If for liberty he panteth?"

II.

Thus his little chain of gold
 To and fro the good Count draggeth,
 In the gardens of the King,
 Of the Moor-King of Granada ;
 And far-looking towards Castilla,
 Towards Castile, his home so happy,
 In this manner he complaineth
 Of a fate so strange and adverse :
 "Fortune, wherefore hast thou given me
 Riches in a store so ample,
 Why so fair and fond a wife
 Hast thou to my wishes granted,
 If from them thou keep'st me severed,
 And forbiddest me to clasp them?
 Cruelly hast thou acted, Fortune ;
 Fortune, thou hast cruelly acted !
 How shall fare my gentle lady,

In her soul's dear spouse's absence,
Locked within the stony prison
Of my strong and sombre castle ?
How shall fare my little pages,
Missing him, their lord and master,
Who the use of arms had taught them,
Less as their lord, than as their father ?
How shall they, too, fare, my vassals,
Without one strong hand to guard them
And repel the Counts, my neighbours,
When they come my land to ravage ?
Cruelly hast thou acted, Fortune ;
Fortune, thou hast cruelly acted !
Birds that fly on happy pinions
Towards Castile, for which I languish,
Would that I were like to you,
Would your wings to me were granted ;
For, though azure and serene
Is the sky of fair Granada,
'Tis the sky of my Castilla
That my longing heart sighs after ;
For the fairest sky is that
Which one's native land o'erhangeth !—
When at length you reach Castilla,
Place yourselves beside the lattice
Of the room where weeps the Countess
Of my soul in lonely sadness,
And divert her from her sorrows
By your tongues' melodious prattle.
Little birds, oh ! little birds,
Would your wings to me were granted !
Of the fair gold is my chain,
Of the silver are my shackles ;
In my captive state thus soothing,
Well thou'st done, O Moorish damsel !
But what boots it to the captive
That of silver are his shackles,
That his light chain is of gold,
If for liberty he panteth ?”

III.

“Wherefore weep thus, wherefore weep thus,
Nazarene of my soul, so sadly ?
I have changed thine iron fetters
Into a chainlet light and handsome,
And even that I will take from thee

If thou find'st it hard to carry ;
But O Nazarene, for pity,
Oh ! for Allah's sake I ask thee,
Go not home, for it will kill me ;
I must die if thou goest back there :
Zegries and Bencerrajes
Whirl the canes and dart the lances
Every day beneath my window,
Under my window's mullioned arches,
With the wish to win the favour—
The regard of me, your handmaid :
But 'tis thou alone hast won it,
Nazarene of my soul, O captive !
Thou that wearest the chain of gold,
Thou that wearest the silver shackles ! ”—
Thus the beauteous Princess Zaida
Of the Count his love demandeth,
While her eyes, like stars of morning,
Bright with dewy diamonds, dazzle,
And the captive, lowly kneeling
At her feet, makes trembling answer—
“ Pardon me, most beauteous maiden,
But in far Castile, a hapless
Fair, fond-hearted, faithful woman
Waits me in her lonely chamber,
Who the dear name of a husband
To my other names has added.”—
“ I'll go with thee to Castilla,
If thou dost not like Granada,
And the same name shall be given thee
By the loving lips of Zaida.”—
“ In the country that I come from
Men can only one wife marry,
To one wife they only offer
Life and soul till death doth part them.”—
“ Why, O Allah ! was my cradle
Rocked not in Castile, the happy ?—
Go, then, Nazarene knight, where lonely
Mourns thy Nazarene wife thy absence ;
For of love I would rather die
Than that she from thee be parted ;
For thou'rt placed at my disposal
By the Moorish King, my father.”—
Thus the Princess having spoken,
Soon the good Count disembarassed
Of his little golden chainlet,
Of his light bright silver shackles.—

To Castile, the Count then turning,
Bade a fond farewell to Zaida,
Saying—"Well hast thou done, O Maiden !
Thus my fetters to unfasten ;
For what boots it to the captive,
That of silver are his shackles,
That his light chain is of gold,
If for liberty he panteth ?"

MY GRAND-UNCLE'S MATCH.

A SHROVETIDE STORY.

BY JULIA M. O'RYAN.*

"Will your goodness permit me to mention an anecdote of my excellent grand-uncle?"—*Sir Walter Scott's Introductory Epistle to the Fortunes of Nigel.*

OR will you rather let himself tell it, as I have heard him on Shrove-Tuesday nights, when pancakes had been eaten and matches made or broken, and all minds, whether for or against, yet busily exercised upon the topic of the day. Then, with hand on the shoulder of a curly-headed grand-nephew, and eyes turned towards the elder ones, he began—with a moral meant to anticipate any possible harm to the morals of the young generation—the story called for, with "His health and (a perhaps happily appropriate addition) three times three !"

Hang all liars ! say I—but not till after Easter : leave them the Lent for repentance.

Now, I won't say how many Shrovetides ago, but a good many, Baron Langley and I were talking over matrimony, and some other little matters then in season, till, some how or other, we settled down to a regular palaver on his own affairs.

He was Baron of the fair of Castletown, and—though everybody knew what sort of a Baron he was—egad ! his name was so very aristo' and it went so well with the title, that it was "who but he ?" at all the little parties round about. And he might have had his choice amongst the girls, but the fellow wanted money ; and so there he was, a bachelor still to be provided for.

"I tell you what it is, Baron," said I, "there's Miss Shinner ! I think she's the very girl for you."

*[To many of our readers the addition here of "*Author of Nancy Hutch*" would be a better note of introduction than "*One of the Writers of In re Garland*."—ED. I. M.]

"Of Blackpark?"

"And no other! She's cut out for you: not too young nor too handsome to know when she gets a fair offer, and enough of both to grace your title. Her money will clear you off; and, once clear, you can support her as well as ever her father did."

"I don't know her."

"And why don't you and can't you, when you know her father?"

"To say 'How are you?'"

"As if that is any obstacle to *you*! Can't you call on him to help you to—to find the cows you lost yesterday?"

"The cows I lost?"

"Certainly: number one, the bracket short-horn; number two, the large cow striped white and red; number three, the red *maol*."*

"Ph—ew! And you think that would do?"

"I know it, man. Nothing delights old Jimmy more than to do justice between man and man. Call in the morning to tell your story, and you'll be asked to come in the evening to tell your luck. You know that beautiful sentiment of Sterne's: 'When a man plants a twig he will water it.' And old Jimmy is that sort of man, that when once he takes a twig in hand, he's sure to let nobody water it but himself—only that in this case the water will be whiskey punch. You've only to take care to be late enough to be invited to stay all night. And there's the house for you, and there's Miss Mary and her money."

"But suppose she insisted on marrying me before Lent?"

"Well, and if she did, I fancy you'd put up with the vulgarism for the sake of the lady."

The Baron was a slow coach enough in taking up a speculation; but set him off, and the wheels were so well oiled, that he'd keep on till next Shrovetide, if there was any occasion for going as far as that.

The very next morning there came a gentlemanly little rat-tat-tat at Shinner's door. It was "Mr. Langley to see Mr. Shinner on particular business." "Exceedingly sorry to intrude at such an unreasonable hour (it was before breakfast); but time and tide wait for no man, et cetera, et cetera. Three cows, value from thirteen to twenty guineas a piece, disappeared most mysteriously. Reasons to suppose they had come into this neighbourhood"—and a good deal more; for, though the Baron spoke softly and almost slowly, there was a something in his speaking that made it harder to interrupt him than almost any other man I ever knew.

"My dear sir," says old Jimmy, when he got his turn, "you need not apologise—not in the least. I like to see a young man in earnest about his business, sir."

"'Tis no joke to lose three cows, Mr. Shinner," says the Baron, smiling, but looking very sensible all the time.

* *Hornless*, literally bald.

"Anything but that, sir," says old Jimmy; "anything but that. 'A bracket short-horn,' I think you said; 'a'—

"Large cow striped white and red."

"And 'a red *maol*,' that's country phrase, and we'd best put it so in the notices. That's the first thing to do. But have you breakfasted?"

"I—I really can't say I did," stammered the Baron. "I was anxious to have your advice as to the best way to proceed—not well knowing the people in this neighbourhood, and after breakfast I feared you might be occupied."

"Sir," says old Jimmy, "you're right. 'The early bird catches the worm.' You remember what the son of a certain legal luminary answered when his father quoted the old saw to him?"

Of course the Baron did not remember. He never had heard, and should very much like to hear it.

"'The deuce mend the worm for being up before him!' ha! ha! ha! But you were right, sir; and my breakfast will be yours this morning, if *you* please."

Blessing his stars and me, the Baron followed him to the breakfast-parlour. Mr. Langley was made known to Miss Shinner, and Miss Shinner to Mr. Langley. He was all attention; but he was too shrewd a chap to overrun his game. He never for a moment lost sight of his cows. And, without seeming stingily anxious about them, he was serious and a little absent now and then, to enhance the effect of his assiduities. He looked like a man who would not be trifled with, but who could afford to bide his time, and would in a lady's society.

To make a long story short, the old gentleman and the young lady found the time pass very agreeably. The Baron wasn't Baron Munchausen exactly, but he could tell a story. And when breakfast was over, Miss Shinner's own fair hands wrote out a good dozen of the notices. Luckily there was no printing-office within twenty miles of them, and they grew quite social over the ink-bottle.

Jimmy was voluminous in his directions as to the how, the when, and the where the cows might, could, would, and should be found. "Should be found, sir! This, sir, wasn't a pandemonium, nor a—nor a—and the rights of property wern't trodden down yet; and there were laws, laws, sir, to punish thieves!"

"It would be a great deal pleasanter for Mr. Langley to get back his cows than to punish the thieves, papa," said Miss Mary; "and I hope he may succeed."

"I hope so too, my heart," says old Jimmy. "Let us know, Langley. You might as well go home this way as any other."

Langley would be only too happy to let his hospitable host know of his luck, whatever it might be.

"We'll have you a cup of tea," says old Jimmy, "or we'll be glad to see you at dinner, if you are in the way at five."

The Baron declined. "He could hardly expect to have his pre-

sent day's work over so early; but he would present himself at tea," he said, "if his adventures left him fit to appear in a lady's presence."

"Faugh! man," says old Jimmy; "one would think it was looking for a wife instead of a cow you were."

"Three cows, Mr. Shinner," says the Baron. He felt the thrust, and this was the way he put up his guard. And he looked as innocent as poor old Jimmy really was—so far this went.

"Well, you might go in search of three wives too," says he, "if you took them one at a time."

"One would be all I should wish to seek at any time," says the Baron. He took care not to look at the lady, but he directed his tone at her, and he could draw it very fine.

"Well, sir," says old Jimmy, "all I can say is, we won't be frightened by a few splashes on your jacket, and will expect you back to tea."

Eight o'clock came, and with it the Baron. There was a nice little mizzle of rain coming down persuasively; just inviting a man to take shelter, and not pressing him to hurry. But the Baron sprinkled his top-coat carefully at a stream he passed in the morning, and repassed on purpose. He had ridden far and wide: his horse was blown, and himself fatigued. The tea was ready, cold meat on the sideboard, but he could not touch that. He was a little languid, and averred that "he really had dined indeed;" and indeed, as I could vouch, that was no more than the truth.

"He had scattered his notices, offered rewards, threatened the penalties of the law, and, so far, in vain. 'Rome wasn't built in a day,' and he didn't give up yet." And he was not so annoyed as not to brighten up under the influence of strong tea and sympathy. "He was beaten up, that was the truth; but once at home, and after a good sleep"—

At home? Candlelight already, and the night moonless!

"My dear sir," put in old Jimmy, "we're not so bad as all that. If you have no very particular objection, you are at home here for the night."

The room looked so lightsome and cheery and homely, that, as my bold Baron looked round him, he felt as if he was at home. At the same time a misgiving of what might follow, if the cows came home to him there, passed soberizingly across his mind, and gave him, without affectation, just the proper degree of reluctance to intrude so far. However, he wasn't the sort of fellow that makes up his mind by halves, and, once he had agreed to stay, he made the most and best of everything. And if he once or twice, during the evening, betrayed a total forgetfulness of the business that had brought him to be where he was, that did not injure him with Miss Mary. She played and sang to him; not quite like other ladies whose voices made them Baronesses, but well enough for a man's wife. Langley could sing a song of his own, and even take a pas-

sable second (many's the time we sang "All's Well" together); but this evening Miss Shinner, very considerably, would not ask him to exert himself much. So he thanked her, and she thanked him; and, when his fatigue was supposed to fairly overpower him, they shook hands, and wished each other a pleasant good-bye till breakfast-time; and the Baron went to his apartment, on serious thoughts intent.

Next morning old Jimmy set to work energetically, before Langley's eyes were open: made out warrants on some notoriously suspicious parties in the neighbourhood, and without the little ceremony of swearing to the informations. Jimmy was a man of the old times, when a friend's word was as good as his bond—and sometimes a deuced deal better. This smoothed the Baron's way; he'd have been in a pretty puzzle if the old gentleman had stood on trifles.

Again he was agreeable at breakfast, as in all gratitude and duty bound, and invited back in the evening; and to dinner, if it did not absolutely interfere with business.

"If so," says old Jimmy, "it wouldn't do to press you; but at any rate we'll expect you."

"You know you can't do much after dusk, Mr. Langley," urged Miss Mary.

That was undeniable; and he promised to be back at all hazard, and away he went; Jimmy pressed him to take some of his own men to aid in the search; but the Baron declined most gratefully. His own people were sure to be on the look-out for him. They knew in what direction he meant to go to-day.

The Baron went, and the Baron came; and dined and talked, and was talked to. And very slyly he let old Jimmy know, incidentally, how his acres lay, and how well off he'd be if the few incumbrances, saddled on him by his grandfather, were off his shoulders. "Never tell any one," old Tom Bradshaw used to say, "that your father looked cross at a mortgage: 'like father, like son'—'tis too near myself. But your grandfather may do anything, provided he leaves you what's worth redeeming." There was a kind of justice in making old Langley answer for his son's extravagance, as well as for his own. At all events, the Baron didn't scruple laying all to his charge. And old Jimmy looked as if he was putting on his considering-cap, and settling with himself whether some sensible woman mightn't do worse with her money. With an enterprising, hard-working young fellow, it wouldn't be a bad prospect. Jimmy himself had worked his own way up-hill.

This day and the next and the next passed in much the same manner. North, south, east, and west went the Baron. He could split a point for the next day's search; and, if it went to that, he could box the compass out-and-out. But he really began to think the best thing he could do was to cut the matter short, and find the cows.

That evening he returned with a face beaming with success and a nice detailed little narrative of the whole proceedings.

"He had got information that they were seen in the mountains, out towards—he didn't remember the name of the place, but **not** far west of the spot where Dillon, the fool, was killed. Mr. Shinner knew that, of course. There he had found them, daintily nibbling over the bare mountain side, very much as if they had got a better meal within four-and-twenty hours. He had sent his **men** on with them, while he returned to let his kind friends know of his good luck."

"Ha! ha! sir," says old Jimmy, "'twas there they carried them when they found the pursuit getting too hot. But I wouldn't despair of bringing them up, bringing them up yet, sir."

But the Baron, for his part, didn't like the notion of the loss of time from his business that this might involve.

"Time was," says old Jimmy, "time was, sir, when a young man would leave his ditching and his draining, aye, and his reaping, his reaping, sir, to lend his hand, sir, to the protection of society. But when young men are satisfied to sit down quietly, and let thieves come and go—why, I suppose an old man ought to rest content."

"The Baron would be very far indeed from being satisfied with any such thing. But just then he felt a reluctance, a dislike to follow out such an investigation. Mr. Shinner could not blame him for not being very angry, after all, at an outrage that had been the means of introducing him to such an acquaintanceship"—and so forth, and so forth.

I should be glad to be able, and I never was, to speak the Baron's speech, and that would be nothing without his action. The rascal was mortally in dread of being found out. But luck was with him. And the more afraid he was, the more interesting he appeared in Miss Mary's eyes, and the more in earnest in old Jimmy's. So when he mustered courage for the hard word, why the thing was so thoroughly in season, and the parties really so suitable, that it would have looked something like turning good fortune out of doors to say anything but yes. And when the lady consented on the main point, the Baron could do no less than leave the rest to her and her friends.

He submitted to be vulgarly married at Shrovetide, and glad enough he was to have it over. He pretended to think I couldn't keep a secret; but from that day to this I never told the story without being asked.

LIFE LEAVES.

LIFE—what is life?—the bubble on the stream
 That laughs to sun-flash, and then breaks and dies;
 The spring that leaps, a tiny silver thread
 From the hard bosom of the lonely rock
 Becomes stream, rivulet, river, whose full flood
 Sweeps past the swarming towns of busy men,
 Till, wearied by its travel, it glides down
 To die to moaning music on the shore?
 The tender bud that bursts into the leaf
 That gives its green to summer's brief bright day,
 Then fades, and reddens with a hectic glow,
 When the late autumn decks itself for death
 With the sad beauty of the fading woods,
 And flutters feebly to the sodden earth.
 And when that trodden leaf shall raise itself
 And fasten on the bough from which it fell,
 Then, but not sooner, shall the yesterdays,
 Now dead and gone, of which the past was made,
 Come back to pour their wealth into my heart—
 Wealth that I spent so freely when life's sun
 Was high in heaven; now, empty are my hands,
 And all the days that come are cold and grey,
 And all the past has made itself a voice
 In this wise singing to my weary heart:
 "Age is life's autumn, and life's winter Death—
 To-day the corpse of a dead yesterday;
 Of which the grey to-morrow will be ghost,
 And all earth's joys, the heart's most golden dreams,
 Are but as summer leaves upon the tree
 That winds shall scatter ere the autumn ends."

The leaves are gone. The naked branches fling
 Their arms to heaven, as mourning for their dead.
 The very tree itself seems dead. But wait!
 One touch of spring will thrill its feeble pulse,
 And make its half-dead heart give one great throb,
 And other buds shall form, and other leaves
 Shall lend their shade to summers yet to be.

Dost thou remember the great wind that shook
 Life's tree,—and many a leaf came fluttering down,
 Nor leaves alone, but blossoms that were rich
 With promise of the fruit that feeds a heart?
 But a wind shook the tree—what time we stood

As never more we two may stand on earth—
 The shadow of a parting on our brows,
 And in the last long look of faithful eyes,
 That told the grief that rushed for voice to lips,
 Which pale, but resolute, crush'd back the words
 That might have loos'd the sob that breaks a heart,
 Or tells that it is broken. And we knew
 That never more through all the range of time
 Would fate bring round again those golden hours—
 Those happy days when leaves were on the tree,
 And blossoms—(but my heart has hunger'd since)—
 Those hours, set gem-like in the thorny crown
 That life has been, since we two meet no more.

Leaves fall, life wanes, hopes perish unfulfill'd ;
 But yet the spirit dies not, and the fruit
 Shall ripen to perfection in that land
 Where it is never winter, where hearts find
 The grace of springtide, and the summer glow,
 And autumn beauty, with no touch of death ;
 Each with its special gift, yet all in one ;
 And we whose parting links dead yesterdays
 With pain that baffles words and tears, shall meet
 In that full day that never knows an end.

H. L.

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

AT early dawn on the thirteenth of October, 1677, while the Thames was wrapped in a cold white mist, and little traffic had as yet begun to waken London from its slumbers, a solitary figure was seen lingering in the neighbourhood of the Tower, and watching the disembarkation of the travellers from the bark "Clotilde," which had come alongside the wharf hard by the grim old fortress. It was the figure of one tall and strongly built, with an open, fearless, and resolute countenance, much sunburnt from frequent exposure to the weather.

When he saw a slight, tall gentleman, evidently a foreigner, leave the vessel, and cast an inquiring glance about him, as if ex-

pecting some one to meet him, he advanced, and as soon as he was within earshot of the individual he approached, he uttered a few Latin words in a low tone. They were understood and responded to, and the passenger immediately turned to see after his luggage. This was, however, of such small dimensions that it was easily found, and soon shouldered by a lad who had also been loitering about, and was apparently known, and trusted by the first comer.

The two gentlemen walked away together. "Welcome to England," said the Englishman, speaking in French; "welcome to the 'land of crosses,' my good father and brother in Christ."

"A thousand thanks," answered the other. "I have thanked God He hath deemed me worthy to share in some part in your sufferings, Reverend Father. I doubt not that I speak to our Superior in London."

"Yes," returned the other, "I am that unworthy personage, owner of various holes and corners where sundry of Ours abide, and Superior of certain men whose lives are in their hands, and whose whereabouts sometime for weeks together is unknown to me. Yet, thanks to our good God, I think we are all true at heart, and as faithful to the counsels of our blessed Father as our straits will permit."

"I have known little, too little of England," answered the other; "occupied in the duties of my office as Superior of our residence at Paray le Monial, a poor little town in Burgundy, doubtless, your Reverence has never heard of, I have contented myself with praying for those of Ours whom I knew to be struggling in this battle-field, and you may imagine my surprise when the orders of my Provincial, naming me as chaplain to the Princess, arrived. My stay in Paris was brief, and I have heard little; but I had deemed, Father, that since the restoration of monarchy your times had been more peaceful, and that even sanguine hopes were entertained that the Church should arise again in this isle."

"It is true, mon Père," said Father Whitbread. "In comparison of what we had to endure during the Commonwealth and before it, we have had peace since His Majesty's accession. But the justice we looked for at his hands has been unhappily denied us. The great fire which reduced the larger part of this city to ashes some ten years ago, was laid to our charge by popular prejudice, and since then an increasing dislike and animosity to us has been growing. I misdoubt me much whether we have not a fresh storm of persecution at hand. Stringent bills against us have been brought into Parliament, but have not as yet passed into law. Oppressive orders have been issued by the Privy Council, but have not as yet been put into force. We have need of extreme caution on the one hand, lest we should spoil all, and of extreme courage on the other, lest we should gain nought. You see," added he, with a smile, "you are in very deed entering the camp, there is no mistaking our enemy, and often have we to say with holy David—'Dum appro-

pian super me nocentes ut edant carnes meas; si consistant adversum me castra, non timebit cor meum, si exsurgat adversum me praelium, in hoc ego sperabo.* And now, if it please you, we must embark again; we will take boat unto Westminster. I am leading you to a house near there, where I have the entrée. I desire, and I am sure you will share my wish, to pass by our glorious abbey. To-day is the Feast of St. Edward the Confessor, and though we may not kneel at his shrine, we will gaze on the grey walls still sanctified by the presence of his holy remains."

A few boats plying for hire were lying by the river's bank, into one of these the two gentlemen stepped, and were borne swiftly up the stream. The white mist was rolling away before the sun, and as they neared Westminster a flood of rosy light and golden beams were falling on the grey towers of the abbey, making it seem, for the moment, like a "house not made with hands." The boat neared the shore, the two passengers disembarked, and were soon standing beneath the shade of those mighty walls. "Sancte Edvarde, ora pro nobis," murmured Father Whitbread. "Amen," answered Père de la Colombière. "Most glorious Saint," he continued in a low tone, "I place under thy protection my mission to the country thou didst so fondly love and so wisely govern. True servant of our Master, whose tender charity towards men was like unto His, the riches of whose divine Heart have begun to be made known unto me, though so vile and so unworthy, intercede for me, that I may fulfil the trust. He hath given me, may kindle in this poor country a more burning flame of His divine love."

There was a moment's silence, and the two priests turned away. The prayer had mounted up to heaven. The Apostle of the Sacred Heart had set his foot on English ground, and begun his work. Little recked the great city in which the din and turmoil of life was now beginning to be heard, of this new comer, of his prayer, and of his mission.

By the vast majority he would, if known at all, be known only to be hated, by others feared, by many scorned. And we who think we would have knelt to kiss the hem of his garment, and hang on the words that fell from his lips, are chafed at their blind folly and indifference, forgetting how far back in the long centuries a Messenger infinitely greater, with more wondrous tidings still, came in the darkness of the midnight to a sleeping world, and in silence and obscurity, through which no eye of man could pierce, took up His abode on earth, unknown and unadored, save by the astonished angels and the Virgin Mother.

* "Whilst the wicked draw near against me to eat my flesh; if armies in camp should stand together against me, my heart shall not fear; if a battle should rise up against me, in this will I be confident."

CHAPTER IV.

"Good morrow, Phil," cried Hugh Lindsay, tapping the person he addressed lightly on the shoulder. "It is time, I think, you should show yourself to the longing eyes of your friends. Why, man alive! who ever heard of such a piece of luck; a fine figure the future Earl will cut at court now. What makes you look so glum?"

"Your folly," returned Philip Engelby, impatiently. "What difference does it make to me? I am but heir-at-law to the title and a beggarly estate, and those fine prospects may be snatched from me any day. My cousin is in the prime of life; he may wed again."

"Tush, man! the chances are against it. The bride the Earl weds is a place in the Privy Council. If he were to wed, he might have no sons, or they might be obliging enough to die in their cradles. Besides, of course, you are to be mated with one of the fair daughters. See if our friend Jonas doth not make it marvellously more easy to let you have his gold pieces than he doth to a poor dog like myself."

Philip smiled. "That will be a good thing, at least, for I stand in great want of sundry gold angels at this very moment. But a truce to all this nonsense, Dick. Shall I find your sister, think you, if I go to pay my *devoirs* to her ladyship?"

Dick linked his arm within that of his friend as they walked down Bird-cage Walk together. "I suppose so; but, Phil, take my counsel for once—keep out of Diana's way."

A hot angry flush mounted to Philip's brow. "Why," asked he, sharply; "is that a message from her to me?"

"Heaven help me, no," said Dick with bitterness. "Di is only too glad to get you within her toils again, but no good can come of it, Phil. You have lost enough, suffered enough through her already. You have your fortune to make, and you have your foot now on the first round of the ladder. I'll not love to see Di's hands pull you down."

"I think, my good Dick," cried Philip, trying to put on an indifferent manner, "mourning over my long absence in the country hath turned your brain. Spare yourself the pains, my good fellow, of becoming mentor to your humble servant. I'd rather not climb any ladder if I am to be pushed up thereon by the kindly offices of my friends. I'll carve my own way, or, by my halidome! I'll leave it alone. Come, no more of this! Tell us the news. How goes it with the fair Duchess?"

"Very proud of her bantling, I believe," answered Dick, "and looking more lovely than ever since she hath come forth from her sick chamber. The Duke is ill-content with Providence, it seems. He takes it as a sorry trick that a second time a daughter

should have been dealt into his quiver. Time enough for seven sons to follow, I should say."

"Is the Queen more condescending towards her Highness since the infant hath been born?" asked Philip.

"I trow not. Women have no mercy on each other, thou knowest. Catherine hath not forgotten the visit of last year."

"What folly!" said Philip, impatiently. "Mary Beatrice was a child, is a child still for that matter, and how could she resist the will of the Duke and the King?"

"I never said or thought she could, but how will you convince the Queen? Her Spanish blood was up; she thinks only that the Tuscan has scorned her. She has no pity for the helpless wife. They have sent away her chaplain, too," continued Dick. "St. Germain's is gone—driven out of the country by that fellow, Luzancy, who, to my certain knowledge, would swear away his own mother's life, if you gave him ten gold angels for it. Why, even Du Maresque, who is as bitter against the Papists as man need be, came forward to expose him, saying unto me, 'If the King and his brother choose to wed with Popish women, and agree they shall have their idolatries in private, it matters little which fanatic is in attendance on them. It matters more that a rogue like Luzancy should not go unpunished.'"

"And yet, you say St. Germain's is banished."

"In truth I do," laughed Dick, "and more besides. What think you, that my Lord of London hath taken him by the hand, hath sent him to Oxford, and meaneth in good earnest to induct him to a living. Faugh! the heat these men display on the one hand, and the idolatry of the Papists on the other, makes me sick of all religion."

"And is no one to replace St. Germain's?"

"'Tis said one is even now on his way, a favourite of the most puissant Louis; he hath not yet arrived, as far as I know. But here we are at the palace-gates. If you are going in, we must part, for I must go and hunt up old Jonas; and he dwelleth now hard by the abbey, just for all the world like the old gnomes and ghouls they carve outside the abbey door."

Philip laughed, and the friends parted—Dick Lindsay sauntering off towards the Abbey of Westminster, whose glorious grey towers stood out in sharp outline against the blue sky; and Philip wending his way amidst the winding passages and staircases of St. James's Palace. After many inquiries he found the apartments of the "governess of the royal children," and was at length ushered by a lackey into her presence.

Lady Diana Villiers was a tall, stately person; her sallow complexion and indifferently formed features were redeemed by her immense lustrous black eyes. When those eyes were cast down, and the features were in repose, she looked plain, if not positively ugly; but, when her eyes, sparkling with light, were turned on any one, when her face grew animated, and her wondrous power of

pleasing was brought into play, there were few women more fascinating.

"Welcome, Philip," said she, as Engelby entered, and bowed profoundly before her. "I suppose you have come to inquire after the welfare of your fair cousins."

"Will not your ladyship give me credit for wishing to know how it fares with yourself?" said Philip, in an aggrieved tone.

Lady Diana laughed. "No; I fancy I should not have been honoured with this visit if Lord Edenhall's daughters were not at court. Be seated, Philip, I beg of you;" and she waved him towards a seat. "The two Marguerites are appointed maids of honour to the Duchess, and a very pretty addition they will be to our ducal court. For your sake I shall watch over them, if in any way I can serve them. 'Tis pity they be Papists."

Philip's eyes had been fixed on the ground while Lady Diana was speaking. He now glanced keenly up into her face; a mocking smile sat on his lips.

"And what are your plans for the future, Philip? In what way doth the decease of this poor lad affect you?"

"I hardly know," answered he, "as yet. My cousin hath shown great friendliness towards me, and hath promised to use his influence to obtain me a place as secretary to one of the cabinet. I am to wait on him to-day, to learn my fate. The future is all uncertain."

"But fair to view," replied Lady Diana; "methinks I can read the lines, though I am no fortune-teller. Rely on me that I will do all in my power to further your cause. Your interests shall be ever dear to me, Philip, though doubtless you have thought otherwise."

The young man's lips quivered, and his eyes flashed. "What will an earldom and all the world be to me, Di, without you? With you I could have won my way to fortune. Without you I strive and scheme at times, but the game is not worth the trouble."

Lady Diana rose to her feet. "Philip, there must be an end to this. If you choose to refer to the past of our careless, thoughtless youth, all intercourse between us must cease. I do not regret my step. Romantic poverty is well for ballads and tales, but not for real life, I trow. Forget that we have ever been more than companions in childhood, and friends in youth; and you shall have no surer friendship than mine; if you choose to *remember*, all is over between us."

She waved her hand, and Philip, with a sullen look, advanced towards the door. Her voice arrested him on the threshold.

"Be wise, Philip, and do not throw away my friendship. I bid you in the name of the Duchess to her next reception; let us meet there as friends. Be a man, Philip, and do not kick away the ball when it lies at your feet."

Philip bowed low, and left the room. He could not trust him-

self to speak. He hastened out of the palace, and into the park of St. James, walking quickly, with his hat drawn over his brows, while he struggled and fought with conflicting emotions.

"Be it so," said he, at last; "let her work her will. Here at her bidding I cast aside the last shred of what she calls romance. I were a fool. The sight of her unmanned me. It brought back too strong a memory of the days when troth-plighted we wandered together in the glades near her Scottish home. She spoke not so bitterly of *Papists* then. Alack! time brings its changes. Why pine I for her heart? Tush, she hath no heart to give. I'll follow her example, throw my folly to the winds, forget the old lessons of truth and honour we learned together, and climb, as best I may, that ladder poor Dick spoke of anon. Hark, the abbey chimes the hour. It is time and enough for me to present myself to my uncle's house." And so saying Philip settled his hat in the fashionable style for young men of the day, and went his way to Lord Edenhall's house in Pall Mall.

[*To be continued.*]

HOW THINGS ARE UNDER BISMARCK.

THE contest between the ecclesiastical and secular powers which at present engrosses the attention of Prussian politicians cannot fail to excite much interest, and to be the subject of much comment, wherever the Catholic Church has sincere friends or determined enemies. The British Press has judged the question according to its lights, some would say, according to its prejudices. Whatever else may be said of its decisions, it is at least certain that the standard which it applies to the proceedings of the present Prussian Government, and that by which it judges a similar policy when attempted at home, are widely different. Malignant persons have hinted that its leading organs are blinded to the intrinsic merits of the case by the glare of the thalers of Wilhelmstrasse. It has been asserted that the government of Berlin is not indifferent to the judgments of English public opinion, and that it resorts to strange means in order to make the English Press an advocate of its views.* It has been pointed out, that the expressions of sympathy

* Herr Windthorst, in his speech in the Landtag, December 30, 1873, when supporting the motion for the removal of the newspaper tax, said—"It has been attempted to establish in London a literary bureau in connexion with our embassy. The attempt did not succeed. . . . But, instead, a special press has been established in Berlin, for the countries I have named (England, Italy, France).

with its policy, with which some of the leading English journals teem, cannot be sincere, as that policy is at variance with the actual tendencies of the English people and the present spirit of English legislation;* and the conclusion has hence been deduced that these effusions are produced in the royal manufactory in Berlin, and thence find their way into the columns of the English journals, by that means against which all safeguards are unavailing,

"Tutum iter et patens
Converso in pretium Deo."

This apology for the inconsistency of the English Press, however plausible in itself, seems to us altogether superfluous. A slight study of the traditions of the English Government and its organs will suffice to show that we do no wrong to their character for consistency when we suppose them capable of encouraging abroad what they would condemn at home, and of condemning in the conduct of other governments what they do not scruple to commit themselves. This study, which we venture to recommend, would, we think, tend to prove that it is not incompatible with the principles of English political morality to aid the pious rebels of Rochelle whilst sending cart loads of suspected Papists to Tyburn; to encourage civil war in Switzerland whilst shipping for penal settlements gangs of Irish malcontents; or to abet the efforts of Italian banditti against their lawful sovereigns whilst depriving of their constitutional rights the inhabitants of any Irish county which might fall under suspicion of being disaffected.

Whatever explanation of the English views of Prussian policy it may please us to select, we cannot conceal from ourselves that the fact of their being put forward as they have been, makes it worth while to refute them. We conceive that the most complete answer to the fanatical diatribes against Catholicism, and the high-sounding eulogies of German statesmanship to which this theme has given occasion, will be a simple *exposé* of the present position of Catholics in Prussia, and of the successive changes which led to it.

Previous to the war of 1866, there were few of the continental states in which the Church enjoyed a larger share of liberty than in Prussia. The allowance made by the State for the support of the various episcopal sees was sufficient, and in some cases even liberal; the oath of allegiance required of the newly created

I will not now speak of the hints which the correspondents of the more important journals receive in their conversations in Wilhelmstrasse. But I will point out that, here in Berlin, *German Intelligence* is published and sold at No. 15, Schützenstrasse. I hold in my hand an English copy. This *Intelligence* is published in English and Italian, and copies of it are distributed in England and Italy."

* *Germania*, No. 247. Oct. 25th, 1873.

bishops bound them to nothing beyond the ordinary duties of a good citizen ; the inferior clergy were secured an adequate maintenance, and controlled, to a great extent, the education of their co-religionists. The religious orders were freely employed in the government institutions, and toleration and protection extended to some orders which were proscribed in Switzerland, in Saxony, and even in Catholic Bavaria. This friendly spirit towards Catholicism was the necessary result of the gradual accession to the Prussian territory of lands purely, or in great part, Catholic. It could hardly be hoped that a government which represented only the populations of Brandenburg and East Prussia would be tender of Catholic interests, or even tolerant of Catholic institutions. But when the frontier of Prussia began to extend, when the little principality over which the Elector of Brandenburg had ruled "annexed," successively, Silesia, the Polish provinces, and the Electorates of the Rhine, the protection of Catholicity became more than a duty, it was a necessity. It thus happened that in no State of the Germanic Confederation were the relations between Church and State more amicable or more satisfactory than in Prussia. The Catholic population was contented and loyal ; and when, in 1848, the men who are to-day the government party in Berlin, barricaded the streets of the capital, and openly defied the royal authority, the King had no stauncher defenders of the privileges of his crown than his Catholic subjects.

The first event which occurred, to disturb this happy state of things, was the war of 1866, which led to the breaking up of the Germanic Confederation. To this war the Catholics of Prussia were strongly opposed. In the first place, they shared the conviction general among all honest Germans, that the determination to drive Austria out of the Confederacy, so persistently manifested by Prussia, was equally opposed to the principles of justice and to the true interests of Germany. In the second, they had a peculiar veneration for Austria, which, by its traditions, as well as by its existing institutions, was essentially Catholic ; and, in its ecclesiastical system, as well as in the imperial family by which it was ruled, was allied to, and represented, the great German Empire of the past. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that they should have disapproved of a war, skilfully planned, and artfully forced upon the power which they thus venerated, by the designing minister of their own government. In all this there is no ground for a charge of disloyalty against them. Recent disclosures have shown that King William himself was averse to the attack upon Austria, and that it required all the cunning and duplicity of Count Bismarck to obtain his consent to the declaration of hostilities ; nor did the Protestant population of the neighbouring states show a less determined attachment to the old system of things than did the Catholic peasantry of Rhineland and Westphalia. When the ascendancy of Austria had been destroyed on the field of Sadowa,

and Prussia, enriched by fresh annexations, took the lead in the North German Confederation, the Catholics submitted in silence to the new order of things. They did not conceal that they regretted the change; but they made no effort to disturb the system to which it had led. The government seemed disposed to forget the lack of enthusiasm which they had shown during the war, and continued to deserve their confidence by continuing to uphold and protect the interests of their religion. But this friendly demeanour, which promised a continuance of religious peace, could not long be maintained. A powerful faction, which had chosen to be at war with Catholicity, had begun to influence the counsels of the government. The "liberal" party, which, in 1848, had defended itself against the royal troops, behind the barricades of Berlin, had been able to render important services to the government during the Austrian campaign. It was said that, through the influence of the lodges, the ministry was able to make head against the popular discontent which its policy excited, and that, through the same agency, the leading organs of public opinion were suddenly converted to the ministerial views, and many outspoken opponents thus reduced to silence; and it was vaguely rumoured that the price demanded for these services was a persecution of the Church. The "liberal" fraternity, whether in or out of the lodges, believed the Catholic Church to be their greatest enemy,* and they would willingly sacrifice a particular political theory to secure her destruction. But the time was not yet come when these designs could safely be put in execution, and the engagement of the ministry, if any such had been entered into, could not, for the moment be fulfilled. A French war loomed in the distance, and all the energies of the nation were required for the coming struggle. But the attack, though deferred, was not abandoned by the "liberal"

* How far their feelings towards the Church have since changed will appear from the following extract taken from the leading article of the *Freemasons' Journal* of Leipzig, November 1st, 1873:—"Yes, retribution has come upon those who imagined themselves to be the sources of all wisdom. By their foolish arrogance, which led them to grasp at the crown of divine infallibility, they have become the objects of ridicule. Every man whom narrow-mindedness or ambition does not make their slave, despises and forsakes them. Morally annihilated in the eyes of all freemen is that childish old man, who, in spite of his infallibility, does not comprehend the simplest historical facts, who lives upon the horizon of long past times, &c. . . . How different that aged hero (the Emperor William) who, with spirit ever young, understands the age in which he lives, and, with youthful vigour, precedes it in the battle against every denial of truth and philanthropy. And this aged warrior (Heldengreis) is our Brother. He is united to us by an imperishable, indissoluble bond, he is bound to us by the ideal of our Brotherhood. He bears with us and for us the hammer of strength, applies the square of wisdom, and encloses himself with us in the circle of common enthusiasm for the beauty of man-befitting action. (Und schliesst sich mit uns in den Zirkel gemeinsamer Begeisterung für die Schönheit menschenwürdigen Thuns ein)." The last paragraph we have added as a specimen of masonic rhetoric, as also on account of the interesting item of information which it contains.

faction. Herr Lasker, a leading member of the national "liberals," gives us, in his speech of the 26th November, 1873, an insight into what were then the tactics of his party. Explaining its bearing towards the petitions for the suppression of religious houses, examined by a committee of the house, in February, 1870—six months before the beginning of the war, he said, addressing the Catholic members of the Landtag:—"We did not allow the matter to come to a debate.....The union of the German Empire had not yet been effected, and you would have impeded the union of the North and South, had you succeeded in sowing, at that time, the seeds of discord and religious strife. We took measures to prevent this. If the conflict must come, let it be when the Empire is constituted. Till then nothing must occur to separate us still more from one another."*

In July, 1870, war was declared. Party feeling was, for the moment, absorbed in the intenser excitement which followed. Many of the political leaders departed to take an active part in the campaign. Those who remained behind had no ears for anything but army bulletins, no eyes but for the long trains carrying soldiers and cannon which hurried after each other towards the French frontier, and returned thence laden with the spoils of victory, or came back with the Cross of Geneva flying in front, a sign that the long line of waggons bore back, mutilated or diseased, those whom they had carried away full of life and energy. In the great struggle all political parties did their duty. Rheinland, Westphalia, and Bavaria rivalled Brandenburg, Pomerania, and Saxony in patriotic enthusiasm.

But the tide of war gradually rolled away from the Rhine to the Loire. Paris was besieged, and the re-establishment of the German Empire was proclaimed in the palace of the old Kings of France. Men's minds were forced from the dread of present danger, and even before Boubaki had been crushed, or Paris had opened its gates, speculation was rife as to the attitude towards the Church which the new Imperial Parliament was likely to assume. In the elections for the Landtag, and in those for the Reichstag, great activity was displayed. The debateable constituencies were sharply contested. The Catholic deputies, sixty-three in number, and constituting the centre (centrumsfraction), entered Parliament prepared for a struggle which they felt to be inevitable. Hostilities began in the opening sessions of the Reichstag. The "liberal" party, alarmed by the expressions of sympathy for the Pope, with which the Emperor had replied to the petition addressed to him by his Catholic subjects, in consequence of the events of the 20th Sep-

* Stenographischer Bericht. Hans der Abgeordneten, 9^{te} Sitzung. In face of this declaration, what becomes of the plea put forward in justification of the laws of May—that the dogmatic definition of July, 1870, forced the government to adopt a less friendly attitude towards the Church?

tember, proposed that the house, in its reply to the speech from the throne, should declare its adherence to the principle of non-intervention. This proposition, which was intended to destroy the hopes which might have been founded on the declarations of the Emperor, was opposed by the centre; but despite their efforts the motion was carried.

In the meantime the command went forth, and the engines at the disposal of the "liberals" were moved to the attack. The Order of Jesus, which by its defence of the Syllabus in the years immediately preceding, and by the determination with which still more recently it had espoused the cause of Papal Infallibility, had particularly irritated the "liberal" susceptibilities, was singled out as the first victim. Petitions for its suppression were circulated among the people, and when they had obtained a sufficient number of signatures were forwarded to the Reichstag. The press exhausted its choicest rhetoric on "the slavings of Rome," "the agents of a foreign power," "the domestic enemies of the German Fatherland." The public mind was prepared for what was to come. In the month of May, 1872, the bill for the suppression of the Jesuits and the "kindred orders" was laid before the Reichstag. The centre opposed the measure with all its energy, and was supported in its opposition by many distinguished members of the conservative party, and even by some of the extreme radicals. But in spite of the eloquent defence made by their friends, though the petitions, which protested against their expulsion were ten times more numerous than those which demanded it, though the Government was unable to bring a single specific charge against a member of the body, the Jesuits were condemned and banished. The measure, though principally affecting Prussia, was passed by the Imperial Parliament, and consequently extended to the entire Empire. Meanwhile the march of the domestic legislation of Prussia had not been at all more favourable to the Church. The Catholic department of the ministry of public worship had been abolished in July, 1871. In February, 1872, the inspection of the primary schools, which had hitherto been entrusted to the clergy, was declared to belong to the State alone, and could henceforth be exercised only by an officer appointed by the government. At the same time it was intimated that still more important steps would be taken to define clearly the relations between Church and State, and, as the "liberal" cant of the time had it, "to repel the aggressions of Rome." The promise was fulfilled in May, 1873, when the celebrated ecclesiastical laws, known as "the laws of May," were voted by a majority of both houses, and subsequently received the royal sanction. The character of these laws is variously estimated. The Prussian ministry has again and again declared that they do not injuriously affect Catholicity, and the statement has been re-echoed by the friends of the ministry at home and abroad. Pius the Ninth, on the other hand, declares

that these measures tend to the destruction of the Church ;* the members of the centre have indignantly refuted the assertions of the ministers regarding them, and the Catholic hierarchy, priesthood, and people have, by word and deed, manifested their determination not to obey them.

To the impartial observer this resistance must appear perfectly justifiable. According to Article 15 of the Prussian constitution, notwithstanding the change lately made in the text,† the Catholic church is guaranteed independent management of her own concerns. By the laws of May the bishops are not permitted to make or revoke any ecclesiastical appointment without permission of the government representative ; the aspirants to the priesthood are removed from their control, and forced to study in the corrupt and irreligious universities of the State ; and the infliction of ecclesiastical censures is virtually prohibited. If this be not interference with the internal concerns of the Church on the part of the government, we should be curious to know how the German philosophical mind defines Church independence. We assert that these laws not only affect the internal administration of the Church, but that they are utterly incompatible with an independent system of Church government ; and we assert further, that the Catholic subject of Prussia who refuses to obey them is justified in his refusal by the Articles of the constitution as well as by the principles of morality.

The Catholic Church is not an institution which can be modified to suit the tastes and conveniences of the civil authorities. It is not merely an institution supported by Christian States as a respectable national protest against infidelity, it is an independent and complete organisation, with a definite system of government, to which it holds as tenaciously as to the doctrines which it is its mission to teach. If the rulers of the world receive it, they must receive it as it stands. It cannot change, it would cease to be, did it cease to be what it is. According to this view, the State which encroaches upon the independence of its system of episcopal government, and claims a right to control the functions of its governing body, not only violates its liberties but attacks its constitution. This the Prussian government has done by the laws of May, and therefore by these laws the Prussian government has not only violated the guaranteed independence of the Catholic Church,

* "Tutte le disposizioni che si prendono da qualche tempo dal Governo di Vostra Maestà mirano sempre più alla distruzione del Cattolicesimo."—*Letter to the Emperor.*

† The 15th Article of the Constitution of 1850 began thus :—"The Evangelical and the Roman Catholic Church, as well as every other religious association, regulates and administers its own affairs independently," &c. The recent change in the text introduces, after these words, the following : "remains, however, subject to the laws of the State, and to a legally established system of State supervision." An extensive acquaintance with German metaphysics would, perhaps, enable us to reconcile these two clauses. Lacking this advantage, we are forced to confess that they seem to us contradictory.

but has struck a blow at its existence, and thus outraged those principles of religious toleration which form so prominent a part of the "liberal" creed. It is mockery to tell us that the legislators of Prussia, when they forbid the bishops to exercise, without the permission of the civil magistrate, any important act of ecclesiastical authority, to confer or revoke, without his sanction, any ecclesiastical appointment, to censure or separate from their flocks those who openly deny the common doctrines of the Church; when they establish a royal court where questions of church discipline are discussed and decided, and episcopal decisions modified or annulled; when they virtually hand over to the Oberpresident the government of the Church in his province; it is mockery to tell us that in all this they intend no harm to the Church.* Even were the assertion of more value than the protestations with which the ministerial speeches ordinarily abound, it would contain no justification of these laws. They affect an independent religious association whose rights are recognised by the constitution. They have been framed without the consent of the body which they immediately regard. Did the Church admit them without protest she would thereby concede the right of the State to legislate without her concurrence on questions which directly affect herself, and would thus virtually acknowledge that supremacy of the State which she is most careful to deny. If differences between the ecclesiastical and secular governments are to be decided, both parties must have a voice in the decision. The Church as an independent organisation must insist that questions which regard her shall be decided at least by a concordat. If the State will not pay this tribute to her dignity, it were well that it should cease officially to recognise her existence.

But other interests besides those of the dignity of the Church are imperilled by the laws of May. No amount of official logic will persuade the Catholic hierarchy and people of Prussia that measures such as we have described do not threaten the very existence of their religion; nor will any amount of what the Government calls "vigorous measures" overcome the organised resistance with which they have met them. At a meeting of the Bishops it was resolved to ignore the existence of these unjust statutes; and in spite of the heavy fines to which they have been subjected, and the danger of imprisonment or banishment in which they stand, the members of the episcopacy have persistently adhered to this resolution. The Catholic population has shown itself worthy of such pastors. Guided by experienced leaders it put forth all its strength in the recent elections, and succeeded in adding twenty-six new members to the number of its parliamentary representatives.† The Catholic deputies form a compact body, led by men

* See the report of Dr. Falk's speech in the Landtag, Dec. 10th, 1873.

† The centre formerly consisted of sixty-three members.

of experience and ability, and though deprived of the support which they formerly received from the conservative party,* constitute a formidable opposition. The ablest speakers of the Landtag are to be found among their ranks. The omnipotent Prince Bismarck is not unfrequently worsted in his encounters with the leaders of the centre, and is sometimes mysteriously summoned away "on important State business," when Herr Windthorst rises to reply to his remarks. With an independence to which no other party can lay claim, the centre boldly challenges the arbitrary conduct of the ministers, sets the power of the Chancellor at defiance, and indifferent alike to the cheers or hisses of "Liberals" or Radicals, advocate the cause of political and religious liberty. †

Such is the actual position of Catholics in Prussia. Forced into a quarrel which they were most desirous to avoid, they have taken their stand upon the unchangeable principles of right, and on the Articles of the national constitution. Forming rather more than a third of the population of the country, politically organised by means of unions and associations, represented in the legislative assembly by men of zeal and ability, they defend themselves with Catholic steadfastness in Faith, and German doggedness in fight. They have adopted, in their defence, no unconstitutional means; but their attitude of passive resistance may well inspire Prince Bismarck and the lodges with some misgivings as to the issue of the struggle. They have calmly, but firmly, demanded the repeal of the obnoxious laws, and the Government has replied that it intends to enact others still more severe. ‡ They have said to their rulers, "Make lighter the yoke you have laid upon us, and we will serve you;" but it has been answered, "We will add to your yoke; hitherto you have been chastised with whips, now you shall be chastised with scorpions." If Dr. Falk believes in the Bible he will probably know that a similar answer, returned to a somewhat similar petition, led to the breaking up of a monarchy more firmly established than the German Empire. Should the policy, of which he is the exponent, lead to a like result, the Cabinet of Berlin, like the Council of Shechem, will be responsible for the catastrophe.

T. F.

* The Conservative party was almost annihilated in the recent elections.

† During the present session three important motions have been made by members of the centre. The first regarded electoral reform, the second the removal of the newspaper tax, the third a repeal of the laws of May. The first and third motions were lost, the second was carried by a large majority against the Government.

‡ See Dr. Falk's speech, December 10, 1873.

MATER ECCLESIA.

I.

O H, holy Mother Church, again
 The tyrant seeks with scourge and chain,
 What tyrants often sought in vain—
 Thy master and Thy lord to be ;
 The foolish dream is in his brain
 That he can make a slave of Thee !

II.

His armed hosts around him stand—
 One word, one signal from his hand,
 And freedom dies through all the land :
 But let his front be fierce or mild,
 Thou dost not bow to his command,
 Oh, Mother fair and undefiled.

III.

Yet even he might surely know
 That kings and conquerors come and go ;
 They have their day of strength and show ;
 Their systems flourish and they fall ;
 Thou seest them perish, friend and foe—
 Thou stand'st unchanged amidst them all.

IV.

'Tis true that men of evil mind
 Can wound and grieve Thee, scourge and bind ;
 So did the rabble, fierce and blind,
 To Him whose stainless Spouse Thou art—
 The task is vain, their followers find,
 To tear Thee from His loving Heart.

V.

Thou seest the glory of His face,
 Thou hast His words of light and grace,
 Thy heart is their abiding place,
 His spirit in Thy veins is rife ;
 No laws of tyrants bold and base
 Shall ever rule Thy holy life.

VI.

Oh, Mother good, and fond, and wise,
 Midst all the wrongs Thy foes devise,
 The loving sons that round thee rise
 To live or freely die for Thee,
 See, looking in Thy glorious eyes,
 But light, and peace, and victory!

T. D. SULLIVAN.

JACK HAZLITT.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

CHAPTER XIV.

SHOWING THE BRACKENBRIDGE REMEDY FOR ALL HUMAN ILLS.

"THE Hall" became the centre of yachters and of the lovers of yachting to such an extent that the proposals for new matches became innumerable, and even the matches made became too numerous to get time and river-room for half of them, unless yachting were to monopolize the Hudson.

Jack Hazlitt was of course the "lion of the season;" and although the absence of a competitor left the arena clear for self-complacency, it must be admitted that Jack did not abuse his position. In fact, Jack needed some one of his own quality to abound in his own character, and here, at least for some time, there was no one to stretch out his hand for the palm.

Among those who came early to make their visits and the victor's acquaintance, about three weeks after the late contest, was the commodore of the "Tricolor," an earnest though bustling man of five-and-thirty, with laughing grey eyes, no neck, and arms that swung like long empty saddle-girths by a horse's sides. As soon as Wood appeared he walked right up to him and said,

"By the sternsails, shipmate, you are a clipper! Never has there been a race more honestly won, and more honestly lost!—never!"

"Thank you—thank you! We all did our best, I suppose; but my craft hugged the wind better than yours—that's all."

"Aye, aye, shipmate," answered the commodore; "but who stretched out your craft's arms? Who stretched out her arms? That is the question. That's it."

"You are right," Brackenbridge interposed; "it was grand steering, and fine management of the sheets. Mr. Wood's Irish yachtman must have his share of the merit. I am glad, commodore," the captain added, in a low significant tone, "that you have an easy conscience after the match—that you were beaten *against your will*." And Brackenbridge gave one of his forced dry laughs, while he looked at the commodore, somewhat quizzically.

The commodore looked alarmed—quite.

"But, Brackenbridge!—Brackenbridge! You do not mean——"

"Mean, commodore! I have had the honour of paying a visit to your banker yesterday morning. Permit me to hand you the docket. I told the youngsters that as you had been so badly beaten, people ought to pay you any debts they owed."

"Thanks," replied the commodore, "thanks, shipmate. 'Twas well thought of, and above-board-like."

The commodore now pressed his attentions very much upon Mr. Wood, and begged him to come to the "Bowery," where he lived, and see him; and he congratulated him again and again; and he congratulated Captain Brackenbridge; and he congratulated the Hudson, and New York, and the United States, that so worthy a son of "the Ocean wave" had found his way to the land of freedom! He, the commodore, "knew a good deal about yachting and the sea service in general," and if he could be of any assistance to Mr. Wood, he would esteem it a favour to be counted among Mr. Wood's friends.

It was quite plain to Jack Hazlitt, that the commodore had had a strong stimulant given to his spirits by the announcement which Captain Brackenbridge had made about the bank; for, before the story of Brackenbridge's visit to the banker, the commodore's manner was what is called *tentative*. That is, the commodore spoke upon every subject so quickly, and as it were in such a detached and fragmentary kind of way, that he left room to any well-conditioned and considerate person to introduce anything else more important, and to any one who felt he had a duty to perform, the commodore's manner was a perfect invitation to speak out and perform it, as he was there to listen.

A country cousin who calls on one expecting an invitation for the "Opera season;" an uninvited town friend who knows you are going to give a dinner party, and who, four days before the festivity, drops in to make a morning call; a visitor who wants a very particular favour, and who is approaching it in the most approved and very particular way, and having seized the "*tempora mollia fandi*," and shoved them in by head and shoulders, descends upon you with a bland smile, and "a by-the-bye, I was—a—I have been thinking—a—that you,"—and so forth: all these illustrate the

species of that grand *genus* called the "*tentative*;" and so fitting an occasion as the present should not be allowed to pass over without hanging them up, as a specimen of the garments of the nineteenth century.

Now, all this had a singular analogy with a scene going on in another part of "The Hall," and a scene which might have concluded so as to make the "crooked ways straight," had only one thing been added unto it; but alas! that one thing was wanting; and that was a CONSCIENCE.

Grace Brackenbridge sat in her boudoir—charmingly dressed; and Grace Brackenbridge leant, and gracefully leant, upon an exquisite square table, inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl and gold; and she held in her hand a miniature. Fixedly, fixedly she gazed upon the countenance—a face young, fresh, and very beautiful, and one the beauty of which turned one's soul heavenwards—so open, pure, and serene was the expression. The likeness was of a beautiful woman, but the woman was an incarnation of a beauty wrought in the sky.

"His sister," said Grace. "His sister!" and she shoved away the locket from her eyes.

"Psha!" she said, "she, she; no, *she* cannot be *his* sister! That mild meaningless face. That insipid—that——of course it is clear, she is handsome, and dreadfully virtuous, and worries the world wide about this poor family, and that, and flits up and down through a Sunday School, and says prayers—but his sister!"

Grace Brackenbridge kicked away an innocent footstool—shot it from her little foot, her right foot, right across into a plate-glass panel, which had not been constructed for a boudoir where a young lady kicked away footstools in a passion.

Grace Brackenbridge laughed.

Well, who knows what the laugh meant? Because such a woman's feelings and ways are a labyrinth in which ordinary people lose their way! And, indeed, there is no great degree of rashness in saying, that, while threading the labyrinth of her feelings, a lady herself would need a very rotund ball, and ought to hold the thread of said ball rather tightly. The meaning of all of which is, that these amiable persons sometimes mistake even their own real frame of mind and source of feeling. But do we mean to say that more pretentious parties, who shall be nameless, know themselves a whit better? By no means, but much worse! Is not that enough?

However this question may be decided, we return to the asseveration that Grace Brackenbridge laughed!

There was a pause then, and the proud and wayward girl looked into vacancy; and somehow the name of "sister" brought strayed thoughts back, and summoned from the dead past, affections that die not with it, and a poor home and a broken-hearted mother, and a father! a father she could not love, and had hardly forgiven!

Grace Brackenbridge became somewhat calmer ; and somewhat listlessly, as if accidentally, she turned her eyes upon the portrait again, and they rested long—a very long time !

The new view was not quite reassuring. She thought those eyes *had* meaning, and that mouth had power, and the lines of the calm brow had the direction of tranquil energy ; that kind of thought *that*, repulsed ten thousand times, again advanced, and could not be destroyed.

"I have been mistaken," thought Grace ; "that is no ordinary woman. A man like Eardly Wood might love her ! Yes ; well, and if so, how many men have changed, and how many women too ? Why not *he* change ? He has a perfect right to change ! Every one has, the world changes ! But if he has *not* changed !" Here was a deep wound, which Grace Brackenbridge should inflict upon herself ; it was the necessity of the mood. "If he has *not* changed, and still, still," she said to herself, "if he has made such professions to me under my uncle's roof !" and the red blood mounted up like a tide, and rushed back in sudden ebb !

Grace Brackenbridge became pale—dreadfully pale—and her eyes were raised half wistfully, and fell upon a silver-mounted four-chamber revolver that lay quietly on the mantelpiece. A terrible expression came upon her face—and her brows stretched out until they seemed to tighten over her eye-balls of fire !

"Yes ! yes !" she now cried, audibly. "Yes, I would ; I would ! How dared he ! The cowardly cheat—a stranger received—"

Grace Brackenbridge had most successfully conjured up the phantom of direst evil ; she had employed all her energy in rendering herself miserable, and she succeeded to the full. She burst into an agony of weeping—an agony which fortunately had plenty of house room at "The Hall," and no witnesses. So she cried away, who knows how long ?

She had somewhat recovered her serenity when she heard a bell ring rather loudly.

She recognised the sound perfectly. She had more than once listened for that sound with bated breath. It was Mr. Wood ringing for the servant. She felt it was the signal of Mr. Wood's preparing to go out, and coming to seek her in the boudoir, a thing which had now become a habit of the household, as far as the lady and Mr. Wood were concerned.

Grace Brackenbridge was right. Neatly attired for a saunter, well fitted, gracefully gloved, and revealing the vigour of youth and the light of inward happiness, in he came—there stood Mr. Wood.

The young man saw in a moment that some strong passion had been struggling, and that recent suffering had left traces of no ordinary pain.

A thousand surmises presented themselves together, and were

dismissed, or only half understood. He looked at her in a bewildered kind of way.

"Grace!" he said; "Grace!" he repeated, with more emphasis.

Grace Brackenbridge had by this time greatly changed. She felt she had been acting foolishly, and the thought of so much weakness had humbled her. She rose from her chair, and she approached him, pale but calm, and wearing the saddest of sad expressions of countenance. She gave him her hand.

"Eardly Wood," she said, "I have been wild, wicked, and doing every one injustice! but, oh!" she continued, "oh! Eardly, you do not deceive me! Ah, Wood! with me 'tis the last throw, and the first! *You* have a wide, wide world! Pardon me, Wood," the poor girl cried, "pardon me! but my mother before me was deceived; and, Wood! I saw my mother die—die of a broken heart. I wish—I wish! —."

The revulsion in the mind of Grace Brackenbridge carried her like a wave to the opposite extreme of feeling. She saw she had been unjust and absurd; and the natural soul itself restores the equilibrium by a stronger regard or greater devotion. Her dispositions had, at the moment, less of selfishness and pride than on any occasion since they met; and had she had a Christian girl's principles to regulate the present workings of her soul, the reparation and reconciliation would have been a blessing! Alas! Grace Brackenbridge had no such thing.

The future stood before Grace Brackenbridge like a hooded spectre; that future, which to Mr. Wood so often had appeared to wear the bloom of perpetual summer, while Grace Brackenbridge inwardly laughed at the young man's romance. Grace Brackenbridge knew more than Mr. Wood of the ups and downs of life, and the chances of the career on which Mr. Wood was entering. She now felt happy. She felt that pagan felicity which springs out of the success of personal ascendancy and the absolute dependence of whatever is worth regard. How is the happiness to be retained? How is the golden hour to be fixed, and the shadow stopped upon the dial? The Christian girl would look up! The Christian woman would place everything that is near and dear in the hands of the UNCHANGEABLE, and come near unto them in His smile and with His blessing! Faith would wed justice and joy in a bond of immortality; and what the world calls mischance and misfortune could never reach them anymore, because their "habitation is in heaven."

But Grace Brackenbridge was not a Christian woman, nor even a pagan woman with a public opinion like that of some pagan times to sway her. She had no aim beyond the grave, and no duty but to balance convenience against inconvenience, and suffering against enjoyment. What wonder that it came into the strong

minded American's head to make her escape from the world while the sun was up; and to carry the redoubtable Mr. Wood along with her to "the land of shadows!" The wonder to our mind is, that a great many more, who have had the advantages of liberating themselves from the trammels of a Christian education and a Christian conscience, do not supply themselves with Hamlet's "bare bodkin," or keep strychnine on their dressing-tables!

The fact was that both their minds, at the same moment, became filled with the same thoughts. Two young people, within a fortnight, had stepped out on a verandah at New York, and determined to become independent of tyrannical fate, and eternally united in the bonds—of prussic acid. They certainly accomplished both purposes, very probably; but faith says, not to their liking! Pagan times tell us, how philosophically such tragedies were enacted at one time; and though the scepticism which lives under the protection of Christian traditions and habits, preaches the power of humanity to go upon its own hook in this nineteenth century, the said humanity sets up on the Brackenbridge dogma whenever it has been long governing itself. Ah, reader, pardon this moralizing. It means, simply, that the devil is making a little roundabout on the journey; but leading philosophy *alla volta* to paganism again, as sure as he is a murderer and a liar from the beginning.

Alas! alas! the secularism and sensuality of a degenerating age! whither do they hurry mankind! "When the Son of Man shall come, thinkest thou he will find faith upon the earth?"

There was no catastrophe this time, but a great deal of self-accusation on one side and forgiveness on the other.

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CHAPTER XV.

SHOWING HOW MR. M'CANN CAME TO THE HALL, AND THE BEAUTIFUL CHAIN HE WORE.

WE have no intention of depicting the things which followed the change of soul and solemn plighting, which closed the scene in the last chapter. The conventional language might describe the conventional facts, but we believe readers, in cases like this, are very far in advance of historians, and not only see for themselves what happens, but insist upon many interesting things which do not happen at all. We therefore claim the gratitude of every imaginative individual who reads these pages, for confiding to his discretion all the facts of the case—those which occurred, and those which the reader would insist upon having occurred—had we committed ourselves to a narrative.

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"Well then, young one?"

"Mr. Wood wears that locket!"

The captain laughed. He thought Grace much too calm for the occasion she was simulating.

"I have it all!" cried the captain; "you thought Miss Wood was an Irish maiden, who held your young knight enchained, and you became rumpageously wicked at the forestalling! Ho, ho! Ho, ho! Ain't that it? You found, after buffeting the waves and becoming nearly shipwrecked, that this *was* Mr. Wood's sister; and you are playing Ned the yachtman on your uncle!—there now."

General merriment sealed the truth of Captain Brackenbridge's guess, and he was about to change the conversation.

The red and white and gold once more at the door. He bears a card on a superb salver—in fact, he bears three of them.

"Ho, ho!" thought the captain; "ho, ho! 'John J. M'Cann, of 1002 street,' ho, ho! Here is an honour, on my word!"

"Show the gentleman to the drawing-room," said the captain.

Captain Brackenbridge felt flattered: but of course he did not reveal his feelings to Mr. Wood or to Grace. A shade of curiosity was, however, mingled with Captain Brackenbridge's sense of pleasure. "What does it mean?" he thought.

"We will go down, Wood," said the captain. "Grace, you will follow as soon as you can."

On entering the grand drawing-room, they found the veritable Merchant, Publicist, and great man on 'Change—and, of all things, occupied in contemplating Grace Brackenbridge's picture.

He turned round as the two gentlemen entered: and his massive head, and bright steady eye, and genial self-possession were, at once, felt by both to be a power.

"Mr. M'Cann, I am obliged to you, indeed, for taking this trouble," said Brackenbridge.

"And, assuredly, so am I," said Wood; but, as usual, he spoke with a snarl and a manner which forbade any one's believing him.

Mr. M'Cann was magnificent. No man in any "world" could be more superbly dressed; and such a bouquet as he wore! and such a grand one as he carried in his right hand! and such a silk vest, tawney colour, with golden buttons, and a chain—Oh! such a chain! It was not massive. It was a cord—a little rich rope of refined gold; and twining all around, from end to end of the little rich rope, were little serpents of the same metal, burnished; and each little serpent had two large eyes of sparkling diamonds!

Mr. M'Cann looked like a man covered with fire-flies by moonlight; and long—long as politeness would permit, Captain Brackenbridge fixed his gaze upon the visitor.

"I must first of all congratulate you on your great victory," pleasantly said Mr. M'Cann. "Indeed, here the congratulation is common to both of you, gentlemen—great luck has attracted great science!"

"You have clenched it, Mr. M'Cann. Mr. Wood has done a wonderful thing, and I am a gainer."

"But fame says Mr. Wood is going to owe you more than a fortune."

Wood smiled, and felt flattered by Mr. M'Cann's interest in him.

"Well, Wood must judge for himself; and my niece——"

Grace's entrance prevented her uncle from finishing the sentence.

Mr. M'Cann was not slow in making himself perfectly agreeable to the young lady; and even Mr. M'Cann could not help being struck by her personal appearance. But Mr. M'Cann had a long head and a clear eye; and he thought with himself how helpless Minnie Hennessy's companion was, in the heart-chains of a beauty so decided, and, may be, under the spell of a devotion like his own.

The yachting became a topic; and the next match; and the coming engagement of a great cantatrice; and the "Flower and Work Show"—which led to the mention of a wonderful contribution made by a Convent in New York, which carried away a prize; and a miraculous piece of embroidery which was sent by the same establishment, and which an awful old dowager purchased for five hundred dollars.

"Ha! Mr. Wood, you are concerned there."

"I?"

"Yes, Mr. Wood. That piece of work was from the magic needle of Miss Hennessy."

"Hennessy?"

"Ah, you do not know that the magnificent John Hennessy has come to New York; and is at this moment preparing a dwelling and a settlement for a dozen young Hennessys. By-the-bye, what a fine family!"

Grace looked inquiringly—a little puzzled. She looked from Wood to Mr. M'Cann.

"Do you speak of the young lady who accompanied Wood—and who had a maid-servant with her on board your *Centaure*?" demanded Brackenbridge. "I thought her name was Carroll or O'Carroll?"

Mr. M'Cann smiled one of his sweet smiles—benevolent as the open look of an evening sun-cloud in summer.

"Well, young lady, I will make no mysteries. Am I not good? Mr. Wood, here, brought a poor young woman and her servant from the old country, and brought them at his own expense—because their families could not afford to pay."

"But the *name*?" Grace said, colouring in spite of herself.

"I am caught!" cried the New York merchant. "Caught! Well—no, my fair young lady. Minnie Hennessey could never cross her father's door-step, if he thought she would leave her home. She was *his* pride and *his* love! Yet, if Minnie remained in Ireland, the home would soon wither away, and her parents wear

the pauper's livery. She made up her mind to dare all, and save her little brothers and sisters, and her grand, fine father!—and so, to avoid pursuit, she changed her name to Carroll, and Mr. Wood gave a new world to the Hennessys."

"I should so like to see her!" cried Grace, and her whole form softened into benignity.

"Then you will," answered Mr. M'Cann.

Captain Brackenbridge approached Mr. M'Cann. He was looking at the wonderful chain of diamonds and gold.

"It is," said Mr. M'Cann, "a valuable chain. It is, however, a lady's chain, and destined for a bride. Your own chain, captain, is a fine-looking thing! Really, it is very rich!" and Mr. M'Cann took the chain in his fingers, and examined it very leisurely and minutely.

Suddenly Mr. M'Cann turned again to the captain.

"Is there a man in the linen trade whom you trust, captain, and whom you wish to serve?"

"Well, I've not had many acquaintances there away: and I think all the linen and muslin I ever used came from the Pembrokes in 99 street, and the Jewels, Philadelphia."

"You think well of them?"

"I like the Jewels."

"Just let me enter their names. I may be able to do something with—I trust I shall."

A sharp knock at the door.

"Telegram for Mr. M'Cann, sir."

"All right."

"By the powers!" cried Mr. M'Cann. "Why, Mr. Wood, fame will crush you."

All looked wondering and inquiringly.

Mr. M'Cann read:—

"A small ferry-boat went down this morning, about 4 A.M., a good way up the river. She was worked by two men of first-rate character, and under the direction of the agent of Minchin and Co., who had chartered her to carry a box of specie to their bank at Brooklyn. The two hands were gallantly rescued by J. Johnson, of the firm of Brackenbridge, Johnson, and Co., and the Irishman who had chief part in managing the sails at the late yacht race. The agent and the specie went to the bottom. He never let go his hold, poor fellow."

Grace Brackenbridge got deadly pale.

"I must away," cried Mr. M'Cann, and he precipitately retired.

[*To be continued.*]

LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

III.—ABOUT BOOKS.

IT is not going to be a learned lecture—it is not going to be even a methodical lecture. It will contain no *direct* proof of anything—so far as I am aware. It means to be simply a gossip about a subject very interesting to the lecturer, and which he hopes will be to others also so interesting in itself and in its associations, that his special treatment of it will make no great matter.

Almost my earliest plaything was a book—and probably a book shall be in my hand when the shadows deepen and it becomes too dark to read ever again. I have lived all my life amongst books—they have become, for me, necessities of life. I began to read very early, and being to a great extent my own guide, I read indiscriminately. It is a wonderful forcing process, that indiscriminate reading—but forced fruit is not always the most desirable. I don't care to talk about the books I like, except in a very general way. In other cases, besides my own, I have remarked that it is a matter about which there exists amongst book-lovers a good deal of shyness. I like the books best that deal with character. For pure facts I have what even I feel to be a most unjustifiable contempt. Hence, most histories I meet with do not fall in with—either rise above or sink below, as wills the benevolent reader—my personal tastes. They give me facts, to be sure. They give me, so to speak, the bones of the dead past—often, too, fitted together to form a most perfect skeleton. But I keep wanting more than this. I want the flesh to grow around the bones, and muscles and nerve to stretch once more along the dead limbs—and the warm blood to flow—and the silent hearts to resume the music that death stilled ever so long ago. Most of all, I want the *character*, whether of men or times, with its hidden springs, and the motives that were far deeper down than pulse-beat, or nerve-force.

The writers of the books I like always seem to have lived a little while in my own heart—thought with my brain—written with my hand; and I love them, as, had I written a book, I would fain have my readers love me. The books we like best seem to be translations of our own best thoughts, or transcripts by a skilful hand, of mental phases and personal experience through which we ourselves have passed. A book, to be really liked, must appeal to something that is already in us. There is a certain poem of Tennyson's—do not imagine for a moment that I am going to tell you which it is—that almost frightens me, it is so real and so life-like a rendering of things in my own life, which I have never forgotten, which I never can forget.

There are a number of standard classical works that have,

I am afraid, gone sadly out of fashion. Probably it is because they expressed phases of a life that had in it far fewer sources of excitement than our own; and that used the few it had much more cautiously than is the fashion now. In those days hearts beat more slowly; the blood was scarce so feverish, nerves were almost unknown. There is my old friend, Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia—who knows anything about him now? What chance has he against the King of Ashantee? nay, even against the (fortunately) impossible heroes, or (still more fortunately) impossible heroines of Miss Braddon's countless fictions? Pope used to be read by every well educated person. Addison's mild prosing in the *Spectator* was in every body's hands. Well, could any average specimen of the rising generation pass a competitive examination in the "Rape of the Lock," or the personal characteristics of Sir Roger de Coverley? I opine not, except, indeed, he were "crammed" for the occasion. Even the good old Vicar of Wakefield has hardly held his place; and "Moses" is far too green to amuse the boys and girls—we beg their pardon, the young ladies and gentlemen—of modern times. I am inclined to think that the classical works of any language may be defined to be, the books that every one feels bound to talk about, but that very few feel disposed to read.

As I have already remarked, books were, first, my playthings, then my tools, now they are something of both. How well I remember the little pictured story books that form the literature of every generation of childhood; remember them so well, and the world of enchantment they disclosed, that I can never, even yet, see without a thrill of emotion that seems like envy, but is too guileless to deserve the name, some little boy, so like the little boy I used to be far back in the golden days of the "long ago," give his whole eager little mind to the fortunes of "Jack the Giant Killer," or the heart thrilling vicissitudes in the career of "Cinderella." How real they were, infinitely more real than the men and women of ordinary life with whom I had begun to make acquaintance, and whose mortal qualities were dwarfed into insignificance by the attributes of the men and women of heroic mould who peopled the pages of my story books.

Real! Why, for many a day, I fondly hoped to meet the veritable "Jack," who, with a rather shamefaced sense of his vagrant propensities, I felt might possibly be concealed under the ragged habiliments of one of those "bad boys" with whom, under certain unmentionable but unforgettable penalties, I was strictly forbidden to have anything to do. I confess I felt a hankering after their society. Even thus early I began to be direly conscious that the eccentricities of even genius and heroism have little to hope for at the hands of fathers of families, and guardians of youth. But, with all the ardour of a young radical, my sympathies were on the side of genius, eccentricities and all. Real! Ah, do I not remember with a vividness that shames the dimness of later recollections, the

fever of excitement with which I planted that bean—I had been reading “Jack and the Beanstalk,” and the fever of expectation with which I came, morning after morning, till my childish heart grew sick with hope deferred, looking for the mighty stalk that was to hide its head among the golden clouds.

Well, many a bean have I planted since, and so have you, reader mine, if you be the person I take you for; and watched and waited with a growing sickness of the heart, keener than any child’s heart has place for: and nothing came of it after all. We have planted our beans, all of us. Where are the hopes that never blossomed into reality, the dreams that led to nothing but a sad awaking, and a world, colder and greyer than before? Where are the promises that belied themselves, and the statue of high purpose to which fate, and, mayhap, our own indolence refused the pedestal of fulfilment? I met, years ago, “that person,” that one, of all others, whom nature formed to be the friend into whose sole and sympathetic ear I might pour the thoughts that were burning my heart, but rather than confide which to the dull ears of common sense, I would have died of the keen sweet torture which they caused. Then, forsooth, in what I deemed an auspicious hour, I planted my bean, but it never grew. How should it? Not there. Ah, why did I not see it then? Not there the generous soil where the things I longed for grew. I meet my quondam friend often; we keep up a sort of intimacy; the palest, emptiest *simulacrum* of what I, at any rate, once took to be friendship. I meet him often; he is a busy man, well known on ‘Change; and the crust of years, and of something worse, has grown around him; and I would blush for shame should his shrewd, cold eye—*not* see my heart’s thoughts, or the gossamer threads which fancy spins too light to be woven by pen or pencil, but—even skim over the surface of these lectures, and know them to be mine.

Nevertheless, it is a beneficent provision of nature that will have her children, of all ages, amused. Nevertheless, we go on through life, from stage to stage, planting our beans; and the bean of one stage *seems* so unlike the beans of others, of whose unfruitfulness sad experience has convinced us, that we fondly hope that the last, at any rate, will grow.

It was my fortune, no long time ago, to be present at an entertainment, in which the story of “Cinderella” was produced by a number of very small children, admirably trained. I looked and listened, and childhood almost came back. I felt that peculiar sensation that travels down the spine; and the rush of tears that were kept back, only because I was ashamed—though why should I?—to shed them in public. Nature, you see, gave us emotions, and meant them to be real gifts; but civilization makes us ashamed to confess to their possession. Well, I had come in company with a friend for whom I had a great respect; a man of good sense and high honour, and many amiable qualities—no, *amiable* is not the

word—I should have said, many *admirable* qualities, which is often a very different thing. I had almost forgotten his presence, till, turning to him at the close, to share with him the emotion I felt, I found that he was looking unmistakeably and intensely *bored*. Not a ray of the sympathy I looked for came from his cold, and somewhat sleepy eye. He languidly asked me “what had it all been about?” “Why,” said I, “it was Cinderella.” “And,” he rejoined—and, by the rejoinder, sank fathoms in my estimation—“and what” (he did not even say “who”) “and what was Cinderella?” My first feeling, I must confess, was one of boundless contempt; but it subsided, on reflection that it was more his misfortune than his fault, into an equally boundless pity. What a lustreless childhood had been his—never a ray of fancy had played around his cradle—never a spell of imagination had glorified for him the common things of childhood. I catechised him, on the spot; and found, as I expected, that he was an utter stranger to the classics of the nursery—and, though his word may be his bond, his honour stainless, his character irreproachable—yet, oh, not in *his* ear would I venture to pour the half sense, half nonsense that flows from our—yours and mine, dear reader—from *our* lips, in our best and brightest moments. Bewell sure that *he* has never planted a bean in all his life—and the loss is his—for, let me whisper it in your ear, *sometimes*, however rarely, a bean *does* grow, and the stalk-top hides itself in golden heavens, and becomes the ladder that lifts us up above this dull world to the land of mystery and marvel that lies beyond the clouds of life.

In due time these childish volumes, of which I still retain so kindly a recollection, were cast aside. How many a thing once precious do we cast aside, to be carried off by the ebb of the receding years. But others took their place, as other things do seize upon the vacant places in our hearts—aye, even the places that we almost swore, and sealed the oath with scalding tears, should never be filled again. As year has followed year, books have followed books. They have always been, and I have always felt them to be, my fastest and most faithful friends. Other friends might deceive—unsay to-day what yesterday they all but swore—but the favourite books keep always saying the same old thing, or, if not quite the same, yet the old thing, glorified as it were by the application which personal experience has given it to ourselves. In these books is the noblest part of noble lives. All the fret and fever have gone out of them. The petty circumstance that encased them once, and the mean commonplace that did its best to disfigure them to contemporary eyes, all has disappeared, and left only the etherial essence. I have been amongst men from time to time, and always with renewed thankfulness have I gone back to my world of books. The incidents of a day have jarred upon my sense of ideal fitness. I have seen some sham enthusiasm, hatefulest thing under heaven, turned back into the

vile thing it was by the touch of some test, that acted like the angel's spearpoint. I have seen the vaunted disinterestedness vanish when the really desired interest was to be served. As the wise old writer hath it, after such times, I seemed "to return less a man;" and in such an hour I have felt how happy a thing it was that I could return to my books.

There are certain books that are special favourites. Like others I have my likings and dislikings—my prepossessions and my prejudices—the latter, it may be, as unreasonable as prejudices usually are—but I have a certain interest in all kinds of books. A book, *as such*, is to me a perennial source of, at least, expectation. In lonely wayside inns I have had a vague hope of finding "the fitting word" in some of the tattered volumes that were the sole deposit of the tide of travellers that had flowed in on that most solitary shore. True, I have often and often been disappointed. A "Gazetteer" or a "Ready Reckoner" makes but dismal reading—even of an "Almanac" there is not much to be made, except, indeed, there be "predictions" in it. But, then, again, it has been my good fortune sometimes to light upon a treasure—an odd volume of Shakspeare, a dog's-eared copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield," or a "Robinson Crusoe," in as imperfect and dilapidated condition as the hero himself when the friendly wave threw him upon his desert island. And, believe me, never did one of those books seem to have such magic in it as at such a time and under such circumstances. You see there was no other to be had, and one made the very best of it.

It often, on the other hand, happens to me to find myself in quite opposite circumstances. I enter my chamber and watch the firelight sparkle on the backs of my book rows. There are potent spirits there silently begging of me to give them once again to light and life. With a firm determination to release some one of them, I stand puzzled to decide amongst so many rival claims. Shall I embark upon the stately swelling current that glides through the pictured page of Gibbon, or sit me down beside the glancing stream of what Macaulay called "History?" Or shall I go farther back, and nourish lofty thoughts of men and their capabilities, with Plutarch as my guide? Or say, shall I choose rather to take my ease among the essayists. There stands Addison, waiting mildly for his turn—seeming to be conscious that he is almost too coldly classical for modern tastes? Shall the genial Elia have his claim allowed? or shall he be pushed aside by the sturdier hand of old Montaigne, so full of the acrid flavour of a personal life? While I stand debating, a brighter flash glances on the lettered back of Tennyson. Shall I open that magic page, and give, say, the full sympathy which I imagine a quiet student like myself gives oftener than busier men to the desire so wonderfully embodied in the "Ulysses":

"To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars."

Or—and Italy, as I remember it, rises before me—shall I stand in Venice on "the Bridge of Sighs," and begin that pilgrimage of the wonderful fourth canto of "Childe Harold," which always proves to me that Byron might have been even a greater orator than he was a poet? There, before my book-rows, am I standing still, and no decision can I come to. The golden minutes roll themselves into still more golden hours, and I have opened never a book. Perhaps, after all, it is better as it is. My "brown study" may have stood me in good stead. Through the chambers of my brain has passed a goodly procession of the great thoughts of great minds. The music of remembered passages, and the melodies that have linked themselves imperishably with golden memories of the youth when first they sounded on my spirit's ear, raise their sweet silent tunes within my heart. Perhaps I have been doing better than reading any books, however famous. I have, as it were, been extracting the subtlest essence of many books, and that is the sweetest perfume for the chambers whether of mind or heart.

One thing I have remarked, that as life goes on we tend more and more to restrict the circle of our reading to the books we already know. No seeking now for novelty. We have learned that there is not much of novelty in a world six thousand years old, and that what appears to be novel may possibly be anything but useful. We look no more for new faces and strange voices. We turn rather to the old friends, whose every tone we know, whose every mood we have learned to recognise and appreciate; whose turns of sentiment, and very tricks of manner, have the imperceptible but so strong fascination of enjoyments that have become habitual. Long ago I used to long for a new book; now I better love a book that I have read before.

We may keep adding to our libraries, for there is a fashion in that as in other matters, but it is curious to observe the winnowing process that goes on amongst our books *that are read*. Now and again I feel, and with a pang that is almost a pang of conscience, that I am growing cold towards some author who used to strike a chord that quivered into music, but that has got itself now hopelessly unstrung.

But a few favourites are never dispossessed of the place they have won in our affections. They are not, perhaps—in my own case they certainly are not—the pretentiously wise books, but those whose wisdom is tinctured with a not unpleasant flavour of what a "practical man" would be prompt to call nonsense. Shakspeare keeps his place always—nay, he is one who grows year by year deeper into our hearts—that is, if we have let him ever take root at all. For, let me tell you, that, of a hundred people who talk

about Shakspeare, perhaps not ten have read him through, nor more than one or two read him appreciatively. I do not believe that a very young, or even a very youthful person, can at all fully taste the flavour of his preterhuman wisdom. It takes time, and, above all, it takes knowledge of the world that he paints, to let us in anything like an adequate degree into the secret of his greatness. Let me tell you this about Shakspeare. To any one who has read a play of his only once, the most natural, nay, I believe, the only natural opinion to form, is, that he is a vastly overrated man. Read it over again and you begin to get a vague, but still only a vague, idea that possibly there is much more in it than you were at all prepared for. Read again, and again, and again, and you will find the play visibly growing larger and larger to your mental vision; and when you have read it in the leisure intervals of half a busy life-time, and brought your accumulated stock of experience to bear upon it, you will in all probability come to the conclusion that there is more in it than you are capable of taking out of it.

Indeed, it is so, in some degree, with every work of genius, of whatever kind—the more you study it the more you admire. I remember well—and it is an experience I have in common with thousands of others—when I went for the first time into St. Peter's, I felt quite a thrill of disappointment. It did not seem, after all, so very much larger than other churches. But as I paid visit after visit, it began to grow, and grow, and grow—to broaden and lengthen, and to grow higher, till at length it became full grown, and made the place it shall keep for ever in my memory, in all its marvellous vastness. I remember, too, in the neighbouring Vatican, the "Apollo Belvidere" seemed at first sight "a handsome young man." There was, however, a "god" in time, that only revealed itself after many visits. Not far off is the "Laocöon"—a vast, struggling, unsightly, distorted mass of marble. But, as I soon found, the unsightliness and the distortion were not in *it*, but in my unaccustomed eye; and, when the eye grew accustomed, they were there no longer.

I love the humourists, of every clime, and time, and tongue. I believe they take the firmest hold, and keep it longest in our affections. And why should they not?—they so well express the world we live in. That mixture of the grave and gay, the serious and the ludicrous, has it not been meeting us everywhere in nature and amongst men? This light irony, has not circumstance been constantly presenting us with just such? Things felt so keenly that one fears to give them any vent but a laugh, lest the very floodgates of feeling should be broken up; toleration like the toleration of nature and of time; the saying, musical with very wisdom, attuning itself to the jingle of bells in the fool's cap; the flowers springing up freshly on a grave where the heart's scalding tears have fallen, and the hopes of a life lie hidden away: these things we have known before we met them in the pages of the

books we love. The humourists seem, at times, to strike human life and the world in which we live in the very "bull's eye."

Any one who has ever made acquaintance with the ancient classics will feel impelled to recur to them from time to time. Their special excellence is the excellence of *style*. The world is wiser now, or ought to be, than it was in those far back times. Experience has accumulated, and is at the disposal of any one who wishes to use it. An article in a newspaper, to-day, may possibly contain a more useful philosophy than that of Plato; but the article will live only for a day, Plato for ever. Believe me, the great names in literature are rarely those of the men who, with the hands of giants and the hearts of heroes, have gone into the quarries of human thought, and hewed and blasted huge boulders from the mass. Rather, they are the names of those who took the rough undressed stones, and shaped and polished them, and built them into enduring structures—whether the temple, or the palace, or the domestic home—places where all generations come to pray, or to be guided, or to be happy.

These old classic writers lived at a time very favourable to the cultivation of mere style. The world was in no hurry then—there was no press always hungry, and a man could write without the distraction of a "printer's devil" at his elbow clamoring for "copy." They did not feel bound to write till they had really got something to write about: and when they did begin, they devoted their whole mind to the task of expressing well what they had to say. And when they said a thing well, they strove to say it still better, and they corrected and polished, till an ode of Horace may possibly represent a larger *quantity* (I will say nothing of *quality*) of mental labour than a whole volume of modern poetry.

My Greek, like that of a great many people I know, has grown somewhat rusty, but it is not hard to muster up enough to enjoy an occasional dip into Homer. Like most great things, it is simple; and like many a simple thing it can go straight to the heart. The music of those grand hexameters seems to me to be different even *in kind* from the music of other hexameters. There is a roll, and a ring, and a romance in them that I find nowhere else. I can well imagine the savage chiefs in the old palaces of Pelos starting up with a loftier excitement than any that Chian wine had ever caused, as the blind old bard rolled forth his sonorous chant. More than that, when I read a passage sometimes and get fully into the *swing* of the melody, I begin dimly to realise the truth of those stories, that to northern ears are apt to sound somewhat apocryphal of the marvellous effects produced by the Rhapsodists.

There is another class of books very different from the ancient classics. I have occasion sometimes to dip into the old scholastic theologians, notably into the great "Summa" of their prince and master, S. Thomas Aquinas. Let me tell you this about that wonderful book, there is scarcely anything in it I admire more heartily

than its mere style. You may possibly wonder at my assertion. The Latin is uncouth enough—the construction at times such as “would make Quintilian gasp and stare;” yet, you never read a book—not even Tacitus—in which the writer so concisely and so exactly says that thing precisely, neither more nor less, which it was in his purpose to say. You cannot afford to overlook the most apparently insignificant adverb. There are no make-weight or make-measure words thrown in; it is the photograph of very severe and very accurate thought. Nor do I think there is any book that so much flatters the understanding of the man who understands it, or thinks he does. There is a directness about it, and an absence of superfluous explanation, that, of themselves, express most unbounded confidence in the intelligence of the reader. Here is a man who has painfully thought out the highest and the deepest questions, and yet he is not afraid to trust you with them in a sort of “short-hand” rendering. To trust one’s reader is characteristic of genius. The writer who systematically distrusts the intelligence of his reader has much more reason to distrust his own.

Some reader may ask me, “what *are* your favorite books?” “Reader,” I answer, “what are yours?” If you were sentenced to life-long imprisonment, and were, by some relenting touch upon the spirit of your judge, allowed to select, say, half a dozen books to amuse you for life—what volumes would you select? That is a good way to discover favorites—remember, not as you valued the privilege, favorites of a day, but favorites that would keep their place through the tedious hours of a prisoner’s life. Make out the list for yourself. Do not imagine that I am going to submit mine to your shrewd analysis. Bless me, what a foundation such a list would make for a theory of character. I confess to Shakspeare and Cervantes—after these the names that would make up the half dozen might possibly surprise you—for, there are as strange whims and vagaries connected with book tastes as with any other tastes in the world.

I do not believe there is any surer way—but is any way quite sure?—of discovering a man’s intellectual character than by inspecting his collection of books. That is, however, if he have collected them himself—and especially if he be one whose means do not warrant indiscriminate purchase. “Tell me your company and I will tell you what you are,” morally or socially—“tell me your books and I will tell you what you are,” intellectually. But in both cases, provided the choosing is your own. Much as I love books, I do not think I should much care to have bequeathed to me one of those fine libraries, the shelves of which have been furnished by the yard. I like my books to grow around me out of the soil of my own personal tastes. There are, moreover, certain favorite authors whom I should no more like to see in a new edition than I should like to see a venerable friend discard the staid

costume that had become part of himself, and appear in the height of some fashion of to-day. In such case, book and friend would cease to be quite the same.

I look again to my book-shelves as I write, and I can trace there the mental *strata* of my intellectual growth. To be sure, some of them are now so deep down that they have to be dug for in the depths of memory. But these are, after all, the very foundations of strata that are more recent. We may outlive our intellectual tastes of various stages, but we never outlive their effects. There is a subtle chain of connexion that binds all together, even where the first link and the latest are so strikingly dissimilar as "Jack and the Beanstalk" and the "Summa" of St. Thomas.

Reader, are you well-nigh tired of my gossiping lecture, which the love I bear the subject of it has made thus long? We plant our beans, and mostly they never grow. We take hold on the world with all our hands, but somehow the world spins away, and we cannot hold it. The prizes cost us tears, and sometimes very life-blood, and yet are never won; or, if won, are not quite the things for which the eager spirit panted. Time was, too, when the world, as it lay before our youthful feet, seemed a very flower garden. Now, where are our flowers? Ah, there remain only those withered leaves and faded blossoms that the past has laid between the pages of the book that is hastening fast to the last blank page where they may engrave the skull and crossed bones, and write "*finis*." Our flowers now are only such as these; or, if happily there be any *growing* in our lives, they suck their freshness from the graves of the hopes we buried long ago. These things happen, reader mine—and more than these. Friends are not so faithful, hearts are not so true, the sky is not so bright, the wine is not so sparkling, the wit is not so keen, the rich poetry of life has faded into hueless prose. When these things happen, bless your happy fortune if you have had, and shall retain, a love for books. You can sit with them "in the gloaming," and by their aid, reconstruct—and in fairer form—the world that seems to have fallen in pieces around you.

J. F.

FORESHADOWINGS.

IN childhood's dim and distant days—oh! cease, my heart, thy throbbing,
For though those Eden-hours have flown—ah, me! why am I sobbing?

Say, shall not joyous days yet dawn in the bright skies above me?
Have I no tender Father there, no Mother dear to love me?

Then let me tell a fancy strange of those sweet days of dreaming,
Ere reason woke to this cold world, with sin and sorrow teeming.

When the gay Summer went abroad, to fill all things with laughing,
I used to wander forth alone, deep draughts of pleasure quaffing.

Earth's myriad charms my heart filled high with joy beyond all knowing;
But, when my mother spake of Heaven, that heart seemed overflowing.

She told me that there dwelt above a Being high and holy,
Who made this beauteous Earth for me, His creature poor and lowly:

How, too, when I became a slave, He left His throne of glory—
Of all He suffered here below she told the strange, sad story.

And many a time she bade me think (the while my hair caressing)
How Jesus once on children's heads had laid His hand in blessing.

Oft, pointing to the sunny skies, she spake of His ascending
With all His saints to realms of light and love and joy unending.

Then with full heart I used to steal away from playmates' seeing,
To gaze in love on the skies above, where dwelt that wondrous Being.

On that blue dome's serene expanse I saw full often painted
Bright semblances of comrades gone to dwell amongst the sainted.

And now and then those snowy clouds assum'd such forms imposing,
That my rapt soul pronounced it GOD, His loveliness disclosing.

Here would I fix my longing eyes, and gaze, as if enchanted,
On those fair forms which often since my calmer hours have haunted.

But, ah! ye noble sons of air! with all your glorious shining,
Ye melted into shapeless things, ye left me to my pining!

These were my fancies when I came into this land of seeming,
Where all things melt and fade away, like treasures from the dreaming.

Thou only, God! shalt never fade, but, robed in light supernal,
Shalt fill Thy lovers' feasting souls, from age to age eternal.

Then grant, sweet Lord! when after death my eyes behold Thy shining,
Thou may'st not vanish from my gaze to leave me always pining.

May the lov'd fancies of my youth foreshadow Thy bright vision,
And my glad soul be filled for aye with happiness Elysian.

Throb now, my heart ! flow on, my tears ! not, not with memories saddening,
But with the grandest, manliest hopes of coming joys soul-gladdening.

D. G.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

THE Apostles were the first Pastors of the Christian Church, specially appointed by Our Lord. In them the pastoral office was inaugurated. They were Bishops. The Apostolic College was the Episcopate, early extended by the accession of other Bishops whom the Apostles associated with themselves, adding deacons as well as priests of the second order. These last were probably fewer, as compared with the Bishops, than was the case later, and this on account of the peculiar needs of the nascent Church, and the liability of the pastors to be cut off by persecution. The Hierarchy was established from the beginning, and established as a permanent institution, containing in itself the necessary means of its own perpetuation. The Apostles, I have said, were Bishops. They had the episcopal character and authority which Bishops have had ever since. They had, no doubt, peculiar prerogatives. To say nothing of their miraculous gifts, of their consummate sanctity after the descent of the Holy Ghost, of their individual inerrancy in teaching, they had a locally indefinite jurisdiction. They were not only the pastors, but, under Christ, in a true sense, the founders of the Church. Their successors in the episcopal dignity were not to be singly endowed with the same powers, though the episcopal body was always to have the plenitude of authority. Each Bishop was not to be what each Apostle had been ; but each Bishop was to be as thoroughly a Bishop as any of the Apostles.

No Apostle but one was to have successive heirs individually invested with the fulness of ecclesiastical dominion. That one was Saint Peter. His whole office was to persevere in every one of his successors to the end of time. Saint Peter was the supreme ruler of the Church, including the other Apostles ; though, of course, they stood in little need of being controlled by him ; and, in truth, his functions were appointed more for the sake of subsequent periods than of his own. Still the Apostles were subject to

him. Saint Chrysostom goes so far as to say that Peter could, by himself, have appointed even an apostle to take the place of Judas, and attributes to the fear of showing partiality his having left the settlement of this matter to an election.* Be that as it may, Saint Peter was the supreme ruler of the whole Church, not excepting his brethren in the apostleship. Every successor of Saint Peter is all that he was, saving miraculous gifts and personal sanctity. Every Pope possesses the same apostolic power, the same supremacy of apostolic power that resided in Saint Peter.

We have now to consider the nature of the permanent ecclesiastical office bestowed on the Apostles and their Head; and, at the same time, the means by which it was to be perpetuated, and has been perpetuated. We may distinguish three elements in that office—three powers which it comprised: namely, *the power of order*, or sacramental power, *the governing power*, and the *doctrinal* or *teaching power*.

Every Apostle had the plenitude of the priesthood, that is to say, the priesthood as it exists in priests of the second order—those whom we simply call priests—and that further extension of the sacerdotal character which belongs to Bishops, and which contains the power of ordaining and confirming. For every Bishop is a priest, though every priest is not a Bishop. Of the seven sacraments, five cannot be effected, even validly, unless by a Bishop or Priest. One of these five is the sacrament of Holy Orders, whereby Priests and Bishops are made such; and, like the others, it consists in a certain ceremony performed by the officiating minister. Ordination is a sacred rite, gone through by a bishop, about or towards a person present before him. If the rite be carried out with substantial exactness with the intention of ordaining, and the recipient be baptized and have the intention of being ordained, the Holy Order is conferred, no matter what be the faith or morals of either party. All lies in the ceremony and the circumstances immediately regarding it. Here we have the means by which the power of order has been handed down in the Church. The Apostles were Bishops. They ordained other Bishops, communicating to them the same necessary qualification for constituting others again; and so on through all ages. It is thus the faithful of every period since Christ have had clergy and sacraments.

The *power of jurisdiction* consists in a right to exercise authority over Christians in those things which belong to religion. This power is of various kinds and degrees, into which I will not enter at this moment. I will merely observe that, besides what concerns the legislation and outward tribunals of the Church, there is a jurisdiction—as well as power of order—required for

* "What, therefore? Could not Peter himself make the choice? He could indeed; but he does not do so, lest he may seem to be showing favour."—*Hom. 3 in Act. Apost.*

the *valid* administration of the sacrament of penance ; and likewise a sort of jurisdiction necessary for the *legitimate* administration of the other sacraments. No pastoral act can be lawfully performed without some participation of ecclesiastical authority, either ordinary, that is to say, attached to a permanent office, or delegated. For all these acts appertain to the pastoral charge and mission, which implies something besides the qualification included in the reception of Holy Orders. Hence, the famous question about Anglican orders, though undoubtedly important, is not so to the extent some imagine. If all the clergy of the Church of England were as validly ordained as the Apostles, they would not be a bit more truly pastors of the Church of Christ, since they have no Divine mission. But this by the way.

Jurisdiction and the power of order are not only distinct from each other but actually separable. A person may have Priest's or Bishop's orders, and possess no jurisdiction whatever. On the other hand, a person not ordained Priest or Bishop may be invested with jurisdiction, as to non-sacramental acts to be done by himself, or sacramental acts which he may authorize in another.

If we inquire how ecclesiastical jurisdiction commenced, and how it has been continued, the answer to the first question is that this jurisdiction was bestowed by Christ on His Apostles, and in an eminent degree on St. Peter. The answer to the second question is, that jurisdiction was in part communicated by the Apostles to others, by these again to others, and so on ; in part came and comes immediately from God on the fulfilment of certain conditions regarding the persons. Priests having jurisdiction derive it from Bishops or the Pope. The Pope has it immediately from God, on his legitimate election. The legitimacy of his election depends on the observance of the rules established by previous Popes regarding such election. In extraordinary circumstances, as in the case of a doubtful Pope, the other Bishops may interfere to provide for the urgency. Whence Bishops receive their jurisdiction is a somewhat disputed point ; whether, namely, from God immediately, or from the Pope. In this matter, two things are certain. One is that, even if the jurisdiction comes from God, its local limits and many of its details depend on the Sovereign Pontiff. The other is that, as I have already remarked, the existence of an episcopate and the government of the Church by Bishops, though in subordination to the Pope, is of divine institution, and not the result of merely ecclesiastical law.

Jurisdiction is not, like the power of order, of its own nature, dependent for its transmission on any particular ceremony, and may be communicated even to an absent person by the will of the giver sufficiently manifested. If a special form is prescribed by ecclesiastical law, this law must be observed, and sometimes its observance may be a necessary condition for validity.

It is of the most vital moment to understand that not a particle

of ecclesiastical jurisdiction is derived from the people, either as its original source or as a divinely appointed channel. There is no parity whatever in this respect between the authority of Christian pastors and that of temporal rulers, whose power is, with great probability, held to come immediately from the people, though this latter doctrine may be, and has been, much abused and turned to a bad account. Nor does ecclesiastical jurisdiction, or any part of it, come from secular princes. When the people have had a share in the election of Bishops or Popes, their votes were but a condition prescribed by Ecclesiastical Law; the jurisdiction did not come *from* them nor *through* them. Even the Cardinals, who at present elect the Pope, do not give him his authority. When kings present persons for bishoprics, they communicate no power. This is derived from God or from the Pope. I am not prepared to deny that the Roman Pontiff could invest a prince or other layman with a certain amount of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, though it is not usual. In any such case the person would be the Pope's delegate. But no lay ruler has the least jurisdiction arising out of his civil power nor has God annexed any such prerogative to it. Every attempt of kings or emperors to exercise authority in ecclesiastical matters with reference to Catholics is an act of sacrilegious tyranny and usurpation, and the theory which attributes to them a right to do so is an error against Catholic faith. We know what the case is in this respect in the Church of England. State interference is felt sorely by many of the Anglican clergy, and looked on by them as a great grievance and an unholy thing. No doubt the principle which influence these ministers is a good one; but, after all, they have not so much reason to complain. Their Church is a human institution, and what men get up they are more or less entitled to manage as they like. This is what the British Crown and Parliament have done. Rather, the men referred to ought to see in this normal, and fundamental, and generally accepted condition of their Church a strong indication that it is no part of the Church of Christ.

I shall have occasion to return hereafter to the subject of jurisdiction. For the present, I pass on to the third element of the pastoral office, namely, *teaching*. Christ gave to St. Peter and to the other Apostles, and in them to future sovereign Pontiffs and Bishops, and in a less degree to priests, a commission to teach his doctrine—to teach the Catholic religion. This teaching, besides the proposition, exposition, inculcation of divine truths, includes also the settlement of controversies which arise about them. For it is obvious that where a question of doctrine is mooted, and opposite sides are taken, people cannot be taught what they should hold without deciding the question one way or the other for them. If some say, for instance, that matrimony is a sacrament and others that it is not, the authority which teaches that it is, necessarily at the same time, pronounces a judgment concerning the con-

troversy that has existed on the subject; and where that controversy is well known must take explicit notice of it. The very fact of the denial of the doctrine calls for its maintenance against its opponents, and the accredited teachers must do this or not do their duty. The teaching Church is essentially the judge of religious controversies, and would not be a teaching Church if it were not the judge of controversies. It does not follow from this that all disputes about doctrine, all controversies regarding religious truths, must be actually decided. There are plenty of opinions on such matters, which may be safely left in the condition of opinions. Catholic theology abounds in them, and orthodox authors contend with impunity about them. But questions have arisen on which the integrity of Catholic doctrine demanded a prompt decision, whilst others were of a character that did not so imperatively need to be decided all at once, and yet which it was most profitable should be conclusively pronounced upon, especially at some particular time. The definitions regarding the Immaculate Conception and certain prerogatives of the Roman Pontiff afford illustrations of this. It is well to observe here that dogmas of faith may be most unmistakably taught by the teaching Church without a formal definition, and on the other hand that a definition may be pronounced concerning dogmas already so taught without any preceding definition. The earliest denial of the Divinity of Christ was heresy—that is, the rejection of a dogma revealed by God and sufficiently proposed by the teaching Church. The same may be said of the Real Presence and of other doctrines.

The subject-matter of the teaching which Our Lord entrusted to His disciples and their successors, was the whole of what is comprised in the Catholic Religion, namely, both revealed truths, including the positive Law of God, and likewise the entire Divine Natural Law, which, as we have seen, enters into the Catholic Religion. We can place no narrower limits than these. Christ commissioned St. Peter and the other Apostles, and, in them, those who should hold their places at every given time, to teach His religion, and, therefore, whatever is comprehended in that religion.

We have next to consider the perfection of this teaching—its efficiency for the purpose in view. The purpose in view is, that all the members of the Church may know with certainty what they are bound to hold as the object of their belief and the rule of their conduct. It is not necessary that the simple Faithful should have a detailed theological knowledge of all religious doctrines, but they must understand correctly, according to their capacity, the chief among those doctrines. They must have the means of guarding themselves against error; they must have an authority which they may recur to, and on which they may perfectly rely. The controversies which need to be decided, or which are decided, with or without absolute need, must be really settled set at rest

in such a manner as to justify the exaction of an unhesitating submission to the judgment pronounced. It was this Our Lord intended, and it was this He did and does carry out. Such is the efficiency He has given to the teaching with which the pastors of His Church have been charged by Him. This efficiency includes the gift of inerrancy, infallibility, which all Catholics of every age have recognised in the teaching Church. I must remind my readers that I am not *arguing*; I am only *stating*. Were I arguing—proving the infallibility of the teaching Church—I would not take my stand mainly on the abstract ground that Our Lord, in establishing a religion, especially a religion so comprehensive in its doctrines as that which He did establish, and in establishing it for the whole world, was bound in consistency to provide an infallible tribunal, such as that we believe He has established. I think this ground a good one; but I would not take my stand *mainly* on it, precisely on account of its abstract character. I would rely chiefly, and I could rely entirely, on the evidence there is of His having done so as a matter of fact, from His own words recorded in the Gospels, from the words of His inspired Apostles, from the belief to this effect which has always existed and always been acted on in the Church. But, as I have said, I am not arguing: I am speaking to Catholics about what they unite with me in firmly holding.

Where does this prerogative of infallibility in teaching reside? First of all, it is not possessed by the priests of the second order, those whom we simply call priests. They teach, no doubt, and very extensively, and on their teaching, in great measure, depends the instruction of the faithful and their acquaintance with religious truth. But it is not necessary that every one who communicates Catholic doctrine, even officially, should be infallible. The need of the people is sufficiently provided for in this respect, if there be a living authority in the Church that presides over all religious teaching, an authority on which all local teachers depend, and are known to depend, and which affords a public standard of doctrine whereby deviations on the part of individual pastors would be at once discovered. As a matter of fact, all Catholic priests charged in any way with the care of parishes or districts, without any appreciable exception, do agree in their teaching as to the settled doctrines of the Church.

Next, Bishops taken separately are not infallible, though they are, in a higher degree than Priests, teachers and guardians of religious truth. Neither do National or Provincial Synods of Bishops enjoy this prerogative.

The Catholic Episcopate, that is to say, the whole body of the Bishops, including the Sovereign Pontiff, cannot err in teaching as to faith or morals. This is true of the Bishops dispersed throughout the Church, independently of the assemblage of the whole or any portion of them in a Council. Nor would the dissent

of a few Bishops avail to interfere with the inerrancy of the rest joined with the Pope. Further, a General Council of Bishops legitimately called and assembled, though not actually comprising the whole, or even the greater part, of the Bishops of the Church, but acting in conjunction with the Roman Pontiff, whether personally present or not, is infallible; and this infallibility is not prejudiced by the dissent of a few of those assembled in the Council. But *its decrees* must have the sanction of the Roman Pontiff, either previously or subsequently given; and, without this, neither his convocation of the Council nor the presidency and assent of his legates would suffice; for he has no power to delegate his special authority of pronouncing on questions of faith and morals. He could not put the whole matter into the hands of the Council so as to enable the assembled Bishops to decide finally without his own express participation in the decision itself, whether he were physically present or not.

Lastly, the Roman Pontiff, by himself, and irrespectively of the concurrence of the other Bishops, or any of them, possesses the prerogative of infallibility, the same as to matter and degree as that possessed by a General Council or by the whole episcopate. I say *by himself* and *irrespectively* of their concurrence; not that he could possibly be left alone or opposed by nearly the whole or even by the greater part of the Bishops *of the Church*, though he might by the majority of a Council otherwise General, for this simple reason, that Bishops assembled in Council and opposing themselves to a Papal definition are only to be reputed *so many Bishops*; for such separation from the Roman Pontiff is inconsistent with their conciliary or council character. This would be true, even abstracting from the Pope's prerogative of infallibility. The doctrine of Papal Infallibility was at all times the prevalent doctrine in the Church, though in a less degree during a comparatively late period of two or three centuries than before or since that period. When I say *in a less degree*, I mean that it was more controverted, but still by a minority, and a small minority. This doctrine was, at length, solemnly defined by the Vatican Council, which was an unmistakably legitimate General Council, and acting legitimately and freely with reference to this particular definition, as well as with reference to other things. No dogma ever was, or could be, more validly proclaimed by any General Council. This was in itself quite enough. But, in addition to this, we have the subsequent adhesion of the rest of the Bishops of the Catholic Church, with no exception, or, possibly, with the exception of a very few, of which I am not aware. Hence, either the Pope is infallible, or the teaching Church *is not*. The denial of the Pope's Infallibility is as rank heresy as the denial of the Blessed Trinity.

I have now stated in general terms the origin, nature, and office, or rather *offices*, of the *Teaching* and *Governing* Church, that is, of the Pastors of the Catholic Church. The *origin* is from Christ.

The *nature* embraces the offices and the powers annexed to them, as well as the perpetuity and the means of transmission of those offices and powers. The *offices* and *powers*, we have seen, are three, namely, *Sacramental*, *Jurisdictional*, and *Doctrinal*. In treating of the last of these I have been obliged to speak of the Infallibility of the teaching Church and of the Roman Pontiff. I will say a few words more on this point of Infallibility before passing on to other parts of my subject, as there are inaccurate notions afloat about it at the present time.

WINGED WORDS.

1. **T**HE great thing is for God to have what He is pleased to will: if work, work; if suffering, suffering.
2. Nothing in my dear Father Rigoleuc, the Jesuit, pleases me so much, as where he says, he almost wishes people would think less about the glory of God, and more about His Will. There is a depth of spirituality in that remark, the more remarkable as coming from the *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam* school.
3. The act of love which I should crave from you, dear friend, would be that you should sometimes offer to Jesus all His own love for *me*, which He felt during His Passion, and which I never offer half enough to Him.
4. Pain does not altogether dispense either from prayer or from penance; and yet it is hard either to pray or to do penance in illness. Ejaculations about the Passion, and mental acts of conformity to God's will, do me most good, only one *wants* them to be continuous, and one would *like* them to be *hot*; however, this last quality is not necessary to their acceptableness.
5. I have so much work to do of the common sacerdotal kind that if I did not cut off all literature and news I should not get time for prayer, and so be damned.
6. It is one of the peculiar weaknesses of human nature when, upon comparison of two things, one is found to be of greater importance than the other, to consider this other of scarce any importance at all.
7. A day's fervour in the love of God brings grace enough to make a man a saint.
8. Sorrow does not sanctify us of itself, or by a passive process, but solely in proportion to our efforts.
9. God is incredibly good, but it is only sorrow that unveils the abysses of His goodness. Your poor heart cannot always realize this thought, nor must it reproach itself when it cannot. He who is breaking it is He who made it. He who is crucifying it is He who was crucified for it.

10. The one want of life should be that, loving God so much, we do not love Him more. Yet, we are so little, so occupied with many things, as Martha was, so full of the exaggerations of self-love, that it is not easy to love God more. We have not the courage to empty our own hearts; so He empties them for us, and it seems cruel. A great cross means a great grace.

11. Our dearest Lord's visits are most frequent in the morning. The morning is His favourite time of the day: for He is Himself the Sunrise of the world.

12. God's Hand must always be heavy, while He is at work upon our little shrinking souls, even though He presses as lightly as He can.

[These are from Dr. Faber's Letters, except the sixth, which he quotes from "Butler's Analogy." Let me join to them this item from his Life. "When he was told that his death was near, he only repeated fervently his favourite exclamation, *God be praised.*" I have heard of more than one nun whose last words were *Thanks be to God!*]

NEW BOOKS.

I. *On Babies and Ladders: Essays on Things in General.* By EMMANUEL KINK, (London: Hotten.)—The last of the Shilling Series of humorous books which the late Mr. Camden Hotten, of Piccadilly, introduced to the public, was the one bearing the sufficiently quaint title which we have just given in full. It is not every one who can appreciate the disquisition of Josh Billings on Tight Boots, or even the enormities of "That Heathen Chinese." But whoever has a taste for comic literature will find the Yankee humourists rivalled at home by Mr. Emmanuel Kink's *Essays on Things in General*. One of this Philosopher's amusing peculiarities is the facility with which he descends to particulars in discussing things in general, making flagrantly impossible statements which seem at first sight to have a grain of truth in them. Let any P. L. G. in the country read the essay "On Boards of Guardians," and he will probably confess that it is not very much exaggerated. The Essayist can extract fun out of anything—photographs and friends, coals and corporations, work, the weather, debating societies, and breaches of promise of marriage. There is one very praiseworthy characteristic of his wit, which is not always found in writers who aim at making their readers laugh: there is not a syllable that could make any reader blush. He treats at times of subjects delicate enough, but always delicately and genially. Yes, Kink—we need not call him Mr. Kink, for, no doubt, he never was baptised Emmanuel—our friend Kink is a genial wit, not heartless or cynical, as he sometimes pretends to be. To analyse one of these whimsical papers, is like taking a kaleidoscope to pieces. Specimens are hard to choose. But here is one from the "Essay on Babies"—Yet no, let the reader buy the whole as a specimen. The funny little pictures which "point the moral" of this very clever and pleasant little volume do their part in setting up Emmanuel Kink as a worthy comrade of Artemus Ward and Orpheus Kerr.

II. *Out of Sweet Solitude.* By ELEANOR DONNELLY. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.—The first book which has come to us across the Atlantic goes a certain way to confirm a suspicion we have long harboured, that among the Irish race in America we may soon look for the manifestation of the poetic faculty

which our most unamiable critics are fain to attribute to us. Miss Donnelly is Irish by name and race if not by birth, although (and we do not like her the better for it) there seems not to be one allusion to Ireland in her very elegant volume. Why is it called *Out of Sweet Solitude*? The answer is given in the motto from Miss Landon on the title page:—

"It is a fearful stake the poet casts,
When he comes forth from his sweet solitude
Of hopes, and songs, and visionary things,
To ask the iron verdict of the world."

Not an iron verdict, but golden opinions has Miss Donnelly won amongst her own; and of her English sisters, since Adelaide Proctor's pure soul flew to heaven, we know of none to place before her but Augusta Webster and Jean Ingelow. Of the three divisions of her book we pass over the Poems of the Civil War, as unpleasing in their theme, and perhaps in their treatment the least happy. Of the "Sacred Legends," Miss Donnelly places first, "The Monk Gabriel," affixing the date, 1863, to show she had forestalled Longfellow who treats the same theme in his "Legend Beautiful," published some years later in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Well as the story is told here, there is more at least of ease and simplicity and flow in the version of the American Laureate. Our poetess tries a great variety of metres, and succeeds in nearly all, especially in perhaps the best of all, the massive music of the old heroic couplet, and in that test of the true poet, blank verse. The impressive story of the "Quest of the Abbot Paphnucius" is admirably told; and in this form it has, it seems, produced its effect as a vivid realisation of the presence of God. A Boston journalist mentions that when this poem was first published, there was a poor unfortunate confined in "Cherry Hill" for a crime which demanded blood for blood. Hardened and obstinate, she refused to acknowledge her guilt and do penance for it; she seemed to harden herself against even the charitable suggestions of the priests of God, who came to reconcile her with her Maker, till a gray-haired philanthropist, whose shadow is like a sunbeam to the solitary prisoners, gave her a copy of this touching legend. The Abbot seemed to speak to her, as he did to Thais.

"NONE SEES US HERE SAVE GOD.

"O child! if thou did'st weigh the words just spoken,
If thou did'st believe, all guilty as thou art,
That God, the Omnipresent, sees thy heart,
Thy inmost veins with sorrow would be broken."

•It was the call of grace to her, for—

"As one flash of lightning might illumine
The dusky horrors of a charnel room,—
Rending the sheets and mildewed shrouds asunder
From ghastly carcases decaying under;
So flashed God's grace on that perverted heart,
And sin's foul winding-sheets were rent apart."

The poor woman became tractable and penitent, as Thais did, and in her own rude manner would—

"With sighs and tears, continually say:
Miserere mei! qui plasmasti me!"

Is there any foundation in legend or tradition for what is supposed in "The Bronze Berenice," namely that the woman who touched the hem of Our Lord's garment, and Veronica who wiped his face with a napkin, were one and the same? Simpler and better the "Golden Psalm" which tells very charmingly how S. Francesca Romana, interrupted twice or thrice in beginning the psalm *Beatus Vir*, and obeying promptly her husband's voice, found the words, on her return, written in gold. But this Irish-American muse achieves her best, to our

thinking, in translating into very mellow and dignified heroic verse the story of a Saint whose Feast is kept in the North of Ireland in a fashion quite out of harmony with the prominent reminiscence connected with his name. Strange that the Saint of the Twelfth of July should be the very patron of brotherly forgiveness. The reader will find this most affecting incident narrated very vividly in the pages which we are now merely turning over rapidly. What if we pause a little longer in one spot? Among the division of "Miscellaneous Poems"—in which by the way the name of Erin, contrary to a previous statement of ours, is mentioned, but not in very filial or warm-hearted fashion—let us single out "Misunderstandings." It is a very good suggestion of some writers on Rhetoric that a reader should, before beginning a treatise or essay, draw out clearly before his mind what he already knows about the subject thereof, what the title of it suggests to him, how he would himself be able to treat the theme in question. Applying this test to Miss Donnelly's treatment of the theme "Misunderstandings," she will be found, we think, to have displayed in this little poem no small share of thoughtfulness and poetic skill:—

- " How like unsightly worms they ceaseless crawl
Under the pleasant roses of our lives,
Gnawing and gnawing, till the fresh leaves fall,
And nothing green or beautiful survives !
- " Leaving a ruin of corroding slime
That which was fair and wholesome just before ;
Ah, tell us not new buds will blow in time !
These precious plants will never blossom more.
- " Now 'tis a false report ; anon, a glance,
Sidelong but with no secret malice fraught :
We press our hearts as though a poisoned lance
Had pierced them, and a bleeding fissure wrought.
- " Then 'tis a chain of trifles (as we think),
Lighter than feathers blown into the air,—
But when rude hands have forged them link by link,
We clank our iron fetters in despair.
- " And straightway 'twixt our own and some dear heart,
A nameless, viewless barrier is set ;
And lives, long mingled, flow thenceforth apart
Unto one common ocean of regret.
- " And though we strove to carve, as sculptors do,
Our stony trials into shapes serene,
Our noblest image of the Pure and True
Would be, just then, denounced as base and mean.
- " Ah, it is hard to hold our souls in peace,
To keep our spirits sunny, while these things
Haunt us, like evil birds, and never cease
Making the sunshine dusky with their wings !
- " But there is One who understands it all :
The Wounded Heart that 'neath the olive-trees,
And on the Mount, in bitterness let fall
The secret of its own vast agonies.
- " And we may trust our faults and failures, too,
Unto His love, as humble children should :
Content that if all others misconstrue,
By Him at least our hearts are understood."

To break the monotony of praise, let us find fault with such phrases as "tenderest lucency" (page 12), and with such rhymes as this which occurs in a very spirited womanly poem of the civil war, "More Nurses :"—

" Wipe the sweat from his brow with your kerchief,
Let the old tattered collar go wide ;
See—he stretches out blindly to search if
The surgeon still stands at his side."

A very graceful poem is spoiled by making "corner" (p. 80) rhyme with "upon her !". Can it be that the sound of Bow Bells reaches as far as the Delaware ?

III.—*Our Big House and its Christmas Number*. (Dublin : Jos. Dollard, Dame-street.)—Those who in the first number of this Magazine,* under a heading somewhat similar to the above, read an account of a Children's Infirmary recently established in Upper Buckingham-street, Dublin, will be sure to take some pains to procure for themselves the Christmas Number of "Our Tiny Bulletin" which has just been published, or at least issued. But as many of our readers will probably be unable, take what pains they may, to obtain a copy, a few of the items may be summarised here. There is very pleasant reading in this neat little report, though nothing so good as the pages which told us all about poor little Jack and his bad back and his naughty sister Polly. Waller, when taxed by Charles II. with not having written as good a poem on the Witty Monarch as on the Lord Protector, excused himself on the plea that poets succeed best in fiction. Somewhat on the same principle the present Report of the Children's Infirmary in Buckingham-street, having so many important and interesting facts to record, deals less in story and song than its very lively little predecessor. Yet the aid of verse is not altogether discarded. Surely one of the poor little patients will be helped to earn that name of *patient*—so often a misnomer unless we take it in the original meaning of a *sufferer*—by being taught to lilt this sweet and simple "Hymn for a little sick child," to the air of "Twinkle, twinkle, little Star !"

" In my little bed I lie
Looking upward to the sky ;
Jesus Christ is there above,
Looking down on me with love.

" Never till the day I die
Will I dare to tell a lie :
Never wear a wicked frown—
I will keep my anger down.

" In His Heart, so good and mild,
Well He loves His little child ;
Well He sees my little face
From His bright and happy place.

" When my pains are very sore,
Then I know You'll love me more ;
I'll remember patiently
All the pains You bore for me.

" I'll be holy, brave, and true,
Lord, that I may live with You
In your home so fair and bright,
'Mid the angels clad in light.

" May my thoughts be pure and sweet ;
Make me kind to all I meet,
When You wish your child to come,
Dearest Jesus, take me home ! "

Descending to prose, we have a very satisfactory financial statement which shows this Infant Establishment to be another triumph of the charity of Dublin—not indeed that the friends of the Big House are confined to the metropolis, or even to Ireland. Very interesting details are given of the practical working of the Hospital and of the Busy Bee Brigade, and other ingenious organisations for making young and old co-operate in this holy enterprise. May the Big House have a still brighter story to tell for itself when it issues its next Christmas Number.

* "The Irish Monthly," vol. 1, p. 15.

A DAY AT CLONMACNOISE.

IT was a very pleasant affair that day at Clonmacnoise, with its preceding days of preparation. Days of preparation we had, indeed ; wondering where we could get books about Clonmacnoise, poring over them when we had got them, finding nice bits and scraps, and marking things which "we really *must* see." All this was very pleasant work, and added much to our pleasure on the day itself.

There are very few who are so well read in history, and especially in Irish history, that they can reap the full benefit of a visit to such a spot as Clonmacnoise without previous reading. Lord Bacon, in speaking on the subject of travel, advises every one to be accompanied by some one who knows the country visited, and who can at once point out those things which are particularly worthy of the traveller's time and attention. Every one should at least be accompanied by as much knowledge as he can muster to stand instead of such a companion. And this precaution is most necessary when the scene is one renowned in the obscure history of our own neglected country. As many of the little facts which I have brought together here are derived from those ancient annals on which that history is based, it may not be amiss at starting to quote, in support of their authenticity, the testimony of Sir James Mackintosh :—"The chronicles of Ireland," he says, "written in the Irish language, from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published with the fullest evidence of their genuineness and exactness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of their legends by this authentic publication, are yet by it enabled to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient than any European nation possesses in its present spoken language. They have exchanged their legendary antiquity for historical fame. Indeed, no other nation possesses any monument of its literature which goes back within several centuries of these chronicles."

Our day at Clonmacnoise had only one fault in my eyes, a fault which we often find with very good things—there was not enough of it. For one thing, we had not unearthed half the legends which could be told about it, and which would fill a volume instead of my limited space ; and in the second place, we did not start in time. Let all who, living or finding themselves within reach of it, intend to have a day at Clonmacnoise, take warning by us. Let them make their arrangements complete on a fine, promising summer's evening ; and, having pre-engaged their rowers, let them start soon, very soon after breakfast. We watched, and planned, and pored over our books, until we ran our time too short. It was

far into the bright May morning when we came to the decision that the right day was come; and it was far into the glowing noontide when our boat, and our rowers, and our baskets, and our umbrellas, and ourselves were all ready, and we glided away from Athlone down the broad, blue river with eight miles between us and our destination.

After trying a short cut, and (as is often the case with short cuts in mental pursuits and otherwise) failing in the attempt; after returning to our former direct course; after seeing the ruins, with their tall round tower standing out slender and graceful against the summer sky; after being deluded by this fair apparition into the belief that we were "just there," and awaking to the unpleasant consciousness that we had another hour and a half of hot sun to undergo; after steeling ourselves against this last difficulty by making the most of any coolness that was to be had by extracting the largest amount of shade from the largest of our umbrellas, by drawing our hands through the cool water, and by keeping our tempers and countenances as cheerful as possible, we at last landed on the flat moorland by the river, and made our way up to the ruins of Clonmacnoise.

Now, every one knows that the hostess of a picnic, no matter where it takes you, always makes dinner the primary consideration. Our hostess, though extremely appreciative of archæology and fine landscape, strictly forbade any attempts at sight-seeing, until we should have been duly recruited. She was obeyed; but the dinner, though excellent, had two serious drawbacks. It was not that the salt had been forgotten, or the bread, or the plates, though such things have occurred. No, it was the midges and the scenery; for the midges worked away at us quite as busily as we did at the dinner; and the scenery was such that you could not resist craning your neck to follow the river in its windings down below, and wondering if that ruin yonder could be one of the castles that Hugh de Lacy built by the Shannon in the thirteenth century, and deciding that the beautiful Irish cross near us must be the celebrated Cross-na-Screaptra of which we had read in the *Annals of the Four Masters*.*

And now, the question of dinner being satisfactorily despatched,

* This cross was erected in the tenth century by Colman, Bishop of Clonmacnoise, to the memory of King Flann Sinna, son of Malachy I. The *Annals of the Four Masters* speak of the ready assistance which this prince gave, in the year 908, in building the great church at Clonmacnoise, called the Church of the Kings. The cross is richly sculptured, and in one of the compartments the king is represented as delivering to Colman the key of the church. The king is to be distinguished from the bishop by the long plaited beard, the sword by his side, and the short mantle fastened by one of the famous Irish brooches. In the other compartments are represented scenes from Scripture, such as Moses at prayer, Our Lord and the two disciples on the road to Emmaus, and many others. This is probably the reason why it is called, in the *Annals*, Cross-na-Screaptra, or Cross of the Scriptures.

we commenced a sort of review of all that we had discovered in our researches for days before. The "Once upon a time" of Clonmacnoise is far, far back through many ages, and we must try and picture to ourselves the same scene as it appeared thirteen hundred and thirty years ago.

Here we lean against the old cross, and ruins and tombstones fade away. The same sun is shining down on the same landscape, the same gleaming river; only the land for miles round is not Clonmacnoise but the desert of Artibra. And we see an Irish prince lay the first stone and plant the first stake of those schools which were to shine out on Europe amongst the brightest of the western lights; and an Irish saint and an Irish prince clasp hands above it. The story of this foundation is told in the Annals of Clonmacnoise somewhat in this way:—

In the year 544, Dermot Mac Kerval, an Irish chieftain and an aspirant to the crown of all Ireland, was wandering a fugitive in the desert of Artibra by the Shannon. For Tuathal, then reigning High-King of Erin, had set a great price upon his head, or rather, on his heart, for it was to him who should bear the heart of Dermot on his spear that the prize was offered. Here he met with St. Kieran, who had just arrived from Inis-Aingin (now Hare Island, in the Shannon, above Athlone), to build himself a dwelling in the desert. Dermot at once offered his assistance, and commenced to gather the wood and stones for the work. Then, having driven into the earth the first pier of the timber or wattle of the house, he took St. Kieran's hand and placed it over his own in token of reverence to the saint. This eloquent action so touched St. Kieran's heart that he implored of God that before the following night this act of humble reverence might be rewarded, and the hand of Dermot wield the sceptre of Erin. This was accomplished by the aid of Dermot's devoted foster-brother, Mulmorrie, who came begging the loan of the prince's swift, black horse, saying that he had a plan for winning the crown for him. Dermot at first refused, for he was divided between his own cherished ambition and fear for the safety of his brave foster-brother. A dispute ensued, at the end of which Dermot yielded; and Mulmorrie was soon speeding on the road to Tara with a bleeding dog's heart borne aloft on his spear's point. By this stratagem he gained admittance to the king's presence, and stabbed him. The daring deed cost him his life; a fate which a wierd sort of verse in the Annals seems to say he richly deserved. Nor did he survive to see St. Kieran's prayer granted, and his beloved Dermot Ard-ri of Erin.

Seven months after this comes the death of the great St. Kieran. Dermot had, of course, granted to St. Kieran all the lands of Artibra, and built schools there, which was the favourite scheme of the saint. But he did not live to enjoy this accomplishment of his wishes, as we find his death entered under the first year of Dermot's reign.

At this point of our little review, our guide was particularly useful to us. He was no other than the worthy custodian of the ruins, who, finding us more bent on reverential examination of his beautiful charge than on mere picnicing, added much to the pleasure of our day by pointing out very special bits, and giving us some very useful information. He now assisted our pious reflections on the patron saint of Clonmacnoise, by leading us to the little ruined church, called St. Kieran's Bed. Here, beneath the spot where the altar stood, lies one of the greatest of our Irish saints, Kieran, the son of the Connaught carpenter.

But this was not the end of his greatness, for, though great in life, he was greater still in death. His virtues drew the holy of Erin so swiftly after him that when he died at Clonmacnoise, seven months after his coming there, at the early age of thirty-three, many disciples crowded around his bed, and reverently bore him to his resting-place in the Eaglias-beg (little church). And the name of the young Kieran, rich in the blessing of the great Carpenter's Son of Nazareth, whose faithful servant and imitator he was, went spreading far and wide. Troops of youths came crowding to the schools; a town sprang up in the fields behind the church, and the place won its name of "Retreat of the Sons of the Nobles." Life-weary hearts came to rest and pray within those holy walls. And it was an Irish prince's pride to study at Clonmacnoise under the successors of Kieran in his youth; then, out into the stormy world, only to come back, when life was drawing to a close, to do penance, and to die under his protection, that he might rest in the soil consecrated by his presence. For it was considered that great graces and blessings were in store for those who were buried there. King Dermot himself sets an example of this. When dying of wounds received in battle, after a reign of twenty years, he begged that he might be buried at Clonmacnoise, near to his dear and holy friend, St. Kieran. This reminds us of the legend of Cairbre Crom, bishop of Clonmacnoise, which is given at much length in Colgan's "*Acta Sanctorum*" (page 508). Of him it is told that returning from the church one evening, having remained there late at prayer, he encountered the spirit of King Malachy I., who informed him that his burial at Clonmacnoise would, through the intercession of St. Kieran, avail him much on the last day.

The whole place looks mysterious with all the legends and histories which we know are belonging to every corner, filling up every chink and cranny. There is a peculiar feeling that sometimes steals over one in such spots, as if the shadows of the priests, and heroes, and monks, and princesses, who filled it in the days gone by, were standing silently in the corners watching us, so that by a quick turn you might be all but in time to see them glide away again solemn and majestic. The particular spot at Clonmacnoise where you feel this most, is looking down from the spot

where the altar stood in the Teampoll-na-Riogh (Church of the Kings). For my part, I would have given much for a quiet hour there, to dream over all that we had read about the spot, and as much more that we had imagined; and I would have given much for an artist's hand to paint all that I saw for a remembrance. We fancied that, perhaps, in that far corner knelt the Irish poet, Eaird Mac Cossie, in his humble, penitential days. He was hardly so good in the days when he fought and lost the duel with his good king, Malachy, who wished to resume the revenues of the crown of Ireland, which in his earnest desire for the encouragement of literature he had conferred on the poet for the space of one year. Eaird presumed on the belief that the king would never draw his blood, on account of this love of literature and learning. The generous monarch merely parried his blows, showing him his inability to conquer him, and then dismissed him with his pardon. The poet dwelt close to Clonmacnoise after this, and came daily to the church to pray. But an angel came to him, saying that he should change his dwelling to some far spot, for that his steps were counted, as he came daily to the Holy Sacrifice, and weighed against his sins to the mitigation of his future purgatory. He immediately removed his house to a distant spot amongst bogs, which is called after him to this day; and from thence he went daily, scarcely feeling the length of the way, or the number of the precious steps that led to holy Clonmacnoise, until his happy death in the year 990.

Or, the scene is changed, and the holy spot is, for a time, in the hands of the haughty Dane, Turgesius; and his not less haughty wife issues her orders from the high altar. Little cares she for the great mysteries which were wont to be celebrated there. But ere long her husband is drowned in Lough Owel, and these gay times are at an end.

This leads the mind to the interesting story of the great theft committed by Gillicowan, a Dane of Limerick, who came by night and stole away many rich things, amongst which, the Annals of Clonmacnois tell us, were the following:—The carracan, or model of Solomon's Temple cut in an emerald, presented by Malachy; the standing cup of Donagh More Flynn; the three gifts which King Turlough O'Connor had presented, namely, a silver goblet, a silver cup with a gold cross upon it, and a drinking-horn of gold; the drinking-horn of Riada, King of Aradh; a silver chalice with a burnishing of gold upon it, with an engraving by the daughter of Roderick O'Connor; and the silver cup of Ceallach, successor of Patrick—that is, Primate of Armagh. When the monks discovered the theft, they took the best means they could to recover the lost treasures; they fasted and prayed incessantly to God and St. Kieran. Their prayers were granted, for one of the O'Briens found the Dane attempting his escape from the country; and immediately handed him over to the monks for punishment. During

his trial Gillicowan confessed that he had attempted escape from all the principal ports in Ireland, such as Waterford, Cork, and Lismore; but on each occasion he was stopped by St. Kieran, who held his staff or crozier before the vessel, and would not let it pass.

Just at our feet lies the last of our Irish kings, Roderick O'Connor, on the left of the altar; whilst his father, Turlough, rests on the right. Gazing at the grass which grows above them, I am beginning to sink deeper and deeper into thoughts of those bygone years, when I am aroused by the very unpleasant remark that we must "look sharp" as the evening is wearing on, and we have a good long row before us. There is really nothing so disagreeable as being told to "look sharp," just when you have every desire to do the very contrary. This is immediately followed by a request that, if I am not too deep in the past, I would condescend to look at "that dear little boat" on the river; and I turn only to long, more and more, for a skilful artist's hand. The carved Gothic doorway formed a frame to the larger of the two exquisite Irish crosses, which stood outside, with its perfect symmetry shown to the greatest advantage against the bright Shannon, which stretched broad and gleaming in the background, with a little skiff lying on its bosom. But the mellow sunlight which flooded the little picture spoke of approaching evening, and endorsed that unpleasant remark about looking sharp; and we hurried off into the little sacristy.

It is a queer little apartment, with a floor much lower than the church, and lighted only by tiny loop-holes. Here is treasured a tombstone, marked with a cross, and the inscription, "Or do Uallagh," which corresponds with the entry in the Annals of the Four Masters, under the year 932:—"Uallagh, chief poetess of Ireland, died." Another bears the inscription, "Or do Dubthach;" and we hear from the same authority of the death of a certain Dubthach, lector of Clonmacnoise, who was the most learned man of his time. A large number of such stones as these are locked up in the little, ruined church of the O'Kellys, and are well worthy of attention. The variety in the shapes of the crosses which are carved on these stones is very wonderful. Our guide tells of two still more beautiful ones, which were stolen, on one of which was a carved head, with long hair falling on the shoulders, which would appear to have adorned the grave of a Coolin chieftain.

Having examined the tiny sacristy and admired the remains of the old carved pillars of the Church, which are carefully laid by there, we passed out of the Teampoll-na-riogh through the Gothic doorway, which possesses the wonderful property that the faintest whisper breathed on one side is distinctly audible to the listener on the other. Above this are sculptured the figures of St. Patrick, St. Dominic and St. Francis, which must have belonged to a later

date than most of the wonders of Clonmacnoise. And now we are looking up at one of our grand, wonderful round Towers; but who shall decide the date to which it belonged, or when, or how, or why it was built there? This one is nearly perfect, but the conical top is gone; to account for which we have this entry in the *Annals of the Four Masters*—"1138: The conical top of the tower at Clonmacnoise struck off by lightning." There is another tower, smaller and quite perfect, standing by the little Church of the Mac Carthys, a little lower down towards the river.

And now, indeed, at last we must tear ourselves away if we are to have a look at the Church of the Nuns, near at hand. It was finished in 1169 by the Lady Devorgilla, wife of Tiernan O'Rourke, Prince of Breffni. Of this, two beautiful carved doorways, and part of the walls, still remain. The larger doorway, which had partly fallen, has been recently rebuilt in its proper form by the *Archæological Society*. It is adorned with a number of grotesque heads of animals, holding in their mouths a rounded bar which runs round the whole arch. Here it was that at the last moment our hostess, Saxon though she was, showed herself more Irish than the Irish themselves: for she stooped and plucked a little daisy, wishing, she said, to take away something that belonged to Clonmacnoise.

But all this time the sky has been forming a richer and richer background of golden clouds to the sombre Round Tower, and warning us that our time is shorter than ever. Soon we are gliding along the bright water, looking back at the scene. There were broad fields stretching along the opposite bank of the river. Two or three quiet-looking little cottages stood there with the smoke going straight up to the rich sky, and not a breath of wind to stir it aside. Behind these the sun had just disappeared; but there was still a red dash of light lying across the fields and far along the water in trembling breadths. A little way up some cows were grazing, quite unconscious of the true likeness of themselves, true even to the brown splashes of colour on their smooth old sides, which we are watching with pleasure and amusement, in the glassy water. One little white calf, Narcissus-like, peers down at his own pretty reflection below. On the other side, the mellow light has already faded from the ruins, leaving them grey and mysterious as if musing by the ruddy water. They look, more than ever, full of shadows and visions which might any night come trooping out in the moonlight, like the Court of Boabdil, el Chico in the Spanish tale of the Discreet Statues. Only, here St. Kieran would stand with that wonderful crozier in his hand, which holds so prominent a part in all the legends we hear about him; whilst, not far off, the holy virgins troop round the penitent Devorgilla, who stands with her proud head bowed upon her hands. They tell her how there is joy in heaven for one sinner doing penance, and how she may atone for the awful crime of flying with him who made a "reeking sod" of all Erin.

And then a bend of the river hides it all from our eyes. But those shadows are with us and around us when the summer twilight closes on us; gliding along the old, old Shannon that wound away beautiful and bright, long before they came, and will go on long after our time. Even when we run ashore in the soft dusk of the May night at Athlone, they are with us; and we look up at the old Church tower, half wondering to think that it rose when Clonmacnoise was falling; and belonged to a later time; and looked down on the victorious Ginckle, and the vain, faulty, baffled St. Ruth.

They did die away a little, however, when we were safe in our comfortable quarters; for it would take an active imagination to fancy St. Kieran, or Uallagh, or Devorgilla, resting on a scroll-shaped lounge, and enjoying a cup of excellent tea after a day at Clonmacnoise.

J. M. M.



THE DIES IRAE:*

A NEW TRANSLATION IN THE ORIGINAL METRE.

DAY of wrath, that day whose knelling
Gives to flame this earthly dwelling;
Psalm and Sibyl thus foretelling.

Oh! what agony of trembling,
When the Judge, mankind assembling,
Probeth all beyond dissembling.

Pealing wondrous through the regions,
Shall the trumpet force obedience,
And the graves yield up their legions.

Startled Death and Nature sicken,
Thus to see the creature quicken,
Waiting judgment terror-stricken.

Open, then, with all recorded
Stands the Book from whence awarded
Doom shall pass with Deed accorded.

*When the above was written, the translator was wholly unaware of any previous English version in the metre of the original having been published. His attention has been since directed to a translation by the late Mr. Philip Stanhope Worsley, published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1860, in the trochaic metre and dissyllabic endings of the Latin hymn.

When the Judge is throned in session,
All things hid shall find confession,
Unavenged be no transgression.

Wretch ! what then shall be my pleading ?
Who my patron interceding ?
Scarce the just securely speeding !

Thou, O King of awful splendour !
Saving grace dost freely render ;
Save me, fount of pity tender !

Think, 'twas I, my lost condition,
Caused, dear Lord, Thy mortal mission—
Spare my soul that day's perdition.

Seeking me, Thy footstep hasted ;
Me to save, the Cross was tasted—
Be not toil so mighty wasted !

Righteous Judge of retribution !
Grant the gift of absolution
Ere the day of restitution.

Me my culprit heart accuses,
Inmost guilt my face suffuses—
Turn, O Lord, and heal my bruises.

Thou who Mary's sin hast shriven,
Thou who brought'st the Thief to Heaven,
Hope to me hast also given.

Nothing worth is mine endeavour,
Yet, in ruth, my soul deliver
From the flame that burns for ever.

With Thy sheep, Thy chosen, place me,
Severed from the goats embrace me ;
On Thy right hand, ransom'd, place me.

When the reprobate confounded
Lie with wrathful fire surrounded,
May my call to bliss be sounded !

Crushed to dust and prostrate bending,
All my heart contrition rending—
I implore Thee, guard my ending !

Oh ! that awful day of mourning,
When, from earthly dust returning,
Guilty man shall bide his sentence—
Spare him, God, for his repentance.

Jesus Lord, Thy mercy lending,
Grant them rest, Thy rest unending !

J. O. H.

MARY OF INISARD.

BY R. D. DOWLING, AUTHOR OF "ON BABIES AND LADDERS."

THIS is a story told in prose, for want of the skill to tell it in verse.

Behind the ruins a sheer cliff, crowned with a plume of pines ; touching the feet of this cliff a broad dark lake with one dim islet resting on its waters ; in front, and beyond the lake a shallow plain cut off by a chain of lofty peaks ; to the left, low mountains ; to the right, a comb of ragged hills ; and over all the cool grey twilight of a summer night, spangled with the everlasting stars.

The lake of Inisard is a thousand feet above the level of the sea. It rests between the topmost spears of four converging systems of mountains, Its waters are always cold and still, and never vary an inch in height. No stream feeds it, yet from the western angle there is a continuous outflow, both winter and summer. The people who dwell near the lake regard this circumstance with superstitious awe, and those who would explain the phenomenon out of the hand-books of science are at a loss in assigning a situation to the reservoirs which feed it, for there are no higher mountains than those around it in a radius of twenty miles.

The only path leading from the valley to Inisard is by the stream which falls from the western lip of the lake. Upon gaining the level of the lake the path bends slightly to the right, gradually narrows until it is no broader than a man's back, and finally, after about a hundred yards, expands into an open piece of level ground. Along this path and backing the open ground to which it leads, is a perpendicular cliff, varying in height from fifty to eighty feet. Thus, there is no means of gaining this patch of level land save by the narrow causeway under the cliff.

Many centuries ago there stood upon this isolated patch a little cottage inhabited by Thomas Flynn. Thomas had a wife named Brigid, and a daughter Mary; and here the three dwelt happily and contentedly, holding slight intercourse with the world below. Thomas wove baskets from willows growing upon the opposite shore of the lake. Occasionally strangers came to Inisard to enjoy the clear air, and solitude of the lake; Thomas had a boat, and rowed the visitors hither and thither, and so in summer considerably supplemented the profits of his basket-making. His wife was well skilled in spinning and knitting, and when Tom went with his baskets down the hills he always had some serviceable stockings, and hanks of stout yarn to sell too.

Now, it so happened that when strangers came down into the valley from Inisard, the most vivid memory they brought with them was that of Mary Flynn. They said she was no great beauty, but only the sweetest mountain maid eye ever saw. Her voice and her eyes seemed to haunt them continually, and when they advised their friends to climb the hills, they always said, "You ought to go see Mary of Inisard," not Inisard itself. So, as time went on, her name crept gradually down the mountains until it spread over the valley, and reached the village of Kilfane.

From the village of Kilfane to the top of Inisard, and as far as the eye could see from the heights above the lake, lay the land of O'Neil. The district was always spoken of by those who lived in it as "O'Neil's country." At the time this story opens, the lord of the vast tract was away in foreign lands, and he had left during his absence full power with Timothy Davin. O'Neil was no more than three-and-twenty. His father had died but a year before. Davin had acted under the former O'Neil. He was still short of thirty years old. Davin, in the absence of O'Neil, lived in Kilfane Castle, hard by the village of Kilfane.

The fame of Mary's loveliness in time came to the ears of Davin. His curiosity was excited; and one bright, clear, hearty spring day he climbed the mountains, and called upon Tom.

The basket-maker showed all due hospitality and respect to the representative of the great O'Neil. He entertained him as best he could. He rowed him all over the lake in his boat, and set before him the best of the simple fare his cottage afforded. Tom's wife let no opportunity slip of trying to do honour to their guest, and Mary moved hither and thither, and waited upon them, to the music of her own laughter and the rhythm of her simple songs; for she, like the birds, sang sweetly; not with diffidence, not as an art, but as a natural expression of her varying moods.

The visitor was fascinated. He had never before seen anything like this simple maiden of the lake. Her pure, unconscious blue eyes, her clear sympathetic voice, her simple grace, subdued and elevated him. He had been in the great city, fifty miles

from Kilfane ; he had travelled through the valley below, and never felt so touched before. He talked of getting Tom a better place ; perhaps land down below. He asked her if she would not like to live in Kilfane. But she said, no. She loved to be near the blue sky, and the blue lake, and the purple heather.

The day wore into evening, and the evening into night. He could not leave the place. He told Tom he should stay till morning. Tom was overjoyed, for the friendly notice of the deputy meant good to him. The basket-weaver said that as the cottage was very small he should himself sleep in a shed without, and give up his little room to Davin. But the other would not hear of such a thing, and, when Tom pressed, declared that he would rather start for Kilfane, late as it was, than disturb a member of the family ; so the visitor was accommodated in the shed, and had for a couch a bundle of dry aromatic rushes.

He was not a man accustomed to endure disappointment or delay. His temper was violent and his nature undisciplined. He was prosperous, and far above the poor basket-maker in social position. He could make or mar the fortunes of any one on O'Neil's land. Before he rose the next morning he had sworn to himself that he would make Mary his wife. His passions were headlong and tempestuous, and those who knew him well had often seen that once he set an object before his eyes he did not allow an ordinary obstacle to bar the way.

He slept badly, and day was just dawning when he rose. He went forth, and paced up and down the little patch of level land. As the day broadened in the East, the plover began to cry to one another, and the crows sailed over the pines above his head, cawing and wheeling before drifting down through the blue air to seek food in the valley.

They were early risers in the cottage, and before the sun had climbed above the rugged hills to the right, he heard sounds indicating that the family of the basket-maker were astir. Presently, he paused, threw up his head, and listened eagerly. Mary was humming some old tune. In a little while the humming ceased, and she sang, in a clear soft voice, which seemed like a hymn of early day, breathed by the morning wind to the purple heath :—

SONG.

I.

THERE are flowers in the heather,
There are daisies in the shade,
Here's a swallow's glossy feather—
Pledge of coming summer weather,
When the winds are laid.

II.

When my father weaves the sallow,
And my mother with her card
Cards the wool, when blooms the mallow,
Who would change for wold or fallow
Thy shores, Inisard ?

III.

Down the rocks the stream goes brawling
From the silent lake above,
In the night, it sounds in falling,
Like the voice of Angel calling—
“Mary, here is love.”

IV.

I shan't love like valley maiden,
For the heather hills are high ;
When with love my soul's o'erladen,
I shall sing, and float to Aiden
Far within the sky.

When the song was finished, Davin stood awhile pondering. Then he muttered in a tone of dissatisfaction, “Only a song she picked up somewhere. Yet,” he added, after another little while, “it is wonderfully true to her position.”

That day wore away into evening, and Davin signified his intention of using the bed of rushes in the shed a second time. Upon the third day he called the old man aside and spoke to him. He told him that he was rich. He had a house upon O'Neil's demesne—there was no farmer on the whole lands of Kilfane as well-off as he. Mary was a poor, portionless girl. He could have the daughter of any man on the lands with a dowry of cattle and sheep, and money, too ; but he could afford to choose, and his choice was Mary.

Flynn was overwhelmed with astonishment. If the O'Neil himself had come and asked for the girl, he could scarcely have been more amazed. After some talk, Flynn said he would consult with his wife and speak to his daughter.

The basket-maker moved away, leaving Davin wondering what need there could be for consultation or reflection, when he had made such an offer. There was not a father in all the valley would not eagerly embrace his proposal. Davin never thought at all of Mary herself in the matter. Her compliance was a matter of course. What girl could resist the fascinations of his figure, the allurements of his position. He walked up and down for some minutes nursing the ill-humour born of Flynn's deliberate manner of treating his contemplated sacrifice. As time went on, his ill-humour changed to anger, and when, at the end of half an hour, the basket-maker did not appear, his anger rose to rage. He was not accustomed to delay or denial ; how dare this low pauper hesi-

tate? How dare he keep him waiting? His steps grew heavy, his eyes flashed; he was already half regretting the act which subjected him to the indignity of allowing consideration for one or anything to come between him and his object. "Why do I speak to that old fool at all?" he exclaimed, angrily stamping the grass. "Why did I not speak to the girl herself? She would have taken no time for consideration!" He surveyed the reflection of himself in the placid lake.

As he stood there, the door of the cottage opened, and the father came forth, and approached the deputy with bent head, apprehensive glance, and uncertain steps.

Davin turned sharply as Flynn drew near. "Well!" he demanded savagely.

Flynn started, as he began: "I have spoken to my wife."

"Well?" reiterated the other, harshly.

"And, Mr. Davin, she said what I say, that your offer is an honour—an honour which we could neither deserve nor look for."

"Well?" The tone was as brutal as ever.

"But——" He paused, horrified by the expression which passed across the man's face. "But Mary—Mr. Davin—you mustn't mind."

"Go on, you idiot! What did *she* say?"

"You mustn't mind her, sir; she's very young, and young girls——"

"Are you going to stand preaching there all day? Do you think I'm here to listen to you until sun-down? Out with it, I say, or I won't answer for keeping my hands off you!" He turned white, and shook his fist in the old man's face.

"She says she'll never marry, Mr. Davin."

"Did you tell her it was I—I, Timothy Davin, asked her?" He was livid now.

"Yes." The old man trembled with fear.

"Then, as sure as that sun is shining on your cottage, it will shine through the roof before the year is out."

* * * *

Davin had the power to make his threat good—and he used it. During the absence of O'Neil, there was no one to dispute his will or question his acts. He ruled absolutely over the land of Kilfane. The lord of the soil was not expected back for months, so there was plenty of time to look for a pretext. Although Davin exercised full control, he did not like to do any act which might possibly give rise to an unpleasant inquiry hereafter; consequently, he sought for an excuse, good or bad. Failing, after every search, to discover anything, he became solicitous about the game upon the hills. It was badly preserved. Birds and hares, aye, and deer, were continually destroyed by idle vagabonds and professional poachers. It was absolutely necessary, in the interest of his master, that this state of things should be remedied. Some one should be

ed to preserve the game. The keeper's house ought to be in a central position. What better situation could be selected in Inisard? Of course there was only one house in the district, bad as it went against his feelings, he found it incumbent on him to give Flynn warning, in order that he might instal the keeper in the cottage.

Such was the explanation given by him to the people with whom he spoke. At that time game was taken small heed of, and upland game was comparatively disregarded. The people heard him in silence. He was too powerful and arbitrary to permit expostulation or suggestion. In time, when the story of his proposal got abroad, the people saw through the whole scheme, but held their peace. The act only went to show how dangerous it would be to cross such a man as Timothy Davin.

Two months after Davin's visit to the cottage, word came to Flynn that he should be out of the place by the 15th of December.

The deputy was too cunning to display vindictive haste. He wanted to accomplish his object without needless risk. He wanted to ruin the basket-maker without injuring himself. Like most bullies, he was a coward; like most tyrants, he strove to avoid acquiring the name of one. He gave a long day, but he selected a season when the family of the unhappy Flynn would feel his cruelty the most keenly. "They will take the last day," he calculated. "They will not stir from the old hearth until they are forced, and when, at length they have no choice but to go, they will find snow upon the mountains, and maybe a grave, before they reach the valley."

In the meantime, he let fall certain apparently careless words which had the force of law in Kilfane. "I hope," he said to Hugh Garrett, "that Flynn won't try to settle on any other part of O'Neil's land, for he's an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, and any one that would be such a fool as to give him or his family a night's lodging would be only keeping a pest on the land."

The people grew afraid even to mention Flynn's name; for it never was spoken in his presence that the swarthy face of the deputy did not flush, and a certain angry flash dart from his eyes.

As the winter drew nigh, the heart of the basket-maker sank within him. He had tried, over and over again, to find some little cottage or cabin into which he might creep when the day of departure arrived. He was in despair as the winter approached. He felt too old and too heartbroken to think of adventuring into the distant city, and every door in Kilfane seemed shut against him. One hope buoyed him up. Perhaps, after all, Davin would not persist. He might be moved by entreaties. He might, at the last moment, relent. Surely, when he heard that no cottage, no roof, no shelter, could be found in Kilfane, he would not carry out his cruel threat.

Towards the end of November another sorrow was added to his

burden. His wife fell ill. Day after day she sank under the malignant influence of a wasting disease. At first she had only to give up going to Kilfane for the few necessities required by the cottage—now she was barely able to cross from one side of the room to the other. When December came, she could no longer rise; and all through the long bleak days, and the cold dreary nights, Mary sat by her ministering to her—now singing softly some soothing simple song, now bathing the aching head, now moistening the feeble, bloodless lips.

As the dreaded 15th approached, the basket-maker felt his hope revive. Nothing direct, or indirect, had come from Davin to show that he intended carrying out his threat. Mrs. Flynn was slowly sinking. Upon the morning of the 15th, she could not raise her hand to her head. It was bitterly cold. Overhead, black snow clouds hung in sullen ominous masses. Below, a faint, bitter north wind rustled in the frozen heath. There was a thin skin of ice upon the lake. Towards noon, gentle, feathery flakes of snow began to fall silently and softly. All within the cottage was silent. The old man sat opposite the bed upon which his dying wife lay. Mary had fallen asleep on the stool by the turf fire. There was no sound abroad, save the low bitter whisper of the wind in the brittle heather.

"They will not come to-day," said the old man to himself, "for the snow, the first snow of the year, is falling, and no one would face these hills in a snow fall."

Mrs. Flynn seemed easier. She closed her eyes in sleep. Her husband rose, and going to the fire, brushed away the ashes, and drew the turf together. "They won't come to-day," he repeated, taking comfort of the thought, and sitting opposite his sleeping daughter. They had been awake all the night with the suffering woman.

In an hour the wind had fallen, and no sound broke the solitude of the mountain heights. The snow had ceased, but still overhead hung the dark clouds. The blue sky was nowhere visible, and the whole scene had that hideous, unnatural appearance, observed when the light appears to come from the earth and not the sky.

Almost another hour passed before the stillness was broken; then voices could have been heard from the cottage; and, presently, the figures of three men emerged from the dip in the glen, and took the narrow pathway to the house. They knocked and entered without speaking.

Davin had kept his word.

Let us from the outside see what followed the entrance of the three men.

After the lapse of half an hour, old Flynn, assisted by the three men, appeared, carrying a low bedstead, upon which lay a figure, concealed under covering. They bore their burden into the shed

the side of the house. Then the four, assisted by Mary, proceeded to remove all the furniture of the cottage into the shed. When this was done, one of the men climbed to the roof of the cottage, tied a rope to a rafter, and descended. The three men then pulled with all their might at the rope, until the roof shook, tottered, and finally collapsed within the four bare walls.

As the roof fell, old Flynn appeared from the shed, and threw up his hands towards heaven with a gesture of despair. The three men turned, and moved away along the narrow causeway by the lake's side. The basket-maker sat down on a low wall, and buried his face in his hands. The men had not walked more than half the length of the causeway, when one of them stopped, and beckoned the other two to halt. They stood a moment speaking together; then each man put his hand into his pocket, drew forth something. The man who had beckoned them to stop, opened his hand, and the others, each, placed something in it. Then he went back to where old Flynn sat, bent over him, and slipped what he held in his hand into the hand of the basket-maker. The latter rose to his feet; but the man pushed him into a sitting posture again, patted him on the back, and ran back to his companions. In a moment the three strangers disappeared.

The old man sat in the gathering twilight, with his face turned towards the ruins of his old home. Half an hour more passed. Now Mary came out of the shed, and going to her father sat down beside him, and drew his head to her and rested it upon her shoulder, and smoothed his grey hairs, and kissed his wrinkled forehead, and soothed his cold, hard hands with her own. After a while, the two rose and re-entered the shed, she still clinging to him, and supporting him, and caressing his cold worn hands.

Then in a little while it was night. Abroad, lay the thin sheet of snow, ragged and torn here and there, where large masses touched the wind; above, upon the dark, rode the portentous clouds, at anchor, like huge ships of battle awaiting the signal to destroy. The giant hills, conscious of their strength, slept and took no care. As the night deepened, the little stream at the western end of the lake took courage, and began whispering timidly in the sulky shadows of the overhanging rocks and stones. No light save the hateful, low ground-light of the snow; no sound but the murmur of the little fearful stream; no hope on earth. But, beyond the embattled clouds, beyond the glittering concave of the stars, beyond the realms of the remotest sun, Hope—the hope of simple faith.

It was Christmas-eve in Kilsfane. Over all the landscape spread a thick sheet of snow. In the lowlands it was three feet thick; on the windward side of the hills it was thin and frozen; but to leeward, and in the glens and gorges, it lay in vast billows, reaching half-way up to the feathery plumes of the pines.

But the court-yard of Kilfane castle was clear of snow, and full of men. Huge fires were kindled here and there, and the followers of O'Neil wandered hither and thither. Lights flamed in the halls, and flickered through corridors, for the young lord of Kilfane had come back to his own, from foreign lands; and those who loved him had gathered to give him welcome, and wish him a happy Christmas under his own roof.

The O'Neil sat in the great hall. At his feet slept three huge hounds. Around him thronged the chief men of Kilfane. Behind him, the florid face of Davin, the deputy, shone against the dark. Upon the right of O'Neil, sat a bent, venerable-looking man, the priest of Kilfane. His hand shook with the palsy, and his grey hair trembled when it moved.

As the night wore on, and the festivity deepened, O'Neil came down from the dais, and mingled freely with those in the hall. As soon as the singing and dancing commenced, the lord of Kilfane moved to where the priest was placed, and sitting down beside the old man, entered into conversation with him. They had not been long talking, when a marked change came over the face of O'Neil. Suddenly, the smile left his face, and was succeeded by a flush. Then his brow contracted, and he darted an angry glance at Davin. In a few moments, he sprang hastily to his feet, and making a gesture to the harper to stop, motioned all the men in the hall around to approach. He spoke to the men for a few minutes. At first they smiled, and waved their hands; but as he went on, cheer rose upon cheer, until the lights of the torches flickered, and great clanging echoes gathered behind the brazen shields which hung upon the walls. Upon the first shout of joy and approval, Davin shrank away from the place, like an evil spirit that hears the cock crow before it is light.

O'Neil had no sooner finished speaking than the castle hall became a scene of the most tumultuous confusion of preparation. Litters, and torches, and ropes, were brought and piled up in the court-yard. Men shouldered shovels and long poles, and slung sheaves of torches over their shoulders. Bottles of wine and usquebaugh were wound into a thick bundle of warm, woollen wrappers. It was close upon nine o'clock when the men thrust their torches into the wood fires in the court-yard, and, headed by the O'Neil, carrying a coil of rope and long pole, marched quickly, in a long line, towards the snow-clad hills of Inisard.

The chill dawn of Christmas day had come into the east before O'Neil and his followers returned from the hills. Two litters were borne on the shoulders of some of the men, and the faces of all were sad. The lord of Kilfane walked beside one of the litters, and now and then it was lowered for a moment. All anxiety was evidently over respecting the burden of the second, for the men only altered their position when it changed bearers. Full day-

light filled the great hall of Kilfane Castle as the bearers laid down the litters, and turned to leave.

The covering was removed from the one by which O'Neil had walked, and there emaciated and pale, seeming almost dead, lay the young girl. She was only half conscious, her eyes were wide open, her hands clasped.

They had found the daughter and the body of the mother in the shed. It was afterwards learned, when Mary recovered, that the basket-maker had attempted to cross the ice of the lake through the snow, and, as his body was never found, the supposition prevailed that he had perished in the attempt, and that upon the breaking up of the frost his body sank into the mysterious depths of the lake.

It was May before Mary had fully recovered from the effects of that dreadful December time. She had from the night of her rescue remained at the castle. O'Neil said that all he could do should be done to wipe out the crime his deputy had done in his name. He had placed her under the charge of the aged priest who had first told him of her peril. He had given orders that she should be treated with the utmost consideration. He had considered it first a duty, then a privilege, and finally a delight to visit her daily; and before the cowslips were yellow in the meadows, the sweet pale face, and the large gentle eyes, and the tender clinging voice haunted him day and night, and the lord of Kilfane proved no stronger than his deputy, though he possessed the wider experience.

One evening in June as O'Neil was walking in the fields around the castle, he came upon Mary. Her back was turned towards him as he approached. Her old habit of singing to herself had returned with health, and she was humming in a low voice.

He called her name softly, and went to her and took her hand. All through the changing twilight till the dusk they wandered in the fields. As he told her his story her face grew sad, and the words she spoke were tender and soothing. He showed her the lands of Kilfane, he pointed out the castle, he told her of his love. All, all were hers. Would she not, could she not say that perhaps in a month, a year, her mind might change. Why had she, so young, so lovely, resolved never to marry?

It was dark when they returned. That very night the lord of Kilfane left his own home for foreign lands once more, and never returned again. She kept the vow she had made by the shores of Inisard, and before the winter came entered the convent in the city fifty miles away from Kilfane.

In time word came from O'Neil, and builders were set to work upon the narrow strip of flat ground by the lake, and by-and-bye a stately pile rose in the shadow of the cliff. When it was finished, a letter came all the way from Rome for one of the good nuns in the city. He did not know what name she had taken; but this

house and the townland of Gaulteer were a Christmas gift from the lord of Kilfane to her who had been known as Mary of Inisard.

When fifty summers more had burned, and fifty winters bleached the heather heights, the first lady superior of the convent of Inisard was laid to rest by the shore of the quiet lake, where she had first opened her eyes, where she had learned to look up towards the blue skies and the stars for comfort and peace, rather than down into the fretful valley beneath.

The ruins of the convent still remain, but there is no means of determining where she lies buried. The people say it is in the little angle by the rock, the only place where the violets blow, the last spot upon which the sunset lingers.

* * *

An artist friend of mine had come to paint the place, and I had gone with him for change, and love of his society. That summer night as we sat looking at the scene, this story was told to us in homely phrases by a man who had come to us from the village of Kilfane. When our fortnight was spent we came down to the lower lands, he with his picture and I with this. No reader can feel it as I felt it, for I heard it in simple words spoken in a tone of reverent pathos. I heard it in the pure air, in the sacred stillness, beneath the tender sympathetic stars. So close did we seem to the vault of heaven that night, when the speaker had done, I paused awhile, half expecting to hear a strain coming from beyond the veil that hung between us and the realms of eternal light.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE FATHER HENRY YOUNG, OF DUBLIN.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER VI.

IN 1820, the Annual Retreats were established at Maynooth for the Clergy of the archdiocese of Dublin. For forty-nine years Father Young's aspect and demeanour on these occasions offered to his brethren a living example of regularity, recollection, and profound humility. Up to the last year of his life he never failed to attend these religious exercises; and many of those who came thus in contact with him were so struck by his evident sanctity that they placed themselves under his direction. An anecdote is

related which shows at once his profound recollection, and his total freedom from human respect. During one of these Retreats the religious who was giving the exercises was surprised one day at receiving a visit in his room from Father Henry, who gently begged him to make the sign of the cross in a more solemn manner at the beginning of his instructions. The good Father was struck with the zeal which had prompted this request, and commissioned a friend to tell Father Young how much he had been pleased at his visit, and edified by his suggestion. The bearer of this message was greatly surprised to find that Father Young had not the least idea who the Priest was who gave the Retreat. It had been enough for him to listen to his words, and to lay them to heart. No natural curiosity had led him to inquire what was his name. We shall have occasion to speak again of Father Young's zeal for the promotion of outward and manifest devotion to the holy sign of our redemption.

Early during his mission at Harold's Cross, Father Young introduced amongst his people the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of which devotion he was ever afterwards to be so zealous a promoter. It was remarked that he never officiated in any Church without placing in it some token of this devotion, some image or picture of the Heart of his Divine Lord. To make Him known and loved was the aim and object of his life. The multiplicity of his labours evinces the holy restlessness of that desire. In the church, in the street, or in his little room—preaching, or conversing, or writing—there was not an hour unmarked by something done with that intention.

In 1822, he found time in the midst of all his other occupations to compile a Prayer-book, containing the Evening Office of the Church, according to the Roman Breviary, in Latin and English, the Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Office of the Dead, and many other useful devotions. This book is still a favourite with the members of the various pious confraternities of Dublin. Father Young was assisted in its compilation by Dr. Blake, Bishop of Dromore, who was then pastor of SS. Michael and John's, to which parish Father Young was for a while attached. In the same year he published an edition of M. l'Abbé Claude Arvisenet's excellent little work for ecclesiastics, "*Memoriale Vitæ Sacerdotalis*," which has been more than once reprinted in Dublin.* In the following year, he published a little popular treatise against drunkenness, very effective with its quaint and earnest simplicity, and well adapted for the class of persons to whom it was

* May the "IRISH MONTHLY" venture to link itself with even this remote period in the career of the holy man whose name consecrates so many of its pages, and seek a good omen in the fact that Father Young's first printer, Mr. M. H. Gill, has been reserved to a hale old age to print also this sketch of Father Young's Life half a century later?

addressed. In this way, and by his frequent discourses against the vice of intemperance, he prepared the way many years beforehand for the movement began so successfully by Father Mathew in 1840. Father Young was very rigid in his opinions on the subject of drinking, abstained entirely himself from every kind of spirits, and left any room where drinking was going on. He used to say, that Satan and the glass were never far asunder. It was about this time that he engaged in a correspondence, which continued for some years, with the famous Prince Hohenlohe, so celebrated for the many miracles he performed. A very remarkable one took place at St. Joseph's Convent of Carmelite Nuns, Ranelagh, with which, as it was in his parish, Father Young was officially connected. It created a great sensation at the time, and the particulars of this wonderful cure have been preserved to us in a very authentic form, contained, as they are, in a pastoral letter* addressed by Archbishop Murray to the Clergy and laity of the diocese of Dublin, on the 15th of August, 1823, a fortnight after the occurrence. The Archbishop had, meanwhile, as he assures his flock, "subjected all the circumstances of this extraordinary case to a lengthened and rigid inquiry."

Sister Mary Frances Stuart, the subject of this miraculous cure, had for five years suffered frequent attacks of paralysis. For several months before August, 1823, she had entirely lost the power of articulation, and could not be moved by her attendant without difficulty, and even danger. Her case was pronounced to be hopeless. Human means had been tried without success. No doubt, as may be inferred from a letter we shall quote presently, it was chiefly from Father Young that the nuns heard of Prince Hohenlohe, and of the wonderful answers vouchsafed to his prayers. A letter, which lies before us, addressed to "M. Henri Young, à Kinsealy, ou ailleurs," by M. Forster, Curé of Huttenheim, Prince Hohenlohe's secretary, explains his manner of acting, though it regards, indeed, a later application of Father Young's in favour of some "pious and noble lady," for whom the Prince promises to offer up a second Novena of prayers from the 2nd to the 10th of May, 1834. It was thus that the holy Prince always made many others join with him in intercession; and he did so likewise in the case of Sister Mary Frances. It was arranged that the Novena should close for her with Mass and Communion on the 1st of August. It was, then, on that day, and at the appointed hour, that the paralysed and speechless daughter of St. Theresa received Holy Communion in her cell, whilst Mass

* This pastoral is given in full in the appendix to the sermon preached by Monsignor Meagher at the Month's Mind of the Archbishop. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare, published also about the same time a pastoral authenticating the cure, under circumstances similar to the above, of Miss Lawlor, a member of a respectable family in his diocese. See Fitzpatrick's *Life of Dr. Doyle*.

was being celebrated, in union with the one that God's servant was saying hundreds of miles away from the Convent Chapel, where many had come to join their supplications with those of the nuns. The Holy Sacrifice was over, the blessing given, and no cure apparently effected. The pious invalid was making an act of entire submission to the will of God, when she suddenly felt that she could move—that she could speak. In a loud voice she exclaimed, "Holy, holy, holy! Lord God of Hosts!" and a moment afterwards rose, dressed herself, and walked to the chapel, where she joined in the thanksgiving offered up to God for this wonderful manifestation of His power and goodness.

The Archbishop of Dublin, who has recorded all these particulars, hastened to the spot, investigated all the circumstances, and collected information from every source within his reach. After an inquiry of several days, he gave his public decision:—"We do hereby declare, on what seems to us the most unquestionable evidence, that the cure which was effected in the person of the said Mary Stuart on the 1st of August, is the effect of a supernatural agency, an effect which we cannot contemplate without feeling in our inmost soul an irresistible conviction that 'the finger of God is here.'"

The miraculous cure thus solemnly authenticated was perfect and permanent. Sister Mary Stuart lived for many years in good health, and was chosen to establish a new Convent of her Order at Blanchardstown, and afterwards another at Fir House, Tallaght. On the 1st of August, every year since this event, there is a Benediction of the most Holy Sacrament at St. Joseph's Convent, in thanksgiving for the favour conferred on their sister so many years ago.

The note in which Father Young gave Prince Hohenlohe's direction to Mrs. Meade, the Reverend Superioress of St. Joseph's Convent, has been preserved. Only a few words of this letter refer to the present subject; yet we cannot but avail ourselves of the opportunity of inserting it. Our humble, unknown Irish saint, commending his spiritual children, his charities, and his orphans to the prayers of the foreign Prince, with the fame of whose sanctity Europe was filled, is a picture worth preserving. There was no doubt, in God's eyes, a close affinity between those two souls, so differently situated, and yet so similarly devoted:—

[Not dated, but the water mark is in 1823.]

"DEAR REVEREND MOTHER,—In answer to your kind note I give you the address of the Rev. Mr. Forster as stated by his Grace Dr. Murray. The address to his Serene Highness I send you as it was sent to me in the last package I received: à Son Altesse le Prince Alexandre de Hohenlohe, Chanoine titulaire de l'Eglise Cathédrale de Bamberg à Bamberg.

"You can choose whichever your prudence directs. I think the last is the safest. The most sure is to forward letters under cover to a friend in France who will put them there into the post, and that is what Mr. Forster recommends.

"As you are so good as to allow me to write a few lines, you will do me a great favour by inquiring yourself if my last letter to his Serene Highness, sent about a month and a half or two months ago, has been received. Recommend to him myself, my spiritual wants, and the spiritual and temporal welfare of those committed to my trust, and also the prosperity and good success of my last charitable establishment for the glory of God and the salvation of our neighbours. The whole weight of this triple charity, as expressed in the circular letters enclosed, falls on my shoulders. I have to provide for tender infant children rescued from misery, and I must unwillingly refuse many such-like applications for other distressed orphans. May the Lord God supply in their behalf the deficiency of our weakness and misery, and may He relieve the widow, the orphan, and the poor.

"I hope your application will be favourable and wonderful towards the relief and health of your afflicted religious sister. Recommending myself to your prayers and those of your community, I am, Reverend Mother, your devoted servant in Christ,

"HENRY YOUNG."

We find by this letter that Father Henry had at this time just such a work in hand as the Curé d'Ars' famous "Providence." The nuns of St. Joseph relate a little incident which illustrates his well-known love for children. One day that he was taking a poor little girl to an orphanage where he had obtained admittance for her, he stopped on his way at the convent, and made the nuns feast the child with bread and jam. "I have brought you an heiress," he said; "yes, an heiress—an heiress to the kingdom of heaven."

CHAPTER VII.

STERN as he sometimes appeared, there could not be a more affectionate heart than Father Henry's. His apparent coldness towards his relatives was the result of a spirit of penance which pervaded his whole life. What he denied to them and to himself of pleasant intercourse, familiar exchange of thoughts, and expressions of mutual affection, was supplied for by an intense solicitude for their spiritual welfare, an ardent desire that in the next world not one of them should miss that blessedness which alone seemed to him worth a care or thought. He seldom conversed with them; but in his secret hours of converse with God they were never forgotten. About the time we are speaking of, in 1824, his mother died. It excited some surprise that he was seldom seen by her bedside during her illness. Perhaps some thought in their hearts, even if they did not give utterance to the sentiment, that so pious a soul showed some indifference to this excellent parent. Was it so? Did he indeed love her less dearly than her other children because God had put into his heart a passionate love for Himself, for His Church, for His poor? Had those loves made him indifferent

towards his own mother? We feel this was not possible, but we like to know it also. And we do know it. Those hours which an ordinary filial affection would have led a son to spend gazing on the beloved face which he was so soon to behold no more, Henry Young employed in going from one poor home to another, where, for her sake or for his own, grateful hearts and pious lips would breathe forth prayers at his request; collecting those spiritual alms, those suffrages which smooth the last passage of a soul through the gates of death, and ascend with it to the God of the poor; from one church to another, where the Holy Sacrifice was offered; from one altar to another, where communicants were kneeling; wherever help was to be sued for and obtained for the loved and parting spirit, even then nearing eternity. A more touching picture can hardly be conceived of the son and the priest, than this self-denying, patient, solitary quest for prayers during the last days of a dying and beloved parent.

Mr. Charles Young did not long survive his wife. He died in 1825. The property which Father Henry then inherited was entirely devoted to the poor. The following letters, written by him at the time, will be read with interest:—

“J. M. J.

“12th January, 1825.

“DEAR SISTERS,—Among the many letters you will receive announcing the precious death of our dear father, I hope my few words will not be superfluous. I had written to you yesterday of the immediate expectation of his death; so your tender hearts are already prepared to receive the melancholy but happy tidings of his holy edifying death. He was during his whole illness perfectly composed and resigned, and seemed without pain, though tortured most acutely by the blisters applied to him. Whenever we asked him ‘was he in pain,’ he always answered, ‘no.’ In this composed state he passed the night. He attended to our prayers and ejaculations around his bed, and moved his lips in silence whilst his blessed soul was absorbed in God. This morning I announced to St. Clare’s Religious the immediate expectation of his death, and said Mass for him. They were each morning very solicitous, especially our good sister Catherine. I gave him on my return from Harold’s Cross, the Absolution and Plenary Indulgence *in articulo mortis*, and read the prayers for the departing soul. We suggested to him frequently the sacred name of *Jesus*, which was his last word; and while in prayer, this holy servant of God expired in most perfect tranquillity at two o’clock in the day, January 12, 1825, twelve hours before the anniversary of our dear mother. Instead of grief and tears we should rather rejoice at the consideration of such a holy, edifying death. ‘Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.’ As for my part, dear sisters, I am so overjoyed that I cannot express the exultation of my heart. I am rejoiced at the good tidings that are said to us, we are to enter into the house of the Lord, we are to possess the blissful mansions of eternal glory, the true land of the living, where we shall be habited with the plenitude of God’s house, and where we shall drink with delight at the torrent of pleasure; where we shall see God face to face, and in this beatific vision be transformed into the Divinity, according to the word of the prophet, ‘I say ye are gods and sons of the Most High.’ Should we not therefore rejoice at this glorious departure of our dear parent into immortal bliss, and should we not strain every effort to arrive thither ourselves to meet the em-

oracles of our blessed parents in the land of the living, where we shall be never more separated? We are now, dear sisters, truly orphans, but Christ has promised not to leave us long orphans, for He will send down His Divine Spirit, the Paraclete, to be our comforter, and He will come Himself in person to be our father and mother, and to be our best of parents. He will visit us Himself daily in the Eucharistic food, and by His divine graces and blessing He will protect us under the shadow of His wings all the days of our lives, till that happy day arrives when He will call us with those sweet words of the spouse: 'Come, my beloved, come from Mount Lebanon, come to be crowned with wreaths of immortal glory.' Amen.—Your loving brother,

"HENRY YOUNG."

"J. M. J.

"14th January, 1825.

"DEAR SISTERS,—Just arrived from the interment of our dear father, I take the pen to give you the concluding particulars. His children were dining together at Sylvester's* on the day of his death. Notices were sent to almost every chapel to offer the Masses of the week for his happy repose. The corpse was laid out at midnight, when William and I and Mr. O'Mealy recited the Office for the Dead. The following day and night, Offices, Rosaries, and Prayers, were continually recited in his bed-chamber, so that we have endeavoured to fulfil every filial duty. This morning we have celebrated three Masses for our deceased father previous to the funeral. Eleven carriages followed the hearse, filled with friends and relations whom I am unacquainted with. I did not say a word to any one. We five brothers were mourners in one carriage, and from the carriage went to our mother's remains, where we recited the Rosary of Jesus while the procession went around the church-yard. The Rev. Mr. Russell officiated. We then recited alone the Rosary of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and like Magdalen, were the last to quit the sepulchre. As we were fully convinced that our father's blessed soul arrived at its centre, God, as soon as his corpse reached its centre, the earth, we recited the Glorious Mysteries of the Rosaries of Jesus and Mary on our return from Mulhuddert to Gardiner-street, where we just now took a cup of tea.

"I hope, my dear sisters, you have received all the letters I have written from time to time since Mary's charge to me, and that you are satisfied with my details of the edifying death of our dear parent. Having fulfilled this pleasing duty, I do not believe I shall have occasion to write to you any more. I therefore conclude with wishing you every joy and happiness, which I truly experience instead of sorrow and sadness.—I am, dear sisters, your loving brother,

"HENRY YOUNG."

In the year 1826, when the Jubilee of 1825 was extended to Ireland, the labours of Father Young in Harold's Cross were incredible. He seemed endowed with supernatural strength in preaching, confessing, and exhorting, and brought thousands within the grace of that great privilege. In his anxiety to excite devotion amongst the people he wished much to have a procession through some grounds belonging to a Catholic, who refused permission on the plea that the trees might be injured. Shortly afterwards, during a violent storm, nearly all these trees were blown down. This made

* Mr. Sylvester Young, Father Young's brother, who is still living.

great impression on the people, who speak of it to the present day.

He remained in Harold's Cross until the year 1827, and during his stay there effected a thorough and permanent reformation. This place, once so notorious, as we have already said, for its turbulence, has borne since that time an aspect of stillness and religious peace. This is owing, in part, to the numerous monastic establishments which are clustered within its bounds. The large convent, orphanage, and poor schools of St. Clare stand almost face to face with a convent and schools belonging to the Sisters of Charity; and a little further on is to be seen the quaint old monastery founded by Father Henry Young, and the old chapel, now a poor school, where he so often prayed and taught. Recently also, in a more secluded position, withdrawn from the public road, the Passionists have erected a fine monastery and house of retreat, which, by its vastness and solidity, recalls to mind the ancient holy houses of the Isle of Saints.

Before taking leave of that spot, which still preserves in all its freshness the memory of the holy priest whose life we are tracing, we cannot help adverting to the fact, that during his sojourn in this village he lived at a stone's throw from the monastery where his beloved sister Catherine, a Poor Clare, was serving God in her vocation as earnestly as he was doing in his own; and yet they did not meet, they did not confer on holy things, they did not hold sweet converse together, sweetening the labours of the day by outpourings of mutual sympathy. It might have been well for others situated as they were; but Father Henry chose to deny himself that solace, and exhorted her to accept the privation with religious resignation. She sometimes questioned his will in that respect. It seemed hard to refuse to her that counsel and that sympathy he lavished on strangers; but we cannot help concluding that natural affection for his kindred was the weak point of one who had resolved in everything to do what was most perfect, and that he schooled himself with what seems at first like unnecessary severity to a complete abnegation with regard to ties which might have wound too closely round his heart. It is a picture which reminds us of the early ages of the Church, that of the brother and sister in their religious homes almost facing one another, and daily offering up to God that *distance*, as he quaintly expresses it, which must have been to both a severe penance. The following letters throw light on this subject, and will close the record of Father Young's mission at Harold's Cross:—

[*No date.*]

"EVER DEAR SISTER,—I received your kind letter, but am sorry I cannot comply with your desires. You will offer up the privation to God, who will accept of this mortification as a sacrifice more agreeable than even to assist at the sacrifice of the Mass. I know you would desire now and then to see me, especially now that I am in this parish; but, dear Catherine, I imagine that our distance

will be more agreeable to God while we are in this frail body. Let us wait with patience until the dissolution of our mortality, and then we shall be for ever united together with God for endless ages. Then we shall have for our companions the angel guardians whose feast we celebrated yesterday, and St. Francis of Assisium whom the Church will honour to-morrow. Then we shall be in the midst of the nine choirs of angels and the innumerable multitudes of saints, who will with joyful concert sing the eternal songs of Sion, and we shall give echo to the melody by praising God, who is worthy of all praise and benediction.—I am, dear Catherine, your ever loving brother,

“HENRY YOUNG.”

“J. M. J.

[No date.]

“DEAR SISTER,—If your pious desire cannot be accomplished in this miserable life full of sorrows, they will certainly be satisfied in the celestial regions, where you will be continually absorbed in God, without any impediment of worldly visits and affairs. You wish me to write down some instructions to assist you to walk in the path of perfection. But who am I to exhort you to it? I should ask advice from you, or your religious sisters, who lead lives of retirement and perfection, following the rules of your holy founders, St. Francis and St. Clare, models of the most sublime perfection. I decline, therefore, this undertaking, for I am incapable of giving any exhortation to virtue, especially to religious. Perhaps what I should say would be contrary to your rule, which I have never read, and instead of affording an assisting hand to your perfection I might throw a stumbling-block in your way. The only sure advice I can give you is, to fulfil all your duties, both little and great, in the most perfect manner, only to please the Lord, and during your actions to recollect that you are always in the presence of His Divine Majesty, who will reward every action that is done to His glory, but will chastise us here and hereafter, even for the least imperfection, for ‘He will search Jerusalem with lamps.’ Remember to whom you have consecrated yourself, to whom you entirely belong, whose you will be for ever, both in time and eternity. You are the selected spouse of the Most High, you are entirely His, and He will be for ever your great reward, who will render us for the slight services we do to him a hundred fold in this life, and eternal happiness in the next.—I am your affectionate brother,

“HENRY YOUNG”

[To be continued.]

A LETTER AND A LIFE.

HOW fair is the earth on this Summer night,
 With the silver veil o'er the drooping flowers,
 And the deep blue sky, where the far stars bright
 Look solemnly down through the passing hours.
 There is not a sound in the city now ;
 But to-night I know there's no sleep for me—
 The birds are at rest on the pale hill's brow,
 As I sit with your letter here on my knee.

I seek not to trace one beautiful line,
 For I read them all by the bright noon's light,
 And my heart has thrilled at a touch of thine,
 And my soul is strangely moved to-night.
 I hear the moan of the distant sea—
 Like a thing with itself all the hours at strife—
 Oh ! the years and the sea are a mystery,
 And a mournful thing is a wasted life.

It is not the words that you wrote alone :
 Another might write them, and I not mind :
 Nor the memories sweet of the days long flown,
 Of the old dear face, and the low voice kind.
 'Tis the life that has lived every word you spoke—
 'Tis the struggle gained with a strong young heart,
 That bled in the strife till it nearly broke,
 When the Lord's voice called to the better part.

The soft June winds are sighing away
 O'er the beautiful earth and the drooping flowers ;
 And the city sleeps in its mist of grey,
 And my soul cries out for the vanished hours,
 For the wasted gifts, and the lost youth bright,
 For what might have been, and what now.—Ah, me !
 There is music sad in the air to-night,
 And Life and its dreams are a mystery.

I see the path that your feet have trod,
 O'er the thorny way with a trustful fear—
 The sight most dear in the eyes of God—
 A white soul joyful on Calvary here.
 There's not a sound in the hushed midnight,
 Not a withered leaf, or a restless bird ;
 And the far stars shine with a burning light,
 And the depths of my soul are strangely stirred.

I read my years by the light of thine,
 And a vision of failure the contrast brings;
 Yet, thank God, for that nobler heart of thine,
 And the higher ways, and the better things.
 And sobbing low, like a thing in pain,
 In the far off distance I hear the sea;
 And the soft June winds bear a saddened strain,
 As I sit with your letter here on my knee.

M. M. R.

JACK HAZLITT.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

CHAPTER XVI.

SHOWING HOW CAPTAIN JOHNSTON AND NED THE YACHTMAN SAVED THE TWO BOATMEN.

THE losing of a conscience is not so wonderful an exploit as many people think it, and the results of the loss are more wonderful than most people can ever understand. To lose a conscience all a man has to do is to abolish eternity; because, then, to make this world comfortable is reasonable enough. And when you come to the conclusion of "every man for himself, and no one for all of us," a creed is the easiest manufacture among the industries of the mind. Thus has sprung up that grand dogma of modern progress, that what belongs to a man in this world is all he can get, added to all he possesses.

Grace Brackenbridge had laid down the dogma to Mr. Eardley Wood; and there could be no more effective preacher. Eardley Wood himself had by the force of genius, aided by education, divined much of the morality before. Numerous appearances around him began to inspire the thought that he was beginning to be acquainted with some eminent professors of the religion; and Mr. Eardley Wood did not feel at all so indignant as if he had to encounter all the world who thought otherwise, and not only thought otherwise, but who classed the devotees of Brackenbridge-"ism" in the category of robbers and assassins.

We do not at all mean just now to stigmatize the religion of "The Hall" by any terms worse than those with which Miss Grace Brackenbridge had designated her uncle's creed ; and whether she spoke in badinage or in literal earnest is all the same, "to point a moral and adorn a tale," which is the double use to which we take the liberty of applying the young lady's conversation.

Mr. Wood's views were the logical sequence from that grand principle of manners, that if a man does not want to *do* right, he ought not to *think* right, or in plainer phraseology he ought to settle into the profession that "right" means to do the best you can for your position, your comfort, and your purse.

Mr. Wood saw with clearness that some ship-chandlers had various prices for their commodities ; and what, said Mr. Wood to himself, is taking more from me than from another, only using an advantage to take my dollars, when he can ? The draper will do the same thing, though in a different manner ; and the wine merchant, and the lawyer, and the priest, and the landlord, and the man upon 'Change. Take, when you are able and safe, is the creed of the world, thought he. To get as much as he can is the practice, and clearly it is also the principle, only one man calls what he can get by one name, and another by another. With the trader, when he can overreach a man, it is "profit ;" with the landlord it is "rent ;" with the man on 'Change it is gain by "speculation ;" with the man who takes it by force—well, he has no name to give it—but all the others call it "plunder." They take any amount they can, and they are called "honest" men ; others take any amount they can, and they are called "rogues." But *call* them as we may, there is no essential difference between them. The world grows wiser, and knows better every day, thought Mr. Wood ! And then, that quarter of a million of dollars came into his head ; and a Spanish galleon, laden with some such freight would be a thing like what Oliver Cromwell called Tipperary—"something worth fighting for."

We cannot conscientiously say whether the blood in the veins of Mr. Wood claimed any kindred with the philosophy which he was evolving, for on that point we can have no precise information ; but if Mr. Wood, perchance, called to mind the form of legality by which "the great copper nose" enriched Mr. Wood's ancestors, he would have a knock-down argument against all such persons as worship the Dictator, very much more powerful than that derived from getting a good price for a horse or good rent for a farm.

Mr. Wood was brought to make closer acquaintance with the physiognomy of his philosophy on that very evening of the day which brought himself and Grace Brackenbridge so very near the solution of speculative questions like the nature of those neighbours called "*meum et tuum*."

It is plain to the reader of this history that Miss Brackenbridge recoiled from the view of the future which she contemplated ; and,

as the little revolver did, in her mind, kill the same ugly and every other future, she sought its friendly agency to save herself and her friend from its assaults. Mr. Wood harmonized this view of the lady's, as well as in every other; and if the lady had been consistent with her creed, Mr. Wood and she might have known by this time more than they had dreamt of what the future meant. But how could such a thing as consistency be expected in any one insane? She was on the brink of making a clear breast of the whole situation, as she had known it for a long time, but her heart failed her; and then she presented her challenge to FATE.

Ned the Yachtman was the reason of Mr. Wood's new experience.

Mr. Johnston, who travelled a great deal, did much of his travelling in his own yacht. He rarely had with him more than one man, because the seas, winds, and rivers were close relations of his from his cradle. Sometimes he had two men, sometimes three men, for he contrived to employ a good number, and in many places; but, as a rule, Mr. Johnston's dark brows spanned only one of Neptune's vassals on board his yacht.

And that yacht was wonderful! She sometimes shot into the harbour's eye like an arrow. She shot round Staten Island, betimes, like a racer in a ring. Down by Babylon—across the east front of the river—up towards the west, like a gull; and then she was found quietly moored by the quay or anchored in the river, a weird-like beauty that puzzled common people, and made a few look very wise.

We may say, by way of parenthesis, that these wise people, to whom as to a class we refer, are powerful manufacturers of suspicions, rash judgments, and multitudes of deformities of uncharitableness, and that the reader is requested to shun them!

We have been saying that Captain Johnston was very much in his yacht, and the telegram received by more than Mr. M'Cann showed that he had been fortunately yachting the day of Mr. M'Cann's visit. What we have been only hinting, however, is that Ned the Yachtman was with him. In fact, Ned's qualities were so eminent, and so eminently valued, that few days passed without employing his abilities; and what was better for Ned, every day brought him a quantity of hard cash, and made the way from Brooklyn to New York more short and more easy.

Thoughtful people have conjectured that Ned's engagements those days had in view other objects than those revealed to Ned; and that Ned might be not only an estimable help in yachting and other great works, but that his intercourse with his master might lead to communications which might teach said master to think of El Dorados owned by his new acquaintances, where the quarter of a million might not be so much after all.

A preface is an excellent thing; but the reader might not value much more of it, so we give it up.

Captain Johnston and Ned were coming in from the river's mouth—in fact they had been in and out; and the captain had aided more than one ship passing or coming in, and had remained awhile on board of each, as if he had been a Customs' officer, or had met on board some dear old friend. He lay to, then, at the dark, or lounged up and down—Ned as happy as the night was long. The captain had plenty of luxurious Cavendish, and as for the Cognac brandy, if Ned had no other reason for blessing his stars that Father Mathew had not been preaching in his time the brandy on board the Firefly (which was the name of the captain's yacht) would have been sufficient.

Early in the morning, Captain Johnston gave orders to make for Brooklyn. Ned touched the Firefly's tiller, and the captain spread the sails. She flew. The wind was not directly in her favour; but the Firefly did not care for that. "She bates steam," said Ned, "and she bates it without making crooked faces!" Ned was at his old work of "making human nature happy."

At the dawn of day, and at least one hour and a half before the time which the newspapers had been good enough to fix for the event, the Firefly was coming down towards the south end of New York, having Brooklyn on her starboard bow, and New York stretching like a sleeper half-awakened on the larboard. The captain sat at the helm, having given the sails up to Ned. He was making fine way. The course of the river was clear, and he had not come far enough inward to feel crowded by the shipping.

The captain flung his left arm round the tiller, and with his right took a match from his pocket. He held his Cuba cigar in his mouth, ready for the blaze. He struck against the tiller, or against the sole of his boot, Ned could not say which; but a light burst forth, and a detonation ensued, which no match had ever before been known to produce, and Ned, in his suspicious kind of mind, concluded that the whole thing was like a *signal*.

At that same moment came a cry of terrific and mortal fear from some part of the river not far ahead, and then another and another—and then a silence, which to the listeners was more awful than the cry.

"My God, captain, what is that?" cried Ned.

"A boat in distress," answered Captain Johnston.

"Off a quarter-point," cried the captain.

"A quarter it is," replied Ned.

"Here away! Here away!" cried the voice of a man under the lee-bow.

"Hold on! for a minute—one minute!" cried the captain.

"Keep up, now! Keep up!—Up!"

"All's well!" exclaimed the captain.

Only half-defined in the struggling light of the morning, the figures of two men were dimly seen, holding each an oar that helped them to float in the agitated waters; and apparently the

poor fellows were so weak that one quarter of an hour more would have been their doom. One of the ferry-men had a slack rope knotted round his left wrist.

The Firefly came near, and the captain, peering through the dimness—first started, then looked steadfastly, then cried out loudly—

“Why, Blenkinsop!—Blenkinsop!—You!”

“Aye, aye, sir.”

“Come along—this way! A little more. Tighten sail, my man! So—so!”

Joy of joy—the shipwrecked men are in safety!

CHAPTER XVII.

SHOWING HOW NED THE YACHTMAN SAID HIS NIGHT PRAYERS IN THE MORNING EARLY AND DISBURSED THE SUM OF FIFTY POUNDS.

NED the Yachtman was an Irishman by birth, education, and natural qualities, as we know, and in fact he was an O’Kennedy by name. Ned had therefore an imagination that worked for him sleeping and waking; and—alas that we should say it!—he was of that dreadfully suspicious class of men who would give up their lives before they would give up a theory, or before they would live without one.

It is to be admitted that Ned was spoiled by the admiration of his sharpness, which was often and openly expressed by the “Shannon-shore,” and that he had been so often right as to do something towards fairly establishing his character. To-night tried him—tried him deeply in the theory-line, and even on the water, and holding the tiller, he kept dreaming away. Yet one would think that nothing could be plainer than the men’s situation. The bank at Brooklyn had had a slight run. The bank in New York had sent over a box of specie by a row-boat, in charge of a confidential man, and two watermen of unblemished reputation; in fact, men who had been many years in the employment of Captain Brackenbridge, and who had been recommended for their honesty by Captain Brackenbridge and Johnston, both. The small boat had unfortunately sprung a leak. She was weighted, too, to make her steady. A whole plank, they said, seemed to fall in, and the boat went down like lead! The poor young fellow in charge was not able to swim, and the good boatmen had more than enough to do to save themselves.

In good time, and long before the river steamers began to ply, the shipwrecked boatmen, and Captain Johnston, and Ned, arrived near the East-Terrace; and, the yacht having been made tight, the men who had been saved from drowning brought, with some difficulty, a dark and heavy package to “The Hall.”

This was the great deed of philanthropy which the telegrams announced, and the newspapers all, unless Mr. M'Cann's, lauded to the skies, by which East River was made the tomb of a young man, with a large family, and at the same time the receptacle of half a fortune lost to the owners for ever !

Ned the Yachtman went to bed that morning, and took great care to say his *night* prayers. Piously he fulfilled his duties, and ardently he raised his eyes to heaven. Ned's parents taught the family every night to repeat the Ten Commandments, and Ned had never given up the practice. So this morning he repeated them slowly, and fervently; but he twice, nay, three times, repeated over—

*"Naw dhin morroogh, Ghuid naw gnuish
Naw nish shiv breagh air ainn Cuish,"*

which means that Christian men are not to murder people, rob, steal, or tell lies to their neighbours; and Ned found himself repeating the same two lines, when, after a while, the yacht, and the three figures he last saw in her, and the great box, and the harbour, were all vanishing away, and Keeper Hill, and the Shannon, and Hazlittville, coming in their place, and the dear ones whom he knew and loved so deeply.

Ned always thanked God that his family were "great at dhramas, bekase it enabled a man to take a chape thrip home, and spend a share of time there!"

Ned was up early, and out long, after a couple of hours' repose. In fact, he could not be found for half the day, and had not presented himself for breakfast. What had become of Ned?

Well, Ned the Yachtman never made many the wiser of where he *went* that "bout;" but, some years afterwards, a comely matron was teaching a little boy to pray. She smoothed his brow, and kissed his little lips, and said, now "Pray for the holy priest that saved your poor father." And the little fellow did pray for the said clergyman; but we cannot answer for the knowledge which he really possessed of the avocation which engaged him. We *can* say, however, that his mother is a handsome woman, quite American in accent and dress, but soft as the summer wind of Balboroo in her manners and expression, and her name is Mrs. Margaret O'Kennedy. Ned the Yachtman has a home, and a name, at last.

Well, this is letting the reader into our confidence, even at the expense of that mysterious reticence so much valued by modern story-tellers; but we owe our readers something for their patience.

Ned the Yachtman, about two o'clock that day, came to "The Hall," very down-hearted, and, for him, very pale. He had gone to his room, and employed himself there some time; and, sooth to say, he employed himself in packing up his little properties. They

were not many—but he had got them honestly; and that remembrance two or three times brought a gleam of sunshine to his mind. He hung over two or three memorials of “dear Miss Nanny,” and some things of the “the ould Masther” himself; and then he came to something of “the Misthress”—a medal and a rosary; and then poor Ned paused. He felt, he said, “chokey.” He had been standing; but now he closed his little box, and he sat down upon the lid, and he drew the beads of his rosary all along from the crucifix to the last stone, slowly, time after time, with his right hand through his left, as if gathering holiness, or making a spell. But, alas! no. Poor Ned was transfixed to the weeping mother’s side, and the lovely sister’s presence, and he raised his eyes to God, and his heart was full of pity—deep pity overflowed his soul!

“God Almighty help ye!” cried the poor yachtman. “God Almighty help ye!” Ned cried, again and again.

The poor fellow came at length to a few things of Wood’s; and he looked at them long.

“Not these; no!” said Ned, firmly. “No, nor these! Nor these! Och, no!” said the yachtman. And with tears in his eyes, the pipe, the knife, the gloves, the comforter, the stick of Irish hazel, and a silver ship-and-anchor pin, which Mr. Wood had given him long ago in Ireland, were all tenderly laid on the right-hand side; on the left-hand side was gathered everything he had received from him in America, and everything he had received from any person at “The Hall;” but he made separate packages of the American gifts and properties, and tied Mr. Wood’s in one package, and all the others in another package, and then carefully directed them to the parties for whom they were intended.

Ned now blessed himself. “Thanks be to God that directed me!—blessed be His holy name!” said the afflicted yachtman.

Ned acted foolishly in his scrupulous rejection of the American properties, just then. He might have taken his time, and acted justly, and not provoked an enmity of which he could not guess the end; but the poor man’s feelings were too strong to see clearly.

The moment came at last. He went to “The Hall.” He easily found the footman—“the man in goold”—and he asked for Mr. Wood. The footman was fortunately able to point to a portion of the plantation, and to indicate to Ned that he had seen his master go in that direction. The poor fellow followed, and his heart was beating—not with fear—Ned had never known cowardice; but he felt that a supreme moment had arrived, and that the hopes and joys of one week or two ago could never come again—they were gone for ever!

At length he saw the shadow of Mr. Wood, at some distance, and he began again to think what he would say. Ned knew well

what he would do ; but the foster-brother, was searching for the way in which he could most easily accomplish it.

Wood saw him, and was not a little surprised. He was seized with a presentiment, and he rapidly walked in the direction of his man.

He saw that Ned was dressed in his best clothes, and carefully shorn, and, in fact, prepared for the city.

"Why, Ned, my boy, what's to do? Off for New York, are you?"

"Yes," answered Ned.

"Well," replied Wood, "do you want anything?"

"No; I don't want anything?"

"There is something the matter, Ned?"

Ned shook his head.

"Come now, Ned, surely you have no secrets from me?"

No answer.

"Come, come, Ned!—this is too bad! Your old friend and companion, your foster-brother, your——"

"Oh! for God's sake, say no more, Masther Jack—say no more! Don't weaken my heart, nor touch my sowl, nor come 'tune me an' God!"

"Are you mad, Ned?"

"Wisha, maybe 'twould be well for me I was sometimes. An' oh! I wisht I died by the Shannon's banks at home! I wish I did!"

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" cried Wood, getting angry. "What the ten thousand —— do you mean by bothering me with your Irish keene and your Shannon and your ——. You may go be ——."

"Wan is enough to go that way," replied Ned, somewhat recovered by the reaction which Wood's anger had caused.

"What's that you say, sir?" cried Wood.

"Wan is enough to go be damned in a day," answered the yachtman, doggedly.

"And I suppose I am the happy example," Wood said, laughing contemptuously.

"Faith, an' yis, sir—that's the honest truth," answered Ned.

"An' now, Masther Jack," continued he, "I am goin' away; an' I don't want to do hurt or harm to any man, an' laste of all to you. So God be wid you! God be wid you!"

Wood started.

"By ——," he cried, "this will not do. Come, sir," he vociferated, and he seized his man by the arms. "Come, sir!—out of this you don't stir till you explain yourself. Come, what's the mystery?"

"Mr. Wood," said Ned, "take your hands off from me! I riverence your mother's son—oh! ochone, your mother! But, Mr. Wood, you know Ned the Yachtman's strength, and how Ned can use it."

Wood swore another oath, and drew his ready revolver. In a moment, however, he placed it in his bosom again.

"No," said he, "No! Ignorance! Ignorance and the priests!" repeated Mr. Wood.

"Ignorance!" Ned replied. "Ignorance an' the minishthers! Ignorance an' the Baptists!" cried Ned, warming. "Mr. Wood, no man belonging to me was ever a souper, mind!"

"A souper!"

"Yis; a souper."

"Yes, you unfortunate man, you saw me go to the Protestant church, and *think for myself*."

"I don't want to argufy, Mr. Wood, but if every man to think for himself was the ould Gospel of St. Pether, an' the way the Lord laid down in th' ould times, they'd take some time to teach all the savages to read, 'I guess,' as the 'Mericans say."

"Why, you mad fool, are there not educated gentlemen to teach them among the Protestants—though they do not speak Latin—as well as among the Romanists?"

"Begor, then, that makes things worse for all o' ye: bekase, if to have tachers be the road lade out an' settled by the Lord, the — a wan at all iv ye ought to be there, 'kase *Luther ought to listen to 'is tachers*. And take that now, since you put me to id," cried the yachtman.

Mr. Wood turned on his heel, and desired his old servitor to "be off."

Ned cried, "Ochone! ochone! Well, no matther! The world is wide, an' I'm no shame to my ancesthors! Arrah! then, Mr. Wood! Mr. Wood! I could cut your heart, an' cut your soul, an' brake your neck, if I liked—you vagabone son of a Cromwell —. Arrah, God forgive me! Didn't he lie on my mother's heart, an' drink her milk, an' laugh in her face like an angel? An' isn't he darlin' Mrs. —, his mother's son!—an' darlin' Miss Nanny's brother!—an' haven't they sore hearts to-day! Ochone! Ochone!"

Ned dropped a tear, and once more entered "The Hall" for his little property.

By the next river steamer he was on his way to New York.

And thus Ned the Yachtman parted from his old master, Mr. Wood.

* * * * *

Johnston found on the table in the drawing-room, that evening, the following note:—

"CAPTAIN JOHNSTON,—The fifty pounds is inclosed. I am sure it is payment in advance, and as I am leaving my place to-day, I return the money.—Your obedient servant,

NED O'KENNEDY,
Yachtman.

[To be continued.]

SONNET

ON AN UNUSUALLY FINE DAY IN DECEMBER.

HOW soft the air, how genial warm the sun !
 Brightly he lights the gaunt old naked trees,
 How gentle, almost sultry, is the breeze,
 How blue the skies which late were dark and dun !
 The birds their joyous carol have begun :—
 Poor little fools ! because the sky is clear,
 They sing—"The Spring, the beauteous Spring is here ;
 Peep out, sweet flowers, the dreary winter's done !"—
 Deceived, alas !—to-morrow brings the frost,—
 Are we not like them ? Should life's darksome way
 By a stray wandering sunshine-beam be crossed,
 Joy fills our hearts : "the summer's come," we say :
 Too soon, alas ! discovering to our cost
 'Twas but the false gleam of a wintry day.

S. M. S.

BÉRANGER :

HIS STORY AND HIS SONGS.

IT has been said, with truth, that the spirit of a nation is embodied in its poetry. It is equally true that poetry is a not unimportant factor in the development of a nation's character. Popular feeling and popular song act and re-act upon each other, as do so many physical and moral agents, and are ever imparting to each other fresh energy and life. Of course this will be peculiarly the case with lyrical poetry. The mere narration of past events, when they have been of striking importance, or the present embodying of them in actors, scenes, and dialogue, is well fitted to awaken noble thoughts ; and this is the province of the epos and the drama. But it is only when the poet tells us of his own aims and hopes, when his passions and emotions overflow and find expression in the moving language of verse, that a fellow-feeling stirs our hearts, and rouses us to meet difficulties and danger in the cause he advocates. The medium by which these self-communings of the poet are made known to us has been called lyrical poetry. It may be an ode, an elegy, or a sonnet ; it may be such as to be included within none of the more ordinary classes into which

poetry is divided ; but if it speak to us the thoughts aroused in the poet's soul, if it narrate *his* loves, hatreds, and desires ; if, in a word, it be subjective, then it is lyrical poetry.

We do not mean that each of these kinds must ever rigorously exclude the other. On the contrary, we know that for some of the most heart-stirring passages ever written we are indebted to their commingling. But our definition will be found to hold good, if treated with a little indulgence ; and to the lyrical element, as we have defined it, must be ascribed the wonderful effects produced by the passages referred to.

Our knowledge of ancient poetry is so very imperfect that we cannot say how far it influenced or was influenced by the spirit of the age. But as we approach our own times this mutual dependence becomes more apparent and more interesting. The stringent laws* against our native bards indicate their influence on the people, while the ever-recurring tale of wrong and hatred they unfold makes us believe they represent only too well an age and feelings now passed away, we hope, for ever. Almost in our own day the great struggle of the German nation against the mighty power of the First Napoleon, called forth and was, in turn, sustained and animated by the poetry of Körner,† Uhland, and Mosen. Even now their verses send the blood more quickly than is its wont through German veins, and intensify the bitter feelings which ages have built up between France and her eastern neighbour.

When Louis the Sixteenth and his ministers declared war against the allied powers on April the 22nd, 1792, not the least important result of that ill-fated measure was the inspiration it awakened in the soul of Rouget de Lisle. During the following night was composed "*Le chant de l'armée du Rhin*," better known to history and the mobs of France as the "*Marseillaise*." No one who has heard it sung by a mass of workmen, in any of the large towns of France, during a season of popular tumult, can doubt that it expresses the wild passions of the crowd ; and to its power of exciting these same passions history since '89 bears ample testimony. For since the day when the savage fury of a Parisian

* As a specimen of the laws, by whose operation our ancestors were to be led within the pale of Anglo-Norman civilization, we may take the following from the Statute of Kilkenny. "It is therefore enacted, among other provisions, that all intermarriages, fosterings, gossipred and buying or selling with the 'enemy' shall be accounted treason that the English shall not entertain Irish rhymers, minstrells, or newsmen," &c., &c. Even Mr. Froude might find some difficulty in explaining how the "military aristocracy, whose peculiar mission was to govern men" ("*English in Ireland*," p. 14), could hope to better the Irish without holding any communication with them. Perhaps in "taking charge of the Irish" they were solely actuated by the disinterested motives of "giving security to life and property" (p. 16).

† Körner became a volunteer in 1813, and fell in a skirmish, in the August of that year. One of Mrs. Hemans' most touching pieces is that on "*The Grave of Körner*."

mob was first wrought to madness by the dusty patriots,* who came chaunting this hymn of liberty from far Marseilles to join in the work of slaughter, it has been the signal and incentive to every deed of plunder and rebellion in France. But it has done good work too; it has served to cheer a fainting and disheartened soldiery, and it was its magic power that changed the flying bands of the Revolution into the fiery legions that Dumouriez led to victory at Jemappes. For good and for evil it has been more of a real power in France than all other writings in verse or prose, the songs of Béranger alone excepted.

Béranger was born in Paris on the 19th of August, 1780. His father, first a notary's clerk, then a grocer's book-keeper, had been foolish enough to marry a woman who cared very little for him, and for whom, if we may judge from his after-conduct, he must have cared almost as little.† Whose the fault was we are not told; but within six months after their marriage a separation took place. Soon after Béranger was born, and at once handed over to a nurse in the vicinity of Auxerre: no one seemingly taking any further interest for years in the welfare of the little stranger. Indeed, the care of his childhood and early youth seems to have fallen almost entirely to total strangers or distant relatives; yet they performed their part with kindness. His autobiography reveals as much. We meet in it with no fond recollections of his parents; all the pleasing memories of his early years are of his aunt, his grandfather and grandmother, or of others whom his childish beauty and abandonment led to interest themselves in his fate. His first school was in Paris, where the only knowledge he acquired was that of the power of an insolent mob in face of a weak and cowardly government. From the roof of the school, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, he was a witness of the destruction of the Bastille. On leaving Paris he was thrown upon the charity of an aunt at Peronne, an "aubergiste," who treated him with much affection. Here again he was sent to school, but he was an unwilling scholar, and when he had obtained a rather elementary knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, his studies were thought to be sufficiently complete. His father was then in Paris "engaged in the operations of the Bourse," and was anxious to initiate the young Béranger into all its mysteries. So Béranger returned to Paris at the age of fifteen, and soon became a thorough, although, if we may believe himself, an unwilling, and, as far as possible, honest and compassionate "financier."‡ But his success was short-lived.

* For a graphic description of the march of the five hundred and seventeen, that "black-browed mass full of grim fire unweariable, not to be turned aside," see Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Vol. II., Book VI., c. 2 & 5.

† Most of these details are taken from Béranger's *Memoirs*, English Translation, London, 1858.

‡ From his own explanations we are led to think that the term "financier," used in the *Memoirs* might be translated, not improperly, by the well known words, "Money-lender and pawnbroker."

A crash came at last. "In the year 1798 our house went to ruin ; and the misfortune, as I had foreseen, inflicted on me one of the most frightful blows I have ever received." Discouragement and melancholy now led him to seek relief in solitude. In his lonely wanderings round Paris, his reveries and musings were often of France, and of the state of parties there—of Barras, of Sieyès, of Bonaparte, just then returned from Egypt, and looked on as the expected saviour of France. Thoughts crowded upon him, clothed in the language of poetry, and at length he committed them to writing. But his efforts to attract public attention were unavailing. Day by day he became poorer, and more dispirited ; and when, at last, he appealed for help to Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul, so great was his need, that it was while in bed, mending his one, old, worn-out pair of trousers, that the Prince's answer was handed to him. An interview followed, and M. Lucien became a warm friend of the young poet. He made over to him the annual allowance which he himself received as a Member of the Academy, and recommended him to an office under Government, which was soon afterwards granted him. Béranger was now in comparatively easy circumstances ; his future seemed assured, and he was able to give himself up entirely to the pleasures of writing. At first he attempted some pieces for the stage ; but his failure was so unmistakeable, that he resolved to devote himself wholly to lyrical poetry. One element of great success he had ; he could see clearly and quickly the kind of work for which he was fitted ;—no small matter in an age like ours.

His songs, meanwhile, were gradually attracting attention. They were circulated in manuscript, at first, but as they became better known, the favour with which they were received induced him to make a collection of some of them, which was published towards the close of 1815. He had never been remarkable for his devotion to the cause of the Bourbons, and his songs were now warmly taken up by the opposition, whose cause they advocated with all the power and beauty of a rare poetic diction. The answer of government was a natural one. Béranger was informed that the publication of a second volume would be looked upon as a resignation of his post ; and the second volume appeared in 1821. Whether or no this was an act of praiseworthy independence, we are unable to say. His dismissal from office seems to have been pretty certain in any case ; and he would naturally wish to appear a willing martyr in the eyes of France rather than withdraw ingloriously into a forced retirement. Be that as it may, the publication was a grand success, at least as far as fame and money were concerned ; for at the same time it brought upon him a government prosecution, which ended in a fine of 500 francs and three months' imprisonment in Sainte Pelagie. The grounds of accusation were the disloyalty and immorality of many of the songs. Whatever may be said in their defence upon the first count, on the second

there can be but slight controversy: they are the most corrupt and corrupting aids by which a writer ever raised himself to fame. And yet Béranger endeavours, in his memoirs, to palliate their shameful immorality. He appeals to the degradation of poetry, of the theatre, of the school of romance; he thinks it ill-becoming an age like this to quarrel with licentiousness which has at least a certain grace of language to make it less revolting; he refers his censors to passages in Goethe's works as bad as any in his own. As if the poisoned draught which he had mixed became less deadly because other draughts were poisoned too; as if the foul plague-spots on another could veil the festering sores that made men turn aside from him!

In 1825 another volume appeared, unaccompanied, this time, by imprisonment or fine; and in 1828 a fourth, which was not so fortunate. He was prosecuted, found guilty, and condemned to nine months' imprisonment in La Force and a fine of ten thousand francs. At La Force he made the acquaintance of Victor Hugo, Sainte Beuve, Alexander Dumas, and soon after of Lamartine and Lamennais—names likely to live on through ages with his own in the memory of France.

The revolution of July soon followed; and Béranger takes to himself no small share of the credit due to those who brought it about. In general, his vanity is but thinly veiled; here, however, he casts every mask aside, and lays open claim to a large portion of the revolutionary laurels. That his songs were not without their value in preparing the public mind for the great events which then occurred, we do not wish to deny; we are even quite prepared to admit that they were of much use in aiding other and more active causes; but to look upon Béranger as one of the leaders of the popular movement is simply absurd. With or without him the revolution of July must have taken place. The weakness and incapacity of Charles X., the folly of his ministers, and the recollection that he owed his throne not to the love or choice of the French people, but to the strong arm of a merciless conqueror, would have been all-sufficient causes without the intervention of poetry or poet. Hence, when he goes on to say that "after the triumph of the popular over the legitimist principle, I had the conviction that my part was terminated, my task fulfilled"—to assume the air of a man entrusted by Providence or fate with a special mission for the welfare of France—we are forcibly reminded of the difficulties that lie in the way of every writer of an autobiography. It is a hard task, to judge one's self fairly and dispassionately, and not to allow a mere narrative to become a eulogy or a defence.

In 1833 his last volume of songs was given to the public. After this he withdrew from society, for to him society meant Paris, and sought retreat and silence at Plassy, Fontainebleau, and Tours, where he enjoyed the pleasures which Cicero tells us should gladden the decline of life—the contemplation of nature, and the cultivation

of plants and flowers. He still worked at his desk, but not in the old enthusiastic way—poetry was still a pleasure to him, but had ceased to be a passion. It was thus his years passed calmly away, until the Revolution of February, 1848, when he was put forward as a candidate for the Constituent Assembly. At first he rejected the proffered honour. "My 68 years," he wrote, "my uncertain state of health, my character spoiled by a long but dearly purchased independence, render me quite unsuitable for filling the honourable part, which you wish me to undertake." But his remonstrances were unheeded. He was elected for the department of the Seine, and yielded for a time to the wishes of the nation, expressed by over 200,000 votes given in his favour. A short experience, however, of the labours which had been imposed upon him showed how just had been his previsions; and he asked to be allowed to resign. The Assembly refused: and it was only after the most pressing entreaties that he was permitted to retire again into his chosen solitude.

From this period until his death he wandered restlessly from place to place; till at length in 1855 he settled down in the Rue de Vendôme, where sickness and pecuniary losses saddened his closing days. His memory, too, began to play him false; his mind would wander away from the subject of conversation and the friends who sat around him; he was passing fast into a second childhood. Towards the end of June, 1857, it became evident that he was sinking. Many friends gathered round him, for Béranger had a wondrous power of making himself beloved by those who knew him, and friendship with him was a bond too sacred to be lightly severed. Lamartine, Thiers, Cousin, Odillon Barrot, Lebrun, and others less known to history, crowded the room where he lay dying; endeavouring by word and presence to cheer his last moments. Amongst friends such as these, so well known and so dearly loved, there appeared at rare intervals the Abbé Jouselin, who hoped, we may suppose, that Religion might be allowed to gladden the close of a life which had known her only to scoff at and despise her. But it was not so. Béranger died as he had lived—"that which in philosophy is termed a spiritualist" (as he tells us himself), but with much the same notion of God and a future state that a believer in Mahomet or "the Great Spirit" may be supposed to have. A short time before he died, when the good Abbé was still hovering round his bed, waiting if the grace of God might yet touch his heart, Béranger said to him: "Your character gives you the right to bless me. And I, on my part, bless you. Pray for me, and for all the unfortunate. My life has been that of an honest man. I remember no action for which I have cause to blush before God!" No action for which he had cause to blush before God. His ideal of the Deity must have been a strange one. And what of the poison scattered broadcast among the youth of France? What of the glowing pages of licentious verse offered

to all peoples and all time? What of the biting sarcasm and ribald wit with which Religion was insulted and her ministers held up to scorn and contempt? It was a sad spectacle for those who knew the value of an immortal soul, to see him pass away with thoughts like these, thoughts that a *saint* would have deemed it sin to harbour.

On the 16th of July, 1857, Béranger died. The State undertook his funeral; and on the following day he was carried to the grave with all the pomp which a great government and an enthusiastic people could lend to such a sad ceremony.

Such is a brief sketch of Béranger's life. He was a man of great talents, of large and generous heart, of a kind and loving nature; a steady friend, an honest and disinterested patriot. But he was a man without a God, without religion, without morality. He was excessively vain—vain of his talents, vain of his honesty, vain of his patriotism, vain of his friendships. He was faithful to his friends, but he was unjust to his adversaries. No man had a keener eye for the weaknesses of others, and few men have been more blind to their own. He had many of the qualities which go to make up greatness of character; he had many, too, which indulgent history would willingly forget.

Of his autobiography we do not intend to speak. It is no easy task for a man to write fairly and truthfully of himself; and Béranger has probably succeeded neither better nor worse than most others. But his pretensions to fame rest on a firmer basis than any his memoirs could offer; for as long as France retains the memory of the Revolution and the Empire, so long will Béranger's name be linked with the glories and disasters which have made that period of her history famous. What Moore has been to Ireland, Burns to Scotland, Körner and Uhland to Germany, all that and more has Béranger been to France. Invasion repelled, victories won, bitter memories of defeat, the cruel wrongs and death of the exile of St. Helena, have been enshrined by him in verse that will live while France has children to remember her past, and study the lives of those who made her what she is. Politically, morally, and religiously, his songs are likely to exercise a wide-spread and lasting influence on French society. Their politics may be briefly summed up in hatred and contempt of the Bourbons, a passionate love of the republic, and a mixed feeling of sympathy and admiration for the Bonapartes. Of their moral aspect those who love the memory of Béranger will seldom speak. To religion they are bitterly hostile. Practically, if not theoretically, an atheist, ignorant of the first principles of the faith he saw practised around him, and trained up to the belief that the Church was mainly responsible for the evils which led to the great Revolution, it can scarcely be wondered at that he wrote as he did. In this country we are fortunately unable to realize the surroundings amidst which he lived and died. The seeds which Voltaire, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists planted

had sprung up and ripened into bloom; the fruit had been gathered in and pressed by willing hands during the wild orgies of '89, and whole peoples were still drunk with the new wine. A generation had arisen ignorant of religion, ignorant of morality, educated to repeat parrot-like a few hackneyed phrases of the Recluse of Ferney and the Philosopher of Geneva. It had been taught to look upon priests and kings with equal hatred, to think no weapon unlawful in the struggle carried on against them, to suppress facts, falsify history, revive oft-refuted tales of scandal in order to brand king and pontiff, priest and noble, as oppressors and seducers of the people. To a cause like this Béranger consecrated his talents and his life: it was his first and only love, and he was faithful to it to the end.

We cannot enter into a detailed examination of his poetry. Of its merits we need not speak. His countrymen may be allowed to judge what French poetry should be: and we believe they declare Béranger to be unrivalled. Before concluding we shall give a few extracts, not indeed in the hope of doing justice to a great poet, which mere extracts can never do, but to enable our readers to judge of the harmony and sweetness of diction which are so characteristic of all he wrote. It is needless to say that no translator could hope to reproduce these qualities in English; and we shall not attempt or let others attempt for us, what is utterly impossible.

The late Emperor of the French laboured long and well to make the memory of the great Napoleon an enduring one. Yet the peasantry of France are more likely to form their ideal from the chansons of Béranger than from the *Idées Napoléoniennes* or the *Vie de César*. For, whether it be that the crown and sceptre seem less hateful when borne by a child of the people, or that the glories of victory and the sorrows of exile fired his patriotism and won his sympathy, certain it is that Béranger was passionately devoted to the first Napoleon.

"Des simples chants que ton grand nom m'inspire
Napoléon, c'est ici le dernier.
Républicain, s'il a blâmé l'empire.
Sur ta chute et tes fers pleura le chansonnier."

Almost the only one which touches on the Emperor's early life—"le cheval Arabe"—is extremely pretty. It is well known that the course of events in Corsica, which forced Madame Letitia to withdraw with her family to France in 1793, told severely on the fortunes of the Bonapartes. They seem to have been almost without resources on their arrival in Marseilles; and the poet represents Napoleon, then twenty-four years old, as parting with a favourite steed in order to provide them with money. It is a touching farewell to his "Arab," in which the young soldier foreshadows the bright future that awaits him.

“Moment fatal ! le juif est à la porte,
Ah ! qu'il te trouve un maître plus heureux.
Ma mère attend tout l'argent qu'il m'apporte
Pour abriter ses enfants si nombreux.
Séparons nous ; mais, va, tu peux m'en croire
Si quelque jour, devenu général
Je te rencontre, ô vaillant animal !
Je te rachète au prix d'une victoire.
Mon bel Arabe, adieu ! Sans toi, demain,
Ma noble mère irait tendre la main.”

The “*Souvenirs du Peuple*” is too well known, even to strangers, to need more than passing mention here. I remember to have heard it sung by some Swiss of the French Cantons, and I can only wonder still at the effect it produced. Not one of those present was a child of France; some had cause of bitter enmity towards her, for it was soon after the last great war, and there were Germans amongst us. Not a word was spoken until the last plaintive notes had died away, and when I looked around I could see in the glistening eyes, and saddened glances, how much the simple story had affected them. I believe there were none amongst us but would have made any sacrifice for the hero of Béranger's chanson; and if the effect was such on us who were bound to him by no tie of country or glorious recollections, what must it be on Frenchmen to whom the word Napoleon sums up a quarter of a century of Europe's most eventful history ?

“Lui, qu'un pape a couronné,
Est mort dans une île déserte.
Longtemps aucun ne l'a cru ;
On disait : Il va paraître.
Par mer il est accouru ;
L'étranger va voir son maître.
Quand d'erreur on nous tira,
Ma douleur fut bien amère !
Fut bien amère !
Dieu vous bénira, grand'mère,
Dieu vous bénira.”

But we must hasten on to the later songs, in which is told the story of Napoleon, worn out with sickness and petty persecutions, dying in exile far from his child and France. It is not to be wondered at that the chivalrous spirit of Béranger should protest indignantly against the policy that confided a generous enemy, and that enemy an Emperor, to the tender mercies of a Sir Hudson Lowe. The true story of St. Helena we shall probably never know; but if one-half what Las Cases, O'Meara, and Count Montholon have told us be true, then the feeling of hatred towards England which the mention of St. Helena is sure to awaken in every Frenchman's breast, has need of but scant apology. But whether or no the sufferings of Napoleon were due to the petty tyranny of his English gaoler, a cry of distress was borne from his island prison to find

an echo in the heart of France ; and could an answer have been wafted him down the Atlantic, he might have been gladdened by the thought that his name would go down to posterity with that of Joan of Arc, as a victim, like her, of English perfidy and fear.

“Anglais inhumains,
Comme elle, ici, bientôt sans doute,
Je sortirai mort de vos mains.
Mais, pour braver vos sentinelles.
Pour fuir vos brutales clameurs,
Jeanne au bûcher trouva des ailes,
Et moi, depuis cinq ans je meurs !”

(La Leçon d'Histoire).

What a world of passionate anguish and despair is revealed in these few lines.

But our space is exhausted. We must, however, give a few lines from “*Le Matelot Breton*,” which will show how it is that such a fond reverence for the first Napoleon is still rooted among the peasantry ; and how well calculated these songs are to perpetuate and strengthen the feeling. A Breton sailor, after a voyage, during which he had risked much to see the imprisoned Emperor, returns to France, and tells the grape-gatherers whom he meets on the way, where he has travelled, and whom he has seen. At once he becomes a hero in their eyes, and is forced to tell all he knows about

“Celui qui fait si peur aux rois.”

After a two nights' watch he had at length succeeded in meeting the Emperor, and offered to become the bearer of any message he might wish to send to France.

“Faut-il porter quelque parole
A vos amis ? J'y vais courir.
Même à la mort s'il faut qu'on vole,
Sire, pour vous je veux mourir.

—Français, merci. Que fait ton père ?
—Sire, il dort aux neiges d'Eylau.
Auprès de vous mon plus grand frère
Mourut content à Waterloo.
Ma mère, honnête cantinière,
Revint, en pleurant son époux,
Aux pays, où dans sa chaumière
Cinq enfants priaient Dieu pour vous.

—Peut-être est-elle sans ressource,
Dit-il ému ; tiens, prends ceci ;
Pour ta mère, prends cette bourse ;
C'est peu ; mais je suis pauvre aussi.”

We could have selected many gayer and perhaps more pleasing passages, many too, unfortunately, well fitted to bear us out in the

charges we have brought against Béranger, but even the fragments we have chosen will serve to give us some insight into his genius and his power of touching the heart.

In concluding, we cannot do better than cite the words in which the poet bade adieu to France—France that he loved so faithfully and so well.

“ France, je meurs, je meurs ; tout me l'annonce.
Mère adorée, adieu. Que ton saint nom
Soit le dernier que ma bouche prononce.
Aucun Français t'aima-t-il plus ? Oh ! non.
Je t'ai chantée avant de savoir lire,
Et quand la mort me tient sous son essieu,
En te chantant mon dernier souffle expire.
A tant d'amour donne une larme. Adieu ! ”

P. F.

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “TYBORNE,” ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE long suite of reception rooms in St. James's palace were brilliantly lighted up, and filled with a gay company. In one of them, card tables were arranged, and some devoted lovers of the pastime were eagerly making up their sets, and longing for the time when the etiquette of the court would allow them to begin.

As yet, however, both Duke and Duchess were on their feet : James, engaged in conversation with a knot of gentlemen ; Mary Beatrice, receiving her guests, as one after another they passed before her to make their obeisance and accept a few pleasant words from her charming lips. Her lithe, graceful form was attired in a robe of blue satin, while her beautiful raven hair was dressed in a mass of curls, built up on her head in a structure at least not more unbecoming than some of our modern fashions. One long curl was suffered to stray on each side of her neck. Her sweet face was lit up with smiles ; for not only was she at all times a gracious princess, but the joy that she felt in again becoming a mother, after the loss of her first baby in the preceding year, danced in her eyes, and rang in the tones of her voice. It was her first reception since her recovery, and the room was filled with guests, hastening to pay their congratulations to the Duchess, and inquire after the welfare of the infant Princess Isabella. It was a

strange medley which thus thronged the rooms. Some of the worst and best of London society at that period—some who, save at a formal levée, would never enter Whitehall, loved to pay homage to the gentle Duchess; some who, anxious always to trim their sails, saw in the Duke the heir presumptive to the crown; others who admired his prowess as Lord High Admiral; and others who came, no one exactly knew why.

Near the Duchess stood her two newly-appointed Maids of Honour, dressed alike, and both looking very lovely. The excitement had flushed Rita's cheek, while timidity made May somewhat pale. The former was beginning to use her great Spanish fan (then first brought into vogue by the Queen, and the rage among ladies) in the way she saw those around her do. May gladly sheltered herself behind its immense folds, and gazed on at the novel scene with wondering eyes.

Our reader may think it strangely inconsistent of Lord Edenhall to have placed his daughters in the ducal court. The Earl was a curious compound. He had brought them to town intending to seek places for them in the Queen's household: but the unfeigned horror of May, when the real history of the debased court of Charles the Second was made known to her, arrested him. When, with streaming eyes and trembling form, his gentle, yielding child threw herself at his feet, and implored him to save her from such misery, he seemed to see before him the lost wife whose every wish had been his law; and, in truth, that very night, after he had driven May sternly away, the shadowy form of that wife seemed to stand by his bedside, and warn him that no harm should come to the pearls she had left in his keeping. With morning light, the Earl jeered at himself for his folly; but, before the day was over, he had sought and obtained places for his girls in the household of the Duchess of York.

"I am charmed to see you, my Lord Stafford," said the Duchess, as a stately, grey-headed, old nobleman bowed low before her, "and your fair daughters also. It is long since I have seen you, Lady Alethea. I trust you have not been sick. You look pale; but I need not ask the question of Lady Katherine, for she is blooming like a summer rose."

And when the Ladies Howard had replied, the Duchess turned to May. "Come hither, my English dove," said she; "here are companions with whom, if I mistake not, you will like to keep company. Take her, Lady Alethea, under your wing, or, I doubt not, she will sit in a corner the whole evening, gazing at us with her wistful eyes. And make acquaintance also with my other Margaret." And with a smile the Duchess moved on, to greet another party.

The two sets of sisters speedily made friends; and, as the reception was now over, and the guests began to amuse themselves, Rita and Kate Howard strolled away together, while May and

Alethea sat chatting in a quiet corner. Whilst laughing at some innocent joke, a shadow fell across them, and May was accosted by Philip Engelby. Philip, in court dress, with his curled and perfumed peruke covering his head and shoulders, looked so different from the plainly attired gentleman who had been her father's guest at Edenhall, that, for a moment, she looked at him in surprise; then, colouring prettily, begged his pardon, and introduced him to her companion.

He asked for Rita, and May pointed her out to him, at no great distance; and, to her intense relief, after paying the two girls a few of the high-flown compliments then the custom in society, he moved towards Marguerite.

"You do not look as if you much favoured your cousin, Lady Margery," said Alethea, slyly.

"I fear I don't," replied May, blushing. "Rita thinks me unjust; and, indeed, I know so few people, and so little of the world, as she says, that it is rash to form a judgment."

"I have never seen him before," said Alethea; "the lines of his face are hard; but, if all be true that the world hath said of him and Lady Di Villiers, he is much to be pitied."

"Oh!" said May, shrinking back, "there it is again. I do not like Lady Diana, and it seems so wrong; for she has loaded us with kindness ever since we came into the Household. I do not know why it is," continued May, looking up into Alethea's face, "that I say all this to you; but I feel as if we were going to be fast friends."

"So we are," answered the other, brightly; "and in these days all Catholics should stand by each other, and be true to each other, even in the smallest things. I will tell you about your cousin, Margery; for, perhaps, 'tis as well you should know it. But, tell me first, has the new Chaplain to the Duchess arrived? I am sure no one can hear us. They are all going to cards, or busy talking, far from us.—I want to know. We regretted Père St. Germain's so much."

"He came two days ago," replied May; "he had his first audience with the Duchess to-day. I only saw him for a moment; for Lady Diana was in attendance on her Highness, and it was only a formal audience, to present the greetings of the King of France to the Duchess. He has the aspect of a most spiritual, mortified man."

"Such is his reputation," Alethea said.

"Father Harcourt is charmed with him, and says London hath a treasure. Alas! poor London will reckon little of him; but I trust that we who may have access to him will profit by it."

"Well, now, of your cousin, May. I suppose you know your exact relationship to him?"

"My aunt Dora, who married Colonel Engelby, of Mortwood, had one son, I was told. Both his parents died while he was a

child, and he was brought up with my father and uncles. But when the Civil War broke out, he espoused the cause of the Parliament, married the daughter of a Roundhead, and brought up his son in the same principles. I know he and his wife are dead; and now Philip is loyal to the King."

"So far true, sweet May; but, perhaps, you know not, that Philip was the owner of goodly estates under the Commonwealth, but lost them all at the Restoration."

"He was betrothed to Lady Diana Lindsay, who had no fortune; when she found he had become poor, and would have to carve his way to fortune, she threw him over, and married Sir David Villiers, old enough to be her father. Sir David has been holding a post of honour at the Hague. So it is only a year ago since Lady Diana appeared in London, and the King appointed her governess to the royal children. She was a Catholic in those days, and, 'tis said, had she married Philip, he would have gone back to the faith of his ancestors."

"Poor fellow!" said May, compassionately. "No wonder his face is hard. No doubt, Rita knows this tale, and has pitied him. I will try and judge him less harshly; and Lady Diana, too. Let us pray for her. Oh! how could she renounce the faith? Now, you have told me this, I remember the strange light in her face when Père de la Colombière was ushered in to-day. Perchance that good father will bring her back."

"Hush!" said Alethea, who, while talking, had her eyes constantly looking about. "She comes this way."

Lady Diana swept by. She was magnificently dressed, and looked exceedingly haughty. She had just thrown a large and costly shawl about her.

"Good evening, young ladies," she said. "Swearing eternal friendship, I see. All the world is busy. I must go and see how my little princess fares." And she passed on. She had been the centre of a group, attracted by her sparkling wit and stately presence. For a while, Philip Engelby had lingered on its outskirts, but had soon detached himself, and wandered to the side of Marguerite. There he had settled down, and was evidently making the time pass pleasantly, to judge from the bursts of merry laughter he elicited from Rita and Kate Howard. Lady Diana watched them, and grew pale. She laughed, and jested on; and then rising, dismissed her group, with an assertion that she must go and visit the royal nursery; and, as we have seen, she hastened from the room. When Lady Diana gained the corridors which led to her own apartment, she stood still; she was in perfect solitude. The occupants of the different rooms were gone to the reception; the servants were busy in other parts of the palace. It was one of those rare moments of freedom from observation in the life of a court official. What a change came over the face so lately smiling and gay! What a look of haggard grief, of hope-

less sorrow! She pressed her hands to her brow, as if to still the pain. "Can I, dare I go?" she whispered to herself. "Am I mad? I have gone too far to recede now. What folly to recur to the past! Yet there is somewhat in that man's aspect that draws me on. There is a strange yearning in my soul to speak with him. I must do it!"

She suddenly opened with a key an *armoire* let into the wall of the corridor, took from it a large gray cloak and throwing it over her so as completely to conceal both face and figure went with rapid steps into another part of the palace. She met no one. The place was deserted. She ascended more than one staircase, and traversed many a corridor. At last she stopped before a closed door, and knocked. A voice within, speaking in French, bade her enter. She did so, shutting the door behind her, and found herself in the presence of Père de la Colombière. Two small rooms had been assigned for his use, and he had already rendered them as plain and simple in appearance as possible. The outer room opened into the private chapel of the duchess, for, contrary to the articles of her marriage convention, Mary Beatrice was not allowed to use the Royal Chapel of St. James.

The Father was seated at his writing-table and rose as the veiled lady entered. Already aware that his counsel would generally be sought in secret, he was not surprised at the apparition. He opened the door which led into the sanctuary, and the soft light of the lamp cast in its rays. Then when he had seated himself in his confessional, Lady Diana knelt beside him. Her whole frame shook with emotion, and it was some moments before she could speak. Gradually she told her story. She had abjured her faith for the sake of this world's gauds, and a ceaseless remorse consumed her. Power, influence, riches, were hers; they sickened her as she grasped them. With burning jealousy she beheld Philip, whom she had wronged and renounced, devote himself to win Marguerite's favour. Her soul was torn by passion, and the powers of good and evil were fiercely contending within her.

At first all the stores of Father de la Colombière's compassion were poured out on her. He spoke with an eloquence she had never heard before, of the sweetness of penance, the fullness of pardon. But as the conversation went on his patience was sorely tried. It was but a wild impulse that had brought her to his feet. She wanted peace, but she would not pay its price. She would give up nought of the power she held; she would neither declare her faith in public nor even seek to practise it in private. When her access of grief and passion was over, she grew calm; and if the Father could have seen her face, he would have found it hardened again to play her part. Words of stern remonstrance rose to his lips, but they were not uttered. He looked at the quivering lamp, and the memory of his special mission given him by his Master

came strongly into his soul. With words of deepest tenderness, he spoke on:—

"My poor child," he said, "if you still wander from the fold, the Good Shepherd will pursue you with unfailing love. No words can speak the tenderness of His Heart. His love shall follow you into all the scenes of pleasure and pomp you cannot forego. Wander as you will, you cannot escape from that undying love."

"I must not tarry longer," said Lady Diana, rising to her feet. "Pardon, Father, that I have troubled you. 'Twas a phantom of my brain. I have gone too far now to recede. Persecution is not to my taste."

"Come back to me again," said the priest. "Look on me as a friend, for surely in the turmoil of your restless life you need one."

"No," said Lady Diana, in a cold, hard voice. "I have been forced to come this once, but I will no more. You might attain a power over me I could not resist. I have made my choice, and I will abide by it."

She was gone, and Père de la Colombière, kneeling before the Tabernacle, asked for light and grace to bring back to the fold this soul, and the many others, who had been led astray by the glare of this world's honour, and the fear of this world's frown.

[*To be continued.*]

TO EXPERIENCE.

HAIL, gentle power ! 'Tis thine to cheer
 The sadness of the troubled breast,
 To quell Suspicion's anxious fear,
 And lull uneasy Care to rest.
 Child of Affliction, nursed by Grief !
 'Tis thine to bring the soul relief ;
 Thy radiant beams to man are given
 To light his erring steps, and point the way to Heaven.

Thou teachest Science to unfold
 Her mysteries to our wond'ring eyes ;
 Proud Art, inspired by Genius bold,
 Thy sage direction learns to prize.
 We claim thee as the sacred spoil
 Of hallowed Learning's priceless toil ;
 Each year its ample tribute pays
 Of weal or woe, thy lasting monument to raise.

Folly that courts a speedy fate,
 Grim Prejudice, unbending Pride,
 With wan Despair and senseless Hate,
 Alike thy fond reproof deride ;
 But Wisdom kneels before thy shrine
 Stored with the gifts of lore divine ;
 And Innocence with happy smile
 Sleeps peaceful on thy breast, nor fears the shaft of Guile.

Experience ! Thou art cheaply bought
 By many a year of toil and pain !
 By thee aspiring hearts are taught
 That every worldly joy is vain.
 From thee we learn nor wealth nor power
 Avails to chase affliction's hour ;
 That sin no lasting peace can find,
 Nor earthly pleasures soothe to rest the guilty mind.

Nurtured beneath thy fost'ring care,
 Unsullied by a secret pride,
 Let Zeal a gracious aspect wear,
 And ever lean to Mercy's side.
 In thee may Virtue ever find
 A safe retreat from foes unkind,
 And gentle Pity learn of thee
 To bind the gaping wounds of Sin and Misery.

Be thou to me a beacon-light
 To guide my wanderings here below!
 Shed o'er my path thy radiance bright,
 And cheer my steps through toil and woe!
 Teach me, thou Mistress of the heart,
 In life to act my destined part,
 To know myself, to know and love
 My fellow-men, and win their souls to One above.

V. N.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF IRELAND'S CONSECRATION.

ON the thirtieth of the month on which we are now entering, a full year shall have elapsed since the day on which the bishops and pastors of the Irish Church consecrated themselves and their flocks to the special love and worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The annual commemoration of that event may be made more effectively on the recurrence of the ecclesiastical date which was honoured by being linked with so sacred an epoch in our country's history. The choice of Passion Sunday for this purpose was indeed peculiarly suitable for the consecration of a country to which the Heart of Jesus has vouchsafed so large a share in His Passion. This year this anniversary also falls within the present month, Passion Sunday being the 22nd of March.

As might be expected, that solemn consecration of our nation to the Sacred Heart has spread the devotion more widely through the people. The list of Irish affiliations to the Apostleship of Prayer or League of the Sacred Heart which we published in our Magazine in October, 1873, requires already that many additions be made to it. The information and statistics furnished in the article referred to (*IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. I, p. 220), must not of course be repeated here; and we shall only indicate a few additional particulars, reminding certain correspondents that many of their questions have been answered beforehand in that Report.

Before we proceed, however, to some practical statistics, we may look beyond our little island, and thank God for the enthusiastic devotion shown towards the Sacred Heart of Jesus in that mighty continent where so many millions of the Celtic race have found a home. Though ours was the first national consecration, other countries before and since have dedicated themselves thus, diocese by diocese, to the Heart of the Redeemer. There is hardly

a month that the American Catholic journals do not contain accounts of the extraordinary fervour with which the various great communities of the American Church, pastors and people, perform this solemn act of religion. The Archdiocese of New York was thus dedicated on the last Feast of the Immaculate Conception, as we see commemorated in a devout poem with which we had intended to edify our readers till we saw that space would fail for the publication of other poems on the same subject with stronger claims upon us, and which have not been published before. A kind critic in the *Catholic Review* of Brooklyn suggested that the Latin poem in our first number would serve as the hymn at Lauds in the Office of the Dedication of the Irish Church to the Sacred Heart, if such a commemorative feast should ever be instituted. The vesper hymn of that proposed festival is thus supplied by the same classic and pious pen :—

“ Ut grave crimen reparare tentet
Impiæ gentis, tumidæ, feræque,
Quæ Sacri Cordis temerare jura
Non trepidavit,

“ Insulæ Sanctæ populus fidelis
Integrum sese properat dicare
Cultui Cordis Domini Deique
Tempus in omne.

“ Sic pios natos genuere Patres
Sæcla per septem lacrymosa sueti
Vincula, plagas, genus omne sævi
Temnere lethi.

“ Servulos, O Cor tenerum ! benigné
Ad tuum cultum jubeas sacrari,
Offerunt qui se stimulis amoris
Acriter acti.

“ Sint Patri summo, parilique Proli,
Flamini et Sancto decus atque virtus,
Dum SACRO CORDI similes honores
Reddit Ierne. Amen.”

The spirit of these sapphics may be translated, if not to the letter, in a sonnet by the daughter of him who, dying at Genoa, bequeathed his heart to Rome. Not idly do we recall this legacy of faith and love, but as an illustration of those feelings of the human soul on which partly the Devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is founded.

PASSION SUNDAY, 1873.

“ To consecrate our country unto Thee,
To Thy most Holy Heart, O God of Heaven !
This Sunday of the Passion hath been given,
When all the nation's myriads gathered be

To make a reparation solemnly
 For the wild rage with which the world hath striven,
 By Hell's foul promptings to rebellion driven,
 Against the glory of the Deity!
 A glorious privilege is ours to-day,
 Denied our Sister Poland in her woe;
 No tyrants check us on our onward way,
 No despot dares command us to delay
 When we our love for Thee would freely show,
 And point the blessed way Thy faithful still should go."

It is highly expedient to keep in mind the facts alluded to in these lines and in the Latin poem which precedes them: namely, that our national Consecration was in part intended as a protest against the cruelty and impiety of a foreign government which has since entered more openly on a career of persecution against the Church of God. Surely it is terribly significant that Prussia began by hindering poor Poland from practising the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. Yet among many other blessed consequences which God knows how to draw from the wickedness of His rebellious creatures, we may reckon here the sacred event in Irish history of which every Passion Sunday will be the commemorative anniversary.*

We have said that almost every Convent in Ireland has been enrolled in this League of the Sacred Heart. It is hardly necessary to limit the statement with *almost*. How many will remain to be added finally in our next quarterly report, when we join to those enumerated in our previous one, the two Convents of St. Louis, at Monaghan and Bundoran, the Presentation Convents at Granard and Lucan, and the Convents of Mercy at Macroom, Kinsale, and Ballymahon. These, added to the list given at page 221 of our First Volume, make the number of Presentation Convents in Ireland, aggregated to the League of the Sacred Heart, amount to 36; of the Convents of Mercy to 54. We cannot, at this moment, ascertain how far these figures fall short of the entire number of the Convents filled with the pious daughters of Nano Nagle and of Mary Catherine M'Auley.

To the list of affiliated parishes given in the same place, we add those of St. Mary's, Athlone; Ramsgrange, in the Diocese of Ferns; Dunkerrin (Killaloe), Monaghan, Letterkenny; Drangan, Cappawhite, and Boherlahan (these three in the Archdiocese of Cashel); also the Church of the Three Patrons, Rathgar; and St. Joseph's, Dundrum, County Dublin. The communities of the Christian Brothers at Nenagh, Newcastle West, Dungarvan, and

* For the connexion between the subject of this article and the religious persecution of the Prussian Government, see the Pastoral Letter of the Irish Hierarchy (*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, February, 1873), and also a sermon by the Bishop of Limerick, of which extracts are given in the *IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. I., p. 7.

Londonderry, and the Novitiate of this holy Institute at North Richmond-street, Dublin, have received diplomas of affiliation, in addition to the too scanty catalogue furnished in the place we have so often referred to.

These newly affiliated communities, and many others, will be glad to have their attention called to two announcements in our advertising columns. One regards a small memorial picture which has been published, *apropos* of the approaching anniversary of our country's consecration to the Sacred Heart. Many will welcome this little work of art, and will take a pious pleasure in propagating so suggestive a souvenir of this touching event in our religious life as a nation. The other advertisement announces the issue (too long delayed) of a new edition of the certificates of enrolment, which give much fuller and more accurate information about the indulgences, &c., attached to the practice of this form of the devotion to the Heart of Jesus. Our readers have before been reminded that when the Holy See, in confirming the statutes of the association, made the valid enrolment consist in having one's name inscribed in some local registry only, it was, on the other hand, made obligatory that certificates of enrolment, such as these that are now issued anew, should be given (where possible) to every new member, as a memento and guarantee of his having been enrolled in this League of the Sacred Heart.

One or two other practical matters must be referred to briefly; but we wish to record here a curious tribute paid to Ireland's devotedness to the Heart of Jesus. The verses seem to be written by an Englishman. They came to us before Passion Sunday, 1873; and they came from San Clemente, through venerable hands, whose touch makes them more precious in our eyes.

THE IRISH HEART.

" O Irish heart ! oh ! blessed gush
Of feeling pure and strong,
Pure as the early morning's flush
Stretched the blue hills along.

" Faith, hope, and love, seem thine by right ;
They dwell *at home* in thee—
O Irish heart ! in our despite
Kind, Catholic and free.

" O Irish heart ! a special grace
Endears thee still to Heaven ;
The many ills of Erin's race
Forgotten and forgiven :

" Forgiven for the love of Him
Who died upon the Tree,
Forgotten in the anguish dim
Of *His* sore agony.

" O sweetest Jesus ! listen now
 To one who prays that ne'er
 Our Sister of the saddened brow
 May lose her Faith and Prayer.

" O Irish heart ! in patience strong,
 In tenderness so deep—
 Oh ! would I could repair the wrong—
 I can but sit and weep !

" O glorious Irish Heart, farewell !
 We know thee whence thou art,
 The secret of that mighty spell—
 'Tis from the *Sacred Heart* ! "

One of the earthly shrines dearest to the heart of our Lord must surely be the Visitation Convent of Paray-le-Monial, consecrated as it is by the memory of blessed Margaret Mary, and by memories more sacred still. That obscure little die-away village of Burgundy is now one of the pilgrim-places of the Catholic world. Those who cannot journey thither may at least make the pilgrimage in spirit by attending to this appeal of the Rev. Thomas H. Kinane, C.C., the Author of the "*Dove of the Tabernacle*," which is dated "Templemore, Co. Tipperary, September 26, 1873."

" I had the happiness of joining in the great Pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial last summer. Round the Shrine of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque and round the chapel were rich votive offerings of love to the Sacred Heart of Jesus from every country in Europe—brilliant banners from even Protestant England and Scotland, from Switzerland, from Russia, but *none* from Catholic Ireland, which has received so many blessings from the Sacred Heart ! With the sanction of my Ordinary, the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, and with his Grace's blessing, I propose to collect the pious offerings of the faithful to present a banner to the Sacred Heart of Jesus—a banner worthy of Ireland, and to be borne by the hands of Irish pilgrims to the Holy Shrine at Paray-le-Monial, as an offering of love, thanksgiving, reparation, and petition, to the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Saviour. I beg, therefore, to solicit for this purpose the offerings of those who love the Adorable Heart of Our Divine Saviour."

Our readers have already seen the special tribute of the same kind which the faithful diocese of Tuam proposes to offer on her own account to this central sanctuary of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. We have been edified at hearing that in every room of the Diocesan College of St. Jarlath's there is a picture or a statue in honor of the Sacred Heart, and that each year the new pupils are enrolled in the Confraternity of the Heart of Jesus. This College is the last of the omissions which we wish to supply in bringing down to the present date the Irish census of the *Apostleship of Prayer* which we wish to be known by its nobler name of League of the Sacred Heart.

M. R.

NEW BOOKS.

I. *Sermons and Lectures of the late REV. M. B. BUCKLEY, of Cork, with a Memoir of his Life.* By REV. CHARLES DAVIS, of Skibbereen. (Dublin: M^cGlashan & Gill, 50, Upper Sackville-street.)—One who, after the various changes of childhood and school-life, passes through the full course of the great seminary of the Irish priesthood, and who then for some twenty years lives the life of a very active curate and popular preacher in so Catholic a city as Cork, is sure to have made himself known and loved in many widely extended circles. This was the career of Father Buckley, interrupted by a brief sojourn in the United States, where his success as a Lecturer was the greatest achieved before the brilliant triumphs of Father Burke. To many thousands, therefore, on both sides of the Atlantic, the handsome memorial volume, edited by Father Davis, will be as a keepsake and relic of a dear friend. The portrait which smiles on you as you open the book, is a very striking likeness; at least it recalls vividly to the present writer the pleasant features seen for the last time "twenty golden years ago." After a short memoir, written with excellent taste and feeling, but which might perhaps have given us a little of that fun with which John Francis Maguire described his friend as bubbling over—thirty of Father Buckley's Sermons are given, chiefly Charity Sermons and Discourses on special occasions. Though these suffer more than most printed sermons when read apart from the preacher's remarkably effective delivery, they form a welcome addition to our very scanty stores of pulpit eloquence. The six Lectures which follow were prepared more fully for publication. They must have delighted his Irish audiences in America—on one occasion 5000 heard him in the Cooper Institute descanting on such congenial themes as the National Music of Ireland. College contemporaries of Michael Bernard Buckley will remember his marvellous facility for turning off rhymed Latin lyrics after the fashion of his famous fellow-townsmen, Father Prout, and his notorious ditto, Dr. Kenecaly. The editor of this memorial volume has very wisely enlivened it with a few samples of the lighter talents of his deceased friend. Father Buckley was but forty years of age when he died. May eternal light shine upon him!

II. *Louise Lateau, her Life, her Ecstasies, and her Stigmata.* From the French of Dr. F. Lefebvre. (London: Burns & Oates.)—The treatise of which the present translation is brought out under the highly competent editorship of the Rev. Dr. Spencer Northcote, is not designed for popular use, being described on the title page as a "Medical Study." For ordinary readers there can be desired nothing better, nothing more attractive, or, sufficiently for its objects, more solid, than Dr. Gerald Molloy's *Visit to Louise Lateau* (Dublin: M^cGlashan & Gill). The present is a strictly scientific work by the distinguished physician who for twenty years has filled the chair of General Pathology and Therapeutics in the University of Louvain. He has brought all the resources of science to bear on a long and careful investigation of the case of the Belgian *stigmatizata* which all his facts and deductions tend to prove clearly distinct from all merely natural phenomena.

III. *A Nun's Advice to her Girls.* (Dublin: Duffy & Mullany.)—The Nun who gives this book of excellent counsels to the pupils of her Convent School, is the Nun of Kenmare, whose name has indeed become a household word. It is needless to say that the advice she gives to the good Irish girls at home and abroad is the very best and wisest, and conveyed in a very agreeable and forcible manner. We may add that we are pleased not only with what is said, but with what is left unsaid. Certain warnings that are often given in books of a somewhat similar aim are here more wisely left entirely to sad experience, and God's grace acting through various appointed ministries. No wonder that this book, or one substantially the same as the present, has already had a wide circulation amongst

our countrywomen on the other side of the Atlantic. Since writing the foregoing lines, we have read a letter addressed by an American Sister of Mercy to an Irish Presentation Nun, in which she speaks of one poor Irish girl who went across the ocean to better herself. "If there is any old schoolmate of hers out here whose address you know, I could send for her and get her to see the poor soul—any plan to bring back the good resolutions of her early days." And she ends with the entreaty which we have seen in many an American letter:—"Keep the girls at home! You can do no greater charity. They are lost by hundreds here. God bless the dear old land, every square inch of it!" At the same time, as we have broached this subject at all, it is well to add that the good Nun whom we have quoted, speaks of the contrast with the virtuous Irish maidens and matrons at home; whereas an American lady, the well-known Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, draws a different picture, which is also true. But why does the *Freeman's Journal*, February 11, 1874, head the paragraph with the sneering title "Biddy's Proclivities?" Yet the sneer is in reality a glorious compliment: for to make the names of their patron saints synonymous with Irishman and Irishwoman is to imply that the Irish race is inseparably identified with the faith and very name of St. Brigid and St. Patrick. Here is what the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, writing recently to the *Boston Pilot*, says of Irish servant girls in the States:—"Considering their youth, their inexperience, their coming strangers into the country, their separation from parental oversight, their uniform purity and propriety of conduct are certainly remarkable. As to honesty, in estimating that trait of Irish servants, we must not expect superhuman virtue. A kind, consistent, watchful, careful mistress will keep her servants in the way of honesty; a careless or incompetent one tempts them to fall." May the Sacred Heart of Jesus cherish and guard in their true and simple faith and purity all the poor Irish servant girls and Irishwomen of every class at home and in foreign parts.

IV. *The Book of the Blessed Ones*. By M. J. CUSACK. (London: Burns & Oates.)—Only one word of hearty welcome to another work of higher pretension, but not higher utility, which reaches us at the last moment from the same busy cell of the Poor Clare. It is a full and methodical treatise on the Eight Beatitudes.

V. *The Happiness of Heaven*. By REV. J. BOUDREAUX, S. J. (Baltimore: Murphy.) From beyond the Atlantic has come to us a charming little volume descriptive of the joys of our true home, Heaven. It is written in a very easy and graceful style, and is altogether the most attractive book we have ever seen on this absorbing subject. With theological accuracy, and with picturesque vividness, it blends together the teaching of Holy Writ and the expositions of the sacred text given by the greatest minds of the Church, forming an image of what eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, which it is impossible to contemplate without feeling a thrill of joy run through one's frame. In particular the description of the glorified body and the exquisite delights which the senses will drink in for all eternity, is simply overpowering, bringing home to each one with wonderful force this consoling thought: "It is in my power to make this body, now so vile and miserable, rise on the last day glorified like unto the body of Jesus Christ 'Whose face did shine as the sun,' perfect in beauty, in the bloom and vigour of perpetual youth."

EUGENE O'CURRY.

"Father of the Gael,
Last Father of the Gael of Erin!"

SIXTY or seventy years ago the wild and not very picturesque region that forms the extreme south-western part of the county of Clare was, to all intents and purposes, as far removed from any centre of life, and as much forgotten by the rest of the world, as if the lonely ocean and the sea-like river broke upon its eastern boundaries as well as upon the desolate shores that fringe the moorland waste on every other side. Since Ludlow, at the head of the Cromwellian forces, besieged the castle that still keeps its hold on the craggy eminence overhanging the little bay of Carrigaholt, the surrounding district had remained unvisited, that is to say, unmolested by the stranger. The peninsula was left in the possession of its scattered population, who tilled here and there, and much in the fashion of their Dalcassian forefathers, a soil not productive enough to tempt the cupidity of rack-renting landlords, or afford an adequate return for the tithe proctor's visitation. The peasantry, inured to the boisterous winds, moist with sea-spray, that swept over the treeless expanse, led a healthy and laborious existence, and were as content with their humble lot as if they dwelt in the midst of softer scenes.

If these "west heaths beside the sea" were dreary at times in their colourless uniformity, there was not wanting to the landscape that stern sublimity which solitary nature assumes. Cloudland and the world of waters, in magnificent and changeful aspect, broke the monotony of the scene; and the unparalleled splendour of the sunsets that brighten these western shores made compensation for the absence of pastoral richness and woodland beauty. With all its desolation the territory was well peopled with the past. The local saints had left their memories and even their footsteps on the strand; the M'Mahons and the O'Briens were fondly remembered as heroes of by-gone days; and when at night the roar of the Atlantic was heard along the cliffs, and the storm burst over the land, the old folk, safely housed in their low-roofed cabins, believed that Lord Clare and his Yellow Dragoons would traverse then in ghostly array the lonely plain, and disappear at dawn into the surges off Carrigaholt.

Nothing occurred to change the state of affairs until the great war which threatened the ruin of Europe inaugurated an era of unwonted prosperity for Ireland, and produced a beneficial effect even in this remote quarter of the island. The prospect of commensurate and immediate reward—a powerful stimulus to the Gaelic mind at all times—now proved an irresistible incentive to exertion; and with wheat at five pounds the barrel, and a ready

market within reach, the men of the west were cheered on in their resolute struggle with a marshy surface and a stiff sub-soil. A considerable part of the moorland was brought into cultivation; the farmers became a substantial race, and plenty as well as peace reigned in the West. The Church by law established suddenly remembered this obscure corner of the vineyard; and though it was not considered necessary to erect a house of worship for the three or four Protestant families discovered to exist about Kilrush, it was nevertheless judged expedient to look after the tithes, which thenceforth were levied regularly, and auctioned, after the odious custom of the time.

Isolated though the people had been for generations, they had not lapsed into barbarism. Naturally intelligent and fond of learning, they had made the most of their scant opportunities, and had shown an eagerness in "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" both commendable and extraordinary. In the old Irish fashion the information possessed by one generation was faithfully handed down to the next, and every remnant of the ancient literature was transmitted as a precious inheritance. Traditional lore and time-honoured usage were preserved with the carefulness that might be expected from the population of Clare—the last county in Ireland which was governed by the Brehon Laws administered by native judges. Many of the farmers had in their possession valuable Irish manuscripts, transmitted to them by their ancestors, who, owing to their fortunate obscurity, and their settlement in a barren sea-bound tract, had been able to retain these heir-looms at a time when the possession of an Irish book made the owner a suspected person, and was often the cause of his ruin.*

At the period to which we are now referring, schoolmasters had become scarce, and the classics, once generally cultivated in that part of the country, had ceased to be taught. But the scholars of Carrigaholt were equal to the emergency, and it was the custom of the young men, the farmers' sons, to meet alternately in each other's houses in the winter-nights, make common stock of whatever knowledge they possessed, and save themselves from the reproach of being illiterate by forming a school for mutual instruction. The country people in the genuinely Celtic parts of Ireland have from time immemorial been accustomed to gather in the long winter evenings round the hearths which are frequented by the best story-tellers and the best singers; but on the occasions of which we are speaking the meetings were of quite a different nature. The young fellows assembled to teach themselves arith-

* See introduction to *The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*. Professor W. K. Sullivan adds that in some parts of the country the tradition of the danger incurred by having Irish manuscripts lived down to within his own memory, and that he had seen Irish manuscripts that had been buried until the writing had almost faded, and the margins rotted away, to avoid the danger which their discovery would entail at the visit of the local yeomanry.

metic, geography, book-keeping, and English grammar, to practise reading and writing, and more especially to read Irish. Each had his speciality in which he excelled; and they formed on the whole an excellent sort of school, carried on without the aid of a school-master. The expense of candle-light was fairly divided by the system of rotation in the place of meeting, and one book on each subject generally sufficed for the whole class, for books were exceedingly scarce in those days, especially in Carrigaholt. We have been told that all the members of this excellent class were, in after life, very successful in their respective careers—humble careers of course for most of them—but we know that one of the number eventually rose to very high distinction, and came to occupy a post of great public honour, and great public utility in the literature of his country,

This young man was Eugene O'Curry, the third son of Owen (or Eugene) O'Curry, better known in the country as Owen Mor, or Big Owen; a name he would have been fully entitled to on account of his stalwart frame and capacious nature, even if the affix "Mor" had not been transmitted by his Dalcassian ancestors and borne by the family for many centuries. The Dalcassian tribes located in Clare were, it will be remembered, descended from a celebrated scholar and Druid who lived in the fifth century. The family of O'Curry (*O' Comhraidhe*, "the taker of trophies"), was one of those tribes; and in Owen Mor's time was nearly related to another family of the same descent, bearing the name of O'Scully (*O' Scolaidhe*, "The Scholar.") Owen Mor's avocation, like that of his neighbours, was agricultural. His farm-house stood in the hamlet of Dunaha, on the shore of the broad estuary of the Shannon; the parish or district being called Dunaha or Carrigaholt. There dwelt Owen in rustic comfort with his wife and daughter and four sons. He was much respected in the country, and was not the less popular for being a jovial companion as well as a good neighbour. Nor was it forgotten that his father, Melachlin Mor O'Curry, had, during the dreadful famine of 1742, proved himself a devoted friend to the people; feeding the starving peasants, visiting the fever-stricken families, and when all failed, and death struck down so many that even the churchyards could not receive the dead, giving up a part of his own farm, and having it consecrated as a cemetery. Owen Mor had a thorough knowledge of the antiquities and traditions of the country, and dearly loved his native tongue. He was an accomplished reader of Irish—a matter of no easy acquisition, owing to the peculiar difficulties of Gaelic orthography. He had a fine collection of manuscripts, inherited from his forefathers, or otherwise acquired, which formed in fact a little library, numbering more than fifty books.

It was a great occasion, and one not unfrequently enjoyed, when the neighbours—if the dwellers in the homesteads scattered over the moor might so be called—gathered round Owen's blazing

hearth to hear the farmer read some page of national history, literature, or legend from a time-stained manuscript of his own collection, or from a precious relic of antiquity lent to him by a friend; for so highly was Owen's scholarship reputed that any manuscript in the country would have been freely entrusted to his care. Owen was, moreover, gifted with a good musical ear, and a remarkably melodious voice. He was particular in his selection of songs, and would sing nothing but the finest Irish poetry set to the old airs of the country. The so-called Ossianic poems were his favourites, and these he sang to the simple melancholy strains, to which from time immemorial they had been wedded.* A beautiful ancient hymn to the Blessed Virgin, at the least seven hundred years old, used to be sung almost every evening by Owen Mor.

These evening entertainments had the best and most refining influence; and doubtless no body of *savans* ever broke up an academic meeting better satisfied with the way they had passed the evening than did the men of Carrigaholt when they stood up beneath Owen's humble roof and exchanged the customary farewell before dispersing across the solitary moor. The entertainer himself would finish the evening, as it was his wont to do on ordinary occasions, by reciting the rosary with his family. In this matter, too, the giving out of the rosary, Owen Mor excelled. He was always called upon to do so on Sundays while the congregation awaited the arrival of the priest who was to say mass in the neighbouring chapel—if the word chapel could be applied to the mud house, without window or door-case, in which the Holy Sacrifice used to be offered in those days.

Meanwhile Eugene† grew up, sharing with the other children the loving care of the good notable mother, listening delightedly to the Irish readings and the beautiful old songs, and assiduously attending the evening classes at which the lads sharpened each other's wits in their eagerness to obtain and impart information.

* "I have heard," says Professor O'Curry in one of his Lectures, "that there was about the time that I was born, and of course beyond my recollection, a man named Anthony O'Brien, a schoolmaster, who spent much of his time in my father's house, who was the best singer of Oisín's poems that his contemporaries had ever heard. He had a rich and powerful voice, and often, on a calm summer day, he used to go with a party into a boat on the Lower Shannon, at my native place, where the river is eight miles wide, and having rowed to the middle of the river, they used to lie on their oars there, to uncork their whiskey jar and make themselves happy, on which occasions Anthony O'Brien was always prepared to sing his choicest pieces, among which were no greater favourites than Oisín's poems. So powerful was the singer's voice that it often reached the shore on either side of the boat in Clare and Kerry, and often called the labouring men and women from the neighbouring fields on both sides down to the water's edge to enjoy the strains."

† Eugene was popularly called "Owen Oge," or young Owen. He was born, we believe, in 1796; but his birthday he could not himself tell. The family register was lost in a fire that broke out in the Dunaha farm-house, and destroyed a number of Irish manuscripts.

We strongly suspect that young Eugene O'Curry was the chief organizer of that original system of instruction. At all events he was the most indefatigable of the class in his efforts at self-improvement. He has been heard in aftertimes to relate how in his eagerness to acquire a knowledge of the English language he would find some excuse to approach respectable persons frequenting the neighbourhood for sea-bathing, in order that he might hear their pronunciation of English words. It was an ingenious way to obtain accurate knowledge, and we may be sure that his young companions profited at their next evening meeting by the experience he had thus obtained. But Irish was his favourite study. He early acquired a proficiency in reading, and his love of Irish poetry, Irish antiquities, and Irish senachies became developed almost from his boyhood. This love he indulged by copying all the manuscripts to which he could obtain access; he learned from the beginning to write a clear, bold, and beautifully formed hand in Irish characters, and the large collection he formed by his own labours in transcribing was greatly increased by the acquisition of many Irish manuscripts which he procured in the neighbourhood. Eugene, however, was not allowed to become a dull boy by too much study. He had to take his turn at the spade, and to lend a hand like the rest in all the farming operations of the season. Moreover, he shared in the sports of the country, although, owing to a slight lameness, which afterwards considerably increased, he did not become an adept like his brothers in the manly exercises of hurling and foot ball. The greatest delight of the lads, however, was an expedition now and then to the races of Ballybunnion, the voyage to the Kerry side of the Shannon on these occasions being accomplished in a canoe equipped precisely in the fashion of ten centuries ago.* In this frail craft, constructed of

* We remember to have read some years ago, in one of the serial publications of the day, a most interesting paper entitled "St. Patrick's Hill," and understood to have been written by Mr. Haverty, the author of "The History of Ireland." In the paper referred to, an account was given of the passage across the Shannon in these wicker boats of the inhabitants of this very district (anciently Corca-Baiskinn), who having heard of St. Patrick's beneficent mission, and being anxious to receive baptism at his hands, resolved to seek the Apostle, who was then preaching in that part of Munster lying on the south bank of the great river. Weary after the day's preaching, the Saint was unwilling to commence the instruction of the strangers, when in the evening they presented themselves before him. But they besought him not to delay, seeing that their houses had been left unprotected, and their boats were lying at a distance on the shore. The holy man yielded to their entreaties, taught them the doctrines of the Christian faith, and baptised them in a little stream flowing into the Shannon. In their joy, the men of Corca-Baiskinn longed to have their wives and children share the blessing they themselves had obtained, and they invited the Saint to visit their country. St. Patrick found it impossible to do so, and gave them many reasons for not complying with their entreaty, although they had offered to take with them in their boats the Apostle and all his followers. "But," said the Saint, "if there be any place near, whence I may be able to see your country, lead.

wicker work, covered with horse hides, and manned with three rowers, having two oars each, the Carrigaholt lads would, with astonishing rapidity, cross the estuary of the Shannon, glide down the shore line on the opposite side, round Beal Point, heedless of the ocean swell, and shoot into the little loch at Ballybunnion to keep high holiday at the races.

Time advanced; and when Eugene and his brothers had nearly attained to manhood the dispersion of the family became inevitable. On the continent peace had been proclaimed, and in Ireland the "war prices," which had made it a comparatively easy matter to support a large family on the produce of an inconsiderable farm, were no longer to be obtained. Eugene went to Limerick, where his brother Malachy had already settled. After a time he was offered a situation in the County Lunatic Asylum, and for several years he fulfilled in that institution the duties of a post requiring great patience and intelligence, and the possession of kind as well as conscientious feelings. Here he was subsequently joined by his favourite brother Anthony, for whom he procured a situation in the same establishment. Owen Mor O'Curry, who was in the habit of paying an annual visit to his sons in Limerick, removed there altogether about a year before his death. Eugene, during all this time, had contrived to add by every opportunity that offered to his stock of Irish manuscripts as well as to his own command of the antiquarian, genealogical, and poetic information which his knowledge of those manuscripts opened up to him. But as he said to a friend* not very long before he was himself called out of the world, "It was not until my father's death that I fully awoke to the passion of gathering those old fragments of our history. I knew that he was a link between our day and a time when everything was broken, scattered, and hidden; and when I called to mind the knowledge he possessed of every old ruin, every old manuscript, every old legend and tradition in Thomond, I was suddenly filled with consternation to think that all was gone for ever, and no record made of it." Thenceforth every moment he could spare—his evening leisure and his Sunday recreation—were given up to antiquarian study and investigation.

Just then it happened that in a circle widely remote from Eugene's humble sphere, the deepest interest had been awakened in the very subjects which the scholar of Carrigaholt had been pursuing with such ardour. The Royal Irish Academy, mainly incited by Dr. Petrie's antiquarian and enlightened spirit, became anxious to increase their collection of Irish manuscripts, and en-

me to it." They took him to a hill from the summit of which he could see the entire land of Corca-Baiskinn. Solemnly he blessed the country; he spoke to them of the great Saint (Senan) who should arise among them, and gave them a priest and deacon, Romans by birth, to instruct their people in the faith.

* The writer of an obituary notice of Eugene O'Curry in the *Morning News*.

trusted him with a commission to search for rare and valuable works of ancient literature and history, and to purchase them for the institution. Already some important manuscripts had been obtained; among the rest an autograph copy of the second part of the *Annals of the Four Masters*; transcripts had been made of valuable remains preserved in private libraries; and eventually several entire collections were secured. An eminent publishing firm in Dublin had shown great energy in searching for these dispersed relics of antiquity, and were already forming a collection, subsequently purchased by the Academy. Mr. George Smith, a partner in the house, used frequently visit the country parts of Ireland, with a view of obtaining information of a kind likely to aid him in discovering and securing the papers or parchments he was in search of. On one of these excursions, happening to call on the medical superintendent of the establishment in which Eugene O'Curry was employed, he said to his friend, in the course of conversation, that if he could meet with an Irish scholar who would give him some information and help him in the search he was engaged in, it would be a fortunate circumstance. "I have here the very man you want," replied the doctor, and Eugene O'Curry was introduced. The latter entered heartily into the subject, materially served the collector of manuscripts, and the foundation of a lasting friendship was laid between the two.

Meanwhile the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, that stupendous undertaking, so happily begun, so disastrously interrupted, was being carried on with enthusiastic energy under the direction, in their different departments, of Captain Larcom, Lieutenant Drummond, and Dr. Petrie. It was the desire and determination of the chief men engaged that the Irish Survey should be more general and perfect than any work of the kind that had ever been attempted. While Drummond, encamped with his staff of engineers on the northern mountains, and flashing his newly discovered light from height to height, was forming "a school not merely of geodetical, but of meteorological science," Captain Larcom, to whom the superintendence of the topographical department had been entrusted, found new paths of inquiry opening at every step, new sources of information springing up in answer to every search. "He saw," says Dr. Stokes in his extremely interesting *Memoir of Petrie*, "that, however valuable the accurate surveying and mapping of each county, as well as the description of its geological features, might be, the work would be deficient if it did not embrace all attainable knowledge of its topography, including its natural products, its history and antiquities, economic state, and social condition. This great and comprehensive thought, this truly imperial idea, he lost no time in putting into effect. A staff of civil assistants was organised, to some of whom the duty of making social and statistical inquiries was entrusted; while to others, who were Irish scholars, the more difficult task of ortho-

graphical research, with a view to obtaining the correct names of the baronies, townlands, and parishes throughout the country, was allotted. The investigation of all existing remains, whether Pagan or Christian—the cahirs, raths, tumuli, cromlechs, and other monuments of primitive times; the lowly bee-hive houses of the early saints of Ireland, their oratories, churches, towers, crosses, and monumental stones: and, to come to a later period, the description and history of the Celtic and Norman castles, and of the later monasteries and abbeys, were required. A memoir embracing all these subjects was to accompany the map of each county; so that, when completed, the work of the Ordnance Survey would embrace, not the geographical features of the country alone, but also the geology, natural history, ancient and modern records, antiquities, economic state, and social condition of each and every barony, townland, and parish throughout the length and breadth of the land."

In carrying out this great work, the want was felt of an Irish scholar who would be able to assist in establishing the names proper to be put in the maps, and aid in deciphering the manuscripts; a scholar acquainted with the early forms of the Irish language, as well as with its later and popular variations. Mr. George Smith remembered his friend O'Curry, and mentioned his extraordinary philological attainments to Dr. Petrie who was at the head of the antiquarian and literary department of the Ordnance Memoir. The result was an invitation to Eugene to come to Dublin, and his engagement in 1834 on the great work of the day. In this employment his principal associate was Dr. John O'Donovan, the distinguished Irish scholar, topographer, and genealogist, with whom he was afterwards intimately connected by family ties; the two antiquaries having married two sisters, natives of Clare. Dr. Petrie's staff likewise included Mr. Wakeman, Messrs. O'Keeffe and O'Connor, that extraordinary genius, Clarence Mangan, and Anthony O'Curry, who followed his brother to Dublin. Eugene's was not altogether office work. During the summer he was constantly travelling through the country, collecting information for the department. His duties likewise led him into the profoundest researches in Irish manuscript lore in the great libraries of Trinity College, the Royal Irish Academy, the Bodleian Library, and the British Museum. Everything that could throw light on the ancient topography of the country, or connect historical events, or historical persons or families, with the several localities, was sought out, and a wonderful light was all at once let in upon the ancient history and antiquities of this country, hitherto distorted or disfigured by visionaries, and doubted, despised, or ignored by the learned. It was during the period of his engagement in the antiquarian department of the Ordnance Survey that he discovered the value of the *Festology* of St. Aengus, composed at the end of the eighth or the beginning of the ninth century, and brought the contents to bear with important results on the topographical section of the Survey.

The Ordnance Memoir of Londonderry was published in 1839, and its appearance was hailed with approval by all classes of the community at home, and by the learned bodies in other countries. Almost immediately, however, the work of the topographical department of the Survey was suspended, and in a short time it was finally interrupted. The Treasury demurred at the cost; the revival of old animosities that might result from indicating the ancient territories, and the danger of re-opening questions of Irish local history, were urged as objections to the completion of the work; and although remonstrances were made on every side, and a mass of evidence in favour of the continuance of the undertaking was elicited in the course of the parliamentary inquiry into the Ordnance Memoir of Ireland, all was in vain. The staff was discharged, and the vast mass of material which had been collected, including, it is said, "upwards of four hundred quarto volumes of letters and documents relating to the topography, language, history, antiquities, productions, and social state of almost every county of Ireland" were stowed away.

It was shortly before the breaking up of the historic department of the Ordnance Survey that Thomas Moore, three volumes of whose history had recently been published, paid Mr. O'Curry an unexpected visit at the Royal Irish Academy, then in Grafton-street. "At the time of his visit," says the antiquary in one of his Lectures, "I happened to have before me, on my desk, the Books of Ballymote and Lecain, the *Leabhar Breac*, the Annals of the Four Masters, and many other ancient books for historical research and reference. I had never before seen Moore, and after a brief introduction and explanation of my occupation by Dr. Petrie, and seeing the formidable array of so many dark and time-worn volumes, by which I was surrounded, he looked a little disconcerted, but after a while plucked up courage to open the Book of Ballymote, and ask what it was. Dr. Petrie and myself then entered into a short explanation of the history and character of the books then present, as well as of ancient Gaedhlic documents in general. Moore listened with great attention, alternately scanning the books and myself; and then asked me in a serious tone, if I understood them, and how I had learned to do so. Having satisfied him upon these points, he turned to Dr. Petrie, and said, 'Petrie, these huge tomes could not have been written by fools or for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the History of Ireland.'"

When the work of the Ordnance Memoir was discontinued, Mr. O'Curry was engaged by the Royal Irish Academy in preparing catalogues of their Irish manuscripts, and by Trinity College in transcribing important Gaelic works. He also copied and prepared for the press the Irish texts of the Annals of the Four

Masters,* and of other important works brought out by the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Societies. It was in the year 1844 that our Irish scholars became aware of the treasures of antiquarian lore preserved in the Burgundian Library at Brussels. Mr. Laurence Waldron, at that time travelling on the Continent, examined these manuscripts at Mr. O'Curry's request, and brought home tracings which enabled the latter to identify many important and ancient works. The Rev. Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, immediately visited Brussels for the purpose of making a more particular examination of the manuscripts, and the result was the confirmation of Mr. O'Curry's conclusions, through whose instrumentality an effort was made to obtain a loan of some of these manuscripts from the Burgundian Library. His Majesty, the King of the Belgians, with great liberality, permitted the manuscripts asked for to be sent over through the Belgian ambassador in London and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Some of these were copied by Mr. O'Curry for Dr. Todd's Library, and at his expense, no public body being willing to undertake the cost of such a work. Trinity College had copies made of others by the same hand, and Mr. O'Curry, distressed to see O'Clery's collection of the lives of the Irish Saints returned uncopied to Belgium, because no one would undertake the expense of having them transcribed, undertook himself the cost of having eight of the number copied.

In 1849 Mr. O'Curry, having been summoned to give evidence before the Public Library Committee of the House of Commons, paid his first visit to the British Museum. The collection of Irish manuscripts was freely and courteously thrown open to his inspection. Among the volumes laid before him was a thin quarto, bound in brass, which he guessed must be a work of no insignificant character, and which he hoped might prove to be one of the many ancient books which had long been missing. "Full of expectation," says Mr. O'Curry, "I opened the volume, and threw my eyes rapidly over the first page; from which, though much soiled and almost illegible, I discovered that I had come upon a Life of St. Patrick. Being well acquainted with all the Irish copies of this Life known to exist here at home, I immediately found this to be one that was strange to me, and it at once occurred to me that it was a copy of the long-lost Tripartite. Under this impression, I called for Colgan's Trias Thaumaturga, which having got, I at once proceeded to a comparison; and although I am but little acquainted with the Latin language, I soon found my expectations realized, for it was unmistakeably a fine old copy of the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick." The copy Mr. O'Curry had before him

* Dr. O'Donovan's edition of the Annals of the Four Masters, published in 1851, was brought out at the sole risk and expense of Mr. George Smith. "There is," says Mr. O'Curry, "no instance that I know of, in any country, of a work so vast being undertaken, much less of any completed in a style so perfect and so beautiful, by the enterprise of a private publisher."

was found on examination to have been made in 1477. The original Life is of such antiquity that in the middle ages it required an interlineal gloss, by the most learned masters, to make it intelligible to their pupils.

During these years of patient research and ceaseless labour, the Irish scholar was to be found almost daily in the library of the Royal Irish Academy. Many of our readers will doubtless remember seeing him there, and will recognise the truth of the picture left to us by another distinguished Irishman. "In the recess of a distant window," says Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, "there was a half bald head, bent busily over a desk, the living master-key to all this voiceless learning. It was impossible not to be struck at the first glance with the long, oval, well-spanned cranium as it glistened in the streaming sunlight. And when the absorbed scholar lifted up his face, massive as became such a capital, but lighted with every kindly inspiration, it was quite impossible not to feel sympathetically drawn towards the man. There, as we often saw him in the flesh, we still see him in fancy. Behind that desk, equipped with ink stands, acids, and microscope, and covered with half legible vellum folios, rose cheerfully and buoyantly to instruct the ignorant, to correct the prejudiced, or to bear with the petulant visitor, the first of living Celtic scholars and palæographers, Eugene O'Curry. * * * Ideas of greatness may and do differ. But if the highest moral purposes, sustained by the highest moral courage, constitute grounds and a standard; if the rarest union of patient labour and sleepless enthusiasm have any claim to be so considered; if a continuous career of recovery and discovery, in a long abandoned domain of learned inquiry, may be called proofs of greatness, then, assuredly, when Ireland counts her famous sons of this age, that indomitable academician's name will be pronounced among the very first of her magnates."

Eugene O'Curry was elected a member of the Council of the Celtic Society in 1852, and a member of the Royal Irish Academy in 1853, and in the same year was engaged under the Brehon Law Commission, in conjunction with Dr. O'Donovan, on the transcription and translation of the ancient laws of Ireland, the originals of which he had in great part discovered in the libraries of Trinity College and the British Museum, and the language of which he was the first scholar in modern times able to decipher and explain. From that time until his death nine years later he took a most important part in all the great national undertakings of the day. Nothing of importance in any of these matters was ever finally disposed of without reference to his judgment and his great knowledge of the structure and resources of the ancient Irish language. His knowledge and his judgment always went *pari passu*. If the one was profound, the other was always accurate, and nothing was more remarkable about him than the invariable wisdom and sound sense with which he formed his opinions on the early history and antiquities of Ireland.

But there was another matter of great importance connected with the literary labours and character of Eugene O'Curry. He was not only a profound Irish scholar, but he loved his country fervently, and he was a sound and faithful Catholic. This was most useful at a period which may be called that of the restoration of true Irish learning; and although we owe a debt of eternal respect and gratitude to all those able scholars who laboured for the revival of true Irish philological and archæological learning, it could not be expected that they would all feel a Catholic interest in the subject; and in the elucidation of an antiquity above all things so essentially Catholic as that of Ireland is, that kind of interest was after all very material.

In this Catholic sense O'Curry endeavoured to keep all straight. In this, his sound judgment, which all so highly respected, was invaluable. He prevented a great many mistakes and misrepresentations from creeping in—not all we would have wished, perhaps, but still a great many. It is known that some pages were cancelled, on his remonstrance, from an important archæological work just ready for the press. The learned author or editor, more learned, however, in other branches of knowledge than in Irish lore, fell into the mistake of supposing that the ancient Christian Irish were almost ignorant of the Blessed Virgin, and venerated their own St. Bridget instead. O'Curry exposed the error in sufficient time; and we have got the *Liber Hymnorum* free from that mistake, on his account. Many of our readers will probably remember having seen the very ancient Irish Litany of the Blessed Virgin which O'Curry discovered, and which from its peculiar style and beauty, as well as from its great antiquity, excited a good deal of interest at the time it was translated and published.

But the light which O'Curry was mainly instrumental in throwing upon the Christian antiquities and history of ancient Ireland could not be adequately described in this brief notice. Among the matters which might be pointed out under this head are the frequent intrusion into ecclesiastical offices of lay occupants, and the greatly misunderstood history of the Culdees, about which we are so deeply indebted to the great learning and the honest and indefatigable researches of Dr. Reeves of Armagh. On one occasion, at a crowded meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, when the learned members were all in the wrong about the laymen who, at a period of great disorder, assumed the titles or rather the emoluments of abbots and archbishops of Armagh, the wise and venerable scholar of Carrigaholt was the only man to rise and dispel the error which prevailed on the subject, and to silence for ever the slander which enemies would try to fix on the ancient Irish Church in connexion with the scandal of these lay intruders.

O'Curry did not relish many of the theories of ethnologists in which the ancient traditions of a country are set aside for dogmatic conclusions drawn from supposed scientific facts. He had no great faith for instance in the broad distinction drawn between the flint

and bronze periods, so far as Irish antiquities were concerned, and used to relate how he himself, in his boyhood, knew a blacksmith in the primitive locality of Carrigaholt who still used some stone hammers in his forge—a terrible anachronism in the eyes of an ethnologist who has such clearly defined and positive notions about the relative place of the stone, bronze, and iron ages! Here were the stone and the iron ages actually confounded in our own times, pretty much as geologists find their theories deranged by an unexpected inversion of order in the geological strata.

Irish music was a subject that greatly interested Mr. O'Curry. He was as much an enthusiast as Dr. Petrie himself, whom he materially aided in collecting the old airs of the country; and he had an excellent memory and a most accurate ear. Many an evening Dr. Petrie spent in his friend's house, noting the tunes which the latter would whistle from recollection. On these occasions Eugene would often exclaim, "Oh, if my father were living now, what could he not do for us!" This delightful pursuit was the occasion of interesting excursions, undertaken by the friends into remote parts of the country. In the Memoir of Petrie we find a picturesque account of one of these expeditions, when the author of that work, in company with the two scholars we have named and some other friends, spent a fortnight in the Islands of Aran. Dr. Stokes tells us of the way in which the search for old Irish music was conducted on this occasion: "Inquiries having been made as to the names of persons 'who had music,' that is to say, who were known as possessing and singing some of the old airs, an appointment was made with one or two of them to meet the members of the party at some cottage near to the little village of Kilronan, which was their head-quarters. To this cottage when evening fell, Petrie, with his manuscript music book and violin, and always accompanied by his friend O'Curry, used to proceed. Nothing could exceed the strange picturesqueness of the scenes which night after night were thus presented. On approaching the house, always lighted up by a blazing turf fire, it was seen surrounded by the islanders, while its interior was crowded with figures, the rich colours of whose dresses, brightened by the fire-light, showed with a strange vividness and variety, while their fine countenances were all animated with curiosity and pleasure. It would have required a Rembrandt to paint the scene. The minstrel—sometimes an old woman, sometimes a beautiful girl or a young man—was seated on a low stool in the chimney-corner, while chairs for Petrie and O'Curry were placed opposite; the rest of the crowded audience remaining standing. The song having been given, O'Curry wrote the Irish words, when Petrie's work began. The singer recommenced, stopping at a signal from him at every two or three bars of the melody, to permit the writing of the notes, and often repeating the passage until it was correctly taken down, and then going on with the melody, exactly from the point where

the singing was interrupted. The entire air being at last obtained, the singer—a second time—was called to give the song continuously, and when all corrections had been made, the violin—an instrument of great sweetness and power—was produced, and the air played as Petrie alone could play it, and often repeated. Never was the inherent love of music among the Irish people more shown than on this occasion; they listened with deep attention, while their heartfelt pleasure was expressed, less by exclamations than by gestures; and when the music ceased, a general and murmured conversation, in their own language, took place, which would continue until the next song was commenced."

During all these years Mr. O'Curry's labours were, to a great extent, of the silent order. As he himself was fond of saying, they were of the nature of underground work. He was a pioneer, he would say, making clear the way for future historians and archaeologists. When associated, as he generally was, with others, his was the most difficult and the least obvious part of the task. So far was he from repining, so little did he complain of the ill-paid drudgery that had fallen to his lot, that he seemed to take it as a matter of course that others should have the most prominent part in every undertaking, and obtain the largest share of credit. There never was a more thoroughly modest man. He rated himself at the lowest, but esteemed his work as of the noblest order. It was enough for him to have the privilege of doing for his country what no other living man had the vocation and the capacity to do. How O'Curry should be affected by this change or by that arrangement, concerned him very little; but whatever indicated progress in true learning, or held out a hope of the future advancement of the race he loved so ardently, was intensely interesting to him. When the Catholic University of Ireland was established (he tells us in the Preface to his *Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Irish History*), and its staff of Professors from day to day announced in the public papers, he felt the deepest anxiety as to who the Professor of Irish History should be. He believed that Dr. O'Donovan was the only man who could efficiently fill that post; but he was already engaged in Queen's College, Belfast. The thought never once entered his mind that he should or ought to be called to fill that important situation. He never would have presumed to seek an honour he did not consider himself worthy to receive. But Dr. Newman, who had deeply at heart the encouragement of native literature and historic and antiquarian studies, appointed to the Chair of Irish History and Archæology the silent worker, the truly modest scholar, Eugene O'Curry. With characteristic diffidence the new Professor began the course of Lectures which the illustrious Rector was resolved should be made available for Celtic scholars in every part of the world as well as for the students of the University. "Little indeed," says the Lecturer, "did it occur to me on the occasion of my first timid appearance

in that chair, that the efforts of my feeble pen should pass beyond the walls within which these Lectures were delivered. There was, however, among my varying audience one constant attendant, whose presence was both embarrassing and encouraging to me—whose polite expressions at the conclusion of each Lecture I scarcely dared to receive as those of approbation—but whose kindly sympathy practically exhibited itself, not in mere words alone, but in the active encouragement he never ceased to afford me as I went along; often, for example, assuring me that I was not to be uneasy at the apparent shortness of a course of lectures, the preparation of which required so much labour in a new field; and assuring me that in his eyes, and in the eyes of those who had committed the University to his charge, quantity was of far less importance than accuracy in careful examination of the wide range of subjects which it was my object to digest and arrange. At the conclusion of the course, however, this great scholar and pious priest (for to whom can I allude but to our late illustrious Rector, the Rev. Dr. Newman?)—whose warmly felt and oft expressed sympathy with Erinn, her wrongs and her hopes, as well as her history, I am rejoiced to have an opportunity thus publicly to acknowledge—astonished me by announcing to me on the part of the University, that my poor Lectures were deemed worthy to be published at its expense. Nor can I ever forget the warmth with which Dr. Newman congratulated me on the termination of my first course, any more than the thoughtfulness of a dear friend with which he encouraged and advised me, during the progress of what was to me so difficult a task, that, left to myself, I believe I should soon have surrendered it in despair."

One of Dr. Newman's very last acts as Rector of the Catholic University, Professor W. K. Sullivan tells us, was to hand him £300 to commence the publication of the Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Irish History. Soon after the termination of this most important first series of Lectures Professor O'Curry began a second course on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish. During the last few years of his life he was anxiously and unceasingly occupied with this work and with his engagements under the Brehon Law Commission. The recompense of his toilsome life barely afforded a decent subsistence for the Gaelic scholar and his family. He was content, however, and was happy as long as it pleased Providence to leave him the wife and children to whom he was devotedly attached. But the inevitable hour of trial came, and sorrow after sorrow had to be borne. Within a short time death deprived him of his brother-in-law, Dr. O'Donovan, of his wife and his two eldest sons. The laborious duties of his daily life were no doubt a support to him in these sad days, and a very necessary distraction. The consciousness of the paramount importance of his work strengthened him to carry it on with unflagging industry; and labour for so noble an end brought its immediate

reward in the mental relief it afforded. At no time of his life had he been fond of general society. His surviving friends remember him not as one among a crowd of guests, but as the ripe scholar and genial man with whom they used to enjoy a quiet but often memorable evening. After the loss of his wife and eldest sons he retired still more from society, and seldom left his home except to join for a few hours the family circle of some particularly favoured friend. It was at this period that the writer of the present notice became acquainted with Professor O'Curry, as the guest of a gentleman who had been introduced to him in connexion with an old and curious genealogy which the antiquary had come upon in the course of his interminable researches. To this gentleman's house the now venerable Irish scholar used not unfrequently go. The atmosphere of the place seemed to suit him; the entertainment being of an unpretending order, and the company consisting of no more than two or three congenial and appreciative guests. How well we remember his erect carriage, powerful frame, massive head, and serious, expressive face! His voice was deep and gentle, and he spoke with deliberation rather than vivacity. No one indeed had less of the manner of an enthusiast than Eugene O'Curry. The simplicity of his language and demeanour was not without a charm, and it certainly was expressive of the steadfast truthfulness that was so fundamental a part of his character. His talk on these occasions would be of the history and characteristics of the old race; of what was being done, and had yet to be done, for the advancement of the country. Now and then, when led to do so, he would relate some incident of his boyhood, illustrative of the condition of Ireland in those days; or would describe the scenery of his birth-place, the dangers of the rock-bound coast, the thunderous dash of the Atlantic waves upon the cliffs of Kilkee. We learned to know the Irish scholar in these evening conversations; and when, not long after, his character was sketched by one who thoroughly knew and valued him, we felt that no truer description could be given than that contained in the words we cannot now refrain from quoting: "Cheerful, simple, and guileless as a child, diffident and unostentatious, gentle, affectionate, unselfish, a nobler character, a purer spirit, than Eugene O'Curry never breathed. His deep and earnest Catholic feeling, his ardent love of Ireland, lit up the whole horizon of a life such as would have been spent by other men in idle repinings and vain reproaches of neglect. Even when he was most deeply wronged, complaint was a stranger to his lips; and the memories of a life time—sixty-eight years—may be boldly challenged for a single instance where by word or act he was known to wound another's feelings or hurt another's fame. He lived and died an upright and honest man—a sincere Christian, 'without stain and without reproach.' He rose to honourable distinction by no devious paths. Fame like his may be won by genius; but affection such as that which surrounded

Eugene O'Curry is the tribute which virtue and worth alone can command." Friends were not wanting to the venerable scholar among the younger men of the age: friends who were so in deed as well as in affection, whose delight it was to come to the aid of the overtaxed giant, and to be a staff unto his steps. Happily, many of these younger men survive to carry on the work so dear to O'Curry, so unspeakably important to Ireland, so vividly interesting to Celtic scholars in every part of the world. But one has been lately called away whose devotion to O'Curry was in the highest sense filial, and whose services were of paramount value. If Mr. John Edward Pigot were still amongst us, we could not say even thus much without the risk of wounding a singularly sensitive nature; for he was one of those rare men in whom zeal for a noble cause is so absorbing as to efface completely all considerations, and even the very consciousness, of self. To have a thing well done that appeared to him necessary or desirable, Mr. Pigot would spare neither time nor toil; all the energies of his mind, all the resources of his intellect, would be devoted to the interests of patriotism or friendship. Professor O'Curry's indebtedness to this friend in the editing of the *Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Irish History* we have no means of estimating, but we believe it to have been very great. How much his aid was relied on in preparing for the press the second course of *Lectures* recently published is stated by Professor Sullivan in more than one page of his masterly and erudite introduction to the *Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*. In fact, Mr. Pigot's departure for India when two-thirds of the work had passed through the press was a disaster that put back the publication for a lengthened period.

Professor O'Curry was engaged in this last and most interesting course of *Lectures* when he was called out of the world. He had, on the 15th July, 1862, brought the *Lectures on Irish Music* to a conclusion in a beautiful and remarkable discourse, which indeed might be in a great measure regarded as an appeal to the nation. It was but rarely in his former lectures that he made any allusion to himself or to his early life. But on this occasion the remembrance of the old airs with which in youth he had been so familiar, appeared to recal the wild scenery of the west, to restore the dead, rekindle early affections, and give voice to still enduring friendship. He spoke of his father's love for the Ossianic poems, and of the litany he used to sing; and gave the account which we quoted some pages back, of the schoolmaster's performance of the ancient songs. Again there arose in his mind the habitual idea of his own inability to do justice to the subject under consideration. Nothing, he said, could have induced him to treat of national music but the desire before he should be called out of the world to put on record for the benefit of his country, and for the assistance of future investigators, the little rude acquaintance, as he called it, which he had been able to make with a subject that had been

the delight of his life from its earliest dawn. The one person who was qualified to speak on this matter was, he said, that peculiarly gifted man, his dear friend Dr. Petrie, who, however, owing to the unaccountable apathy of his countrymen, was not able to bring out, even once in the year, a volume of his splendid collection of Irish music. "How unlike the English!" exclaims O'Curry. "How immeasurably unlike the Scotch! There is scarcely in all Scotland," he continues, "from the thrifty and well taught labourer and mechanic up to the lordliest duke, a man in whose house volumes of the noble music of his native country, as well as of every scrap of national poetry or song, both in Gaelic and English, that from time to time issues from the active press of his country, may not be found."

Eugene O'Curry's last appearance in public was in the procession of Sunday the 27th July, when the first stone of the intended Catholic University building was laid. On the following Tuesday night, having spent a happy evening with his children, he retired to rest, apparently in his usual health. A few hours later, his servant, hearing an unusual noise, hastened to his room, and found the Professor suffering from a pain in the heart which he described as gradually extending upwards. In twenty minutes O'Curry was no more.

How well it was understood that a great light had gone out with O'Curry—that his death severed the link that connected ancient Erin with the Ireland of to-day—was shown in the solemnity and grandeur of the funeral honours bestowed on him. His remains were borne to the Cathedral, where High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop; the rector, the professors, and the students of the Catholic University assisted, and a large number of the members of the Royal Irish Academy were present. A long procession, in which every class was represented, accompanied the dead scholar's family and friends to Glasnevin, where he was laid to rest. Those who were present when the last rites were performed in the cemetery will not easily forget the impressiveness of the scene, nor the thrilling and harmonious strain which, like the dirge of a nation, filled the air when the choir of priests intoned the *Benedictus*, and lifted at once a wail and prayer above the grave of the Irish scholar.

But the notes that died away over the green sod of Glasnevin were caught up and re-echoed through the length and breadth of the island by another gifted son of the soil. D'Arcy M'Gee, in a poem inspired by all the passion and feeling of an ancient bard mourning in the sight of the people over the dead form of some mighty king of men, raised his voice, and sang the "*Requiescat O'Curry*"* in powerful, pathetic verse. Nor was it for the children of this island alone that he intoned the dirge. In a poem† of equal

* Published in the *Nation*.

† Entitled "Eugene O'Curry," and found in Sadlier's edition of the Poems of Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee.

though less stern beauty, he made a lament for the sons of that other Ireland beyond the sea—his own second home. Standing on the shore of the great American Continent, the poet listens with apprehensive ear for news wafted over from the old land. He seizes upon the record of the latest lost. He remembers the custom of ancient Erin; and even in the home of the stranger must fain raise the dirge and breathe the prayer for the great one whose place in the old land is found no more:—

“ Give me again my harp of yew,
In consecrated soil 'twas grown—
Shut out the day-star from my view
And leave me with the night alone.
The children of this modern land
May deem our ancient custom vain;
But aye, responsive to my hand,
The harp must pour the funeral strain.”

One who could least be spared, an Ollamh* of the elect of old; one who had magic in his speech, and in his wand the power to save—the sole recorder on the beach of all we have lost beneath the wave—is gone.

“ Who are his mourners? By the hearth
His presence kindled, sad they sit—
They dwell throughout the living earth,
In homes, his presence never lit;
Where'er a Gaelic brother dwells,
There heaven has heard for him a pray'r,—
Where'er an Irish maiden tells
Her votive beads, his soul has share.

“ Where far or near—be it west or east—
Glistens the *Soggarth's* sacred stole,
There from the true unprompted priest
Shall rise a requiem for his soul.
Such orisons like clouds shall rise
From every realm beneath the sun,
For where are now the shores or skies,
The Irish *Soggarth* has not won?”

But mortal tears shall dry like rain, and mortal sighs pass like the breeze. Alone supremely happy is the man, who, even while he lived on earth, had suppliants in the saints of God.

* The Ollamhs (pronounced “Ollavs”) were learned men by profession, ordained by the king or chief, after going through a course of education extending over twelve years. The Ollamh was bound to have the historic stories; to transmit the truth of history pure and unbroken to succeeding generations, to know the boundaries of provinces and chieftaincies, and trace the genealogies of all the tribes of Erin. He should also be “civil of tongue, unstained of crime, and pure in morals.” He sat next to the king at table, enjoyed large emoluments and great privileges, and had the power of saving from death any one who sought sanctuary within his dwelling, or was touched by his wand.

" Arise ye cloud-borne saints of old,
 In number like the Polar flock—
 Arise, ye just, whose tale is told
 By Shannon's side and Arran's rock.

• • • • •
 " This mortal called to join your choir,
 Through every care and every grief,
 Sought with an antique soul of fire,
 O'er all—God's glory, first and chief.
 And next he sought, oh sacred band !
 Ye disinherited of Heaven,
 To give ye back your native land,
 To give it as it first was giv'n !

" No more the widow'd glen repines,
 No more the ruined cloister groans,
 Back on the tides have come the shrines—
 Lo ! we have heard the speech of stones.
 In the mid watch, when darkness reign'd
 And sleepers slept, unseen his toil—
 But Heaven kept count of all he gained
 For ye, lords of the Holy Isle !"

• • • • •

He heard on earth the mute complaints of the exiled saints, the outcasts of the iron time. A holy zeal was kindled in his soul; this mighty host was ever present to his mind. Will not the pitying saints pray for him now: free him by their intercession if venial error still attaints his spirit; and descend in radiant phalanx on his grave at even—a wondrous sight—such as once was given in vision to the rapt Culdee?

" May Angus of the festal lays,
 And Marian of the Apostles' hill,
 And Tiernan of the Danish days,
 And Adamnan and Columbcille,
 Befriend his soul in every strait,
 Recite some good 'gainst every sin,
 Unfold at last the Happy Gate,
 And lead their Scribe and *Ollamh* in."

Eugene O'Curry was laid in temporary sepulchre not far from the grave of Hogan. They might well have rested side by side: the sculptor who has perpetuated in spotless marble or enduring bronze the form and lineaments of great Irishmen, or great lovers of Ireland—Doyle, O'Connell, Davis, Drummond; and the antiquary and philologist who recovered from oblivion and transfused into intelligible language the records, the laws, and the poetry of the Gaelic race. After some years the remains of O'Curry were removed for final interment to a plot granted in perpetuity to his family by the Cemeteries' Committee. Ireland has raised no monument over the ashes of these men. On the sculptor's breast lies a square slab of white marble, on which the word HOGAN is cut in deep characters. Above O'CURRY's faithful heart not even a name has been inscribed.

S. A.

EVICTED !

“ **B**RIDE, asthore, how dark the night is ! Take a look out by the door ;

Tell me is the moon arisen : for 'tis midnight now and more.
Long ere this she should be glinting o'er Bengora's dusky peak :
Raise me up to see—how lovely !—there, child, I am very weak.”

Speaks the mother thus, and lays her on the pallet down again—
Suffering, anxious, ever patient, time has made her used to pain ;
Of the mind and of the body, knows she both in every phase ;
God has surely loved her dearly, He has tried her many ways.

“ Bride, aroon, make down a fire, father will be wet and cold—
Not so sturdy as he once was, aye ! my Mick is growing old,
So am I, thank God—this world is but a weary irksome place.
Ah ! 'twere good to die in peace, and sweet to see the Saviour's
face.

“ Shall he bring us hopeful news ? how wild and sad the wind goes
by !

Is it Mercy's plaintive voice, or is it Famine's dreadful cry ?
Are we to be hunted out ? Am I to die upon the heath ?
Will they leave me under shelter and in peace to yield my breath ?

“ There he is, I know his step, bestir thee and unbar the door.”
Enters Mick, the children's father, and upon the cabin floor
Floods the light that enters with him, glinting through the
darkened place
On the daughter's drooping figure, and the mother's wasted face.

Enters Mick with gloomy footsteps, by the ingle idly stands,
Glowers blackly at the embers, o'er his clenched and icy hands,
Never shakes aloof the snow-flakes that are tangled in his hair
As they drip from off his shoulders, never seems to know nor care.

“ Mick, aroon, why aren't you speaking ? Never shame to show your
tears.

You and I have borne together many long and caresome years,
All the troubles life put on us, and they were not scant nor small ;
Sure we know it well before, but Michael, won't you tell us all ?

“ Sure we know the landlord scorned you, would not hear the word
you spoke,

And it's all for me you're frettin' till your loving heart is broke.
But I've little fear, my husband, little dread of human frown :
God will take me under shelter ere they pull our roof-tree down.

"Ere yon rounded moon is waning, in your loving arms I'll go
To the quiet little graveyard, in the valley down below,
And I'll watch you, husband, as you take our darling by the hand,
And you travel all together from this dear heart-broken land.

"Bride will be a comfort to you, and a mother to the rest—
She was still a blessing to me since I nursed her on my breast.
But be gentle with her, Michael, for I fear her sickly cheek,
Though no word or moan of suffering will our patient darling
speak.

"That's my husband! bless our Father! sure the tears will ease
your heart,
But you must not sorrow, dear, that for a little while we part.
We will meet again with God, the longest life is but a day—
Bride, avourneen, call the children; kneel beside me, Mick, and
pray."

A. D.

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a bright sunshiny morning on the 8th of December, 1676. There had been a hard frost for some days preceding its advent, but now the sunbeams sparkled on the ice-bound trees and frosty grass in the Park of St. James, and made them glitter with silver brightness.

It was very early, so much so that few persons were on foot, when the lumbering coach of "my Lord Stafford" stopped at the door of Lord Edenhall's house in Pall Mall, and though the housemaids of those days would have been astonished to find themselves in bed even two hours before its arrival, yet even they wondered why Lady Alethea Howard and their own Lady Margery should choose to be carried to Kensington at such an exceedingly early hour. However, there the two noble damsels were, looking blithe and gay, as they climbed into the grand coach we should now so heartily despise. Large woollen cloaks with hoods both served to keep them warm and to shelter them from observation. Each lady carried a mask in her hand, for masks were then in high vogue, and Catholics often found the fashion a very useful one. The coach

rolled off with its two inmates, the driver directed his horses up the Long-street (now known as that of St. James) into "Pickadilly," then a broad country road, with here and there the detached mansion of some great personage. Various lanes branched off from the main road. At the corner of one of these stood an ale-house, having the sign of the Half Moon, and up this lane the coach turned; before it had gone far it stopped.

A staid elderly man who had been sitting by the driver descended and assisted the ladies to alight. Both of them were now masked, and following the servant they set out on foot. Indeed, nothing save the roughest cart could have passed over the ground they now traversed; they soon came out on an open space of grass called May Fair—the scene of much noisy revelry in May and the succeeding summer months, but which in winter time was utterly forsaken. Turning to the right, the maidens ascended some rising ground, treading their way through clumps of trees and now and again getting entangled in tufts of brushwood. At length, on reaching the top of the little hill we have spoken of, they came to a farm-yard, in the midst of which rose a homely two-storied Grange or farm with a thatched roof.

It was larger than it seemed, for the trees growing close around hid its double roof. In the yard, leaning on a pig-sty, was a man of middle age, belonging, if we might judge from his dress, to the labouring class, with a spade over his shoulder. He turned round at the sound of footsteps, and looked keenly at the party, but Alethea approaching him unmasked, the farmer bowed low. "Good morrow, Master Lyde," said she; "are we in time?"

"Yes, my young lady, in good time; for no one else hath yet arrived. Hasten on, and you will be made welcome. And you, my trusty Richard," added he, nodding to the man-servant, "come tell me how you think my pigs are looking."

Alethea, followed by May, lifted the latch of the door and walked into the homely kitchen. A woman was standing at the fire settling various pots and pans.

"Dearest Magdalene," said Alethea, and the two friends embraced. Magdalene Lacy was dressed exactly as beseemed a farm servant. Her kirtle and jacket were both of some coarse grey material, and protected by a check apron, while a mob-cap hid her hair, and was gathered by a string close round her face. But one look at that face told May she was no farmhouse cook maid.

The delicately marked features, the white forehead and the air of refinement about her spoke of gentle birth. "You see," said Magdalene, with a smile, after she had greeted May, "it is my turn in the kitchen this week. You are in good time, dear Alethea. I think I may leave my pots now, and take you up stairs." So saying, she led the way to the adjoining room—a sort of scullery, in one corner of which was a ladder that led up to the floor above. "Now, May, you must learn to climb," said Alethea, gaily. "This is

Jacob's ladder," and she began nimbly to mount it. May followed, and they found themselves in a large, low room under the roof. Its usual furniture was carefully packed away in one corner, and anything in the house which could be made into any sort of seat had been gathered together. The cross beams of the roof made the room look a little like a church, and the simple altar raised at one end told that such was indeed its temporary destination.

There were about six or seven persons in the room all dressed in the same sort of manner as Magdalene, and all kneeling in prayer.

In a few minutes Father Whitbread and Father de la Colombière entered the room. The former immediately vested for Mass, assisted by the latter. By the time the priest was ready, person after person came into the room. Master Lyde, and Richard, Lord Stafford's man, remained below to keep guard. The congregation seemed to have sprung out of the ground, and of the fifty or sixty persons who contrived to pack themselves into the narrow space, there was not one who had not braved some danger, or gone through some difficulty to be present, and during the Holy Sacrifice there was not a wandering glance nor a single stifled yawn.

A large number of persons received Holy Communion, and at the close of the Mass a number of voices in admirable harmony softly chanted the "O Maria, sine labe concepta;" then after a short pause, Père de la Colombière turned to address the people. Fortunately we are not left to imagine what were the words that fell from his lips. That treasure has been preserved to us; and if, even as we read the quaint old badly printed French, our hearts are stirred within us, what must have been the effect on those who listened to his eloquence? "*Tota pulchra es, amica mea, et macula non est in te,*"* echoed through the room.

"You are not ignorant," said the preacher, "of the noise that the arguments on the subject of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin have made in the Church. Some doctors, enlightened on other points, and true Catholics, have believed that Mary was not exempted from the curse incurred by all the children of Adam, but so strong was the opposite opinion, that for many years, from the schools and the chairs of professors, arguments have poured forth in favour of the Immaculate Virgin. All the Universities of Italy, Spain, France, and Germany, have loudly maintained this doctrine; the academies have been closed against any one who would not bind himself by an oath to teach that she has received the singular privilege of being conceived without sin. Even the princes of the earth have interested themselves in the cause of the Queen of Heaven, and employed their authority in her defence. Never on any subject have there been more discourses, more conferences, or more disputes; never have so many books been writ-

* "Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is not a spot in thee."

ten as on this matter. Finally the Vicar of Jesus Christ has spoken, and has shut the mouths of all those whose opinions were not sufficiently in favour of the sanctity of our holy Mother. The whole universe hath looked on this judgment as an important victory, as a triumph. Those who differed from us now agree, and at the present moment all is calm, all are united in the same belief. Incomparable advantage of recognizing a sovereign judge! Questions are decided, the repose of our people is not troubled by divers winds of doctrine. All minds and all hearts are in unison, and no opinion contrary to the honour of God or His saints can be established in the Church of Jesus Christ.”*

Thus spoke the holy Jesuit two centuries ago of the doctrines so often in these days called modern inventions—the Immaculate Conception and the Papal Infallibility.

We have not space to give further details of this admirable sermon, its gist was to show his hearers the horror that God has of the smallest sin, since He ordained that the Mother of His Son should be exempted from its faintest involuntary stain.

After the service the congregation rapidly dispersed. Most of its members had come from long distances, and all were anxious to evade observation by getting to their homes as early as possible. Alethea and May, however, lingered, and when the altar had been removed, and all its furniture carefully packed away in secure hiding places, a table was spread with a homely breakfast for the two priests and the guests.

CHAPTER VII.

MAY was now introduced to the seven companions of Magdalene Lacy. “Behold,” said Alethea, as she presented her, “behold our English nuns of the Immaculate Conception, and you, sisters, make acquaintance with a child of the Visitation.”

“Are you nuns, indeed?” said May, wonderingly, as she looked

* Père de la Colombière here refers to the Bull of Alexander the Seventh, *Sollicitudo omnium Ecclesiarum*, December 8th, 1661. In this Bull the Sovereign Pontiff says that Paul the Fifth had forbidden any public teaching of any opinion contrary to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and Gregory the Fifteenth extended this prohibition to private discourses. He himself renews this prohibition under more stringent penalties.

The patient caution of Holy Church ere she proclaims a dogma of faith is sufficiently seen by the fact that she allowed nearly two centuries to elapse after this decision (which Père de la Colombière believed to be final), before its actual definition.

The sermon which we quote was preached before the Duchess of York, in St. James's Palace, in December, 1676. We have only used our privilege in transposing the *place* in which the words were uttered.

at the group in their coarse secular garments, and then around at the rude loft which served them in turns for chapel, community-room, and dormitory. Her thoughts had flown back to the beautiful and spacious church, the vast *salles*, the wide corridors, the pleasant cells of the great Visitation Convent in the Faubourg St. Jacques.

"I trust so," answered Elizabeth Timperly, the superior; "though we cannot wear our habit nor have the beauty of conventual life as our sisters do in Paris, yet I hope we keep our rule, and what is more, the great rule for us all—to follow our Master in the way of the Cross."

"You are, I understand, a branch of the order in the Faubourg St. Antoine," said Père de la Colombière. "I said Mass there on my way through Paris, and I promised your superior, if it were in my power, to pay a visit to her 'hidden nuns' in London. I told her," added the Father, with the sunny smile which so often lit up his face, "that I should expect to find you 'hidden saints' also."

"They are good children enough, as times go," interrupted Father Whitbread; "but don't turn their heads, mon Père—they have a pretty hard work before them. It is all very well to be sitting here eating this frumenty (the quality of which, by the way, sister Magdalene, shows you are a true Lincolnshire woman), but I want to know how we shall all comport ourselves in Newgate, with no one to speak to but a toad staring at us, and——" the peal of laughter that rang through the room stopped the good Father's flow of words, and obliged him to go on eating his frumenty, shaking his head over it with a woe-begone expression which he had put on for the occasion.

"You will frighten no one but Lady Margery, Father," said Alethea, when she could speak: "she has a mortal horror of toads; she actually ran away from one in our garden at Kensington, but I don't think an army of them would terrify our good sisters."

"Father Rector takes a gloomy view of matters," observed Père de la Colombière. "I have been too short a time in the country to judge, and therefore when I say things do not look so black to me, my words count for nothing."

"I am not so sure of that," answered Father Whitbread, "but we did not come here to talk politics. Your visit here, mon Père, is a treat I have promised these children, who, as I tell your reverence, are not as bad as they might be. I have promised them that you would speak to them on the devotion of which you told our Fathers at the conference you gave us, and the thought of which seemed to occupy you much. I told these sisters of it, and of course I have had no peace since, till I consented to bring you that they might hear it also."

"Yes, sisters," said the Father, "I would it were given to me to wake up in your souls a devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It would seem that it is the will of our Divine Lord that a greater

love to His Sacred Humanity should be evinced by faithful souls. You know, for you have been wisely taught, that we should pay little heed to visions, apparitions, and such-like manifestations. Often they come from our own weak imagination—or perchance from the enemy. At all times they are not worth so much as a single act of blind obedience, a single exercise of heroic charity. It was therefore with considerable distrust that after my appointment as Superior to our residence in Paray-le-Monial I consented when asked by the Superior of the Visitation Nuns, to examine into the case of one of her religious, who was either greatly favoured by our Lord or greatly deluded.

“I examined with all the care and prudence possible, and I was forced to conclude, the work was indeed of God, and that to this simple nun a mighty mission hath been given. I examined into her life, for has not our Lord said, “By their fruits ye shall know them.” I found her childlike in obedience, grounded in humility, rooted in charity, and thirsting after sufferings.

“She hath gone through many trials, for in no Order is the slightest innovation on established customs so likely to be resisted as in the Visitation of Sainte Marie. It is yet in the full vigour of its early youth (may God send it shall never decay), and the spirit of the blessed Bishop of Geneva and of the saintly Madame de Chantal was ever for a simple observance of the rule and customs. That a nun of this Order should have been chosen to make known this devotion is in itself a proof of its divine origin. As said Gamaliel of old, ‘If this work be of men, it will come to nought, but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it.’ The Superior of the Convent, also, is a person of singular prudence and holiness, and she fully believes that this holy soul is closely united to our Lord. The Mère de Saumaise was one of those who not only knew the sainted Foundress of the Visitation, but was specially noticed by her as possessing rare gifts.”

“May we know the name of this holy religious, Father?” said Mother Elizabeth Timperly.

“She is called Sister Margaret Mary in her convent,” answered he; “I believe her family name is Alacoque. The first time that I visited the community to give a conference I was struck by her appearance. It is impossible to describe in what that impression consisted, save that I was convinced God would work great things by means of this soul. When, a little later on, the direction of her soul was committed to me, I had greater reason still for my conviction. I verily believe that our good and gentle Lord hath chosen Sister Margaret Mary to make known His will to us. Last year, during the Octave of Corpus Christi, she was in prayer before the Tabernacle when our Lord appeared to her and showed her His Divine Heart. ‘See this Heart,’ He said, ‘which has loved men so much, and in return I receive from the greater part only ingratitude.’ And then He said, (and oh! my sisters, would that I

could engrave these words in your hearts)—‘But what I feel still more is that there are hearts consecrated to Me who use Me thus.’” He paused, overpowered by strong emotion, and some of his auditors were already in tears.

“Our Lord,” continued the Father, “then condescended to ask of His servant to stir up the faithful to put aside the Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi as an especial Feast to honour His Heart by communicating and making a solemn act of reparation to atone for the indignities It receives while exposed on the altar. And then those Divine lips deigned to promise that His Sacred Heart should expand Itself to shed in abundance the influence of Its Divine Love upon those who shall pay It this honour and procure it to be paid. Afterwards our merciful Lord told Sister Margaret Mary to bid my unworthy self do all in my power to establish this devotion and to give this pleasure to His Divine Heart. Dear sisters, believing fully that this message was divine, I hastened to obey it, and consecrated myself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, which last year fell on June the 21st, the day on which our blessed brother Aloysius Gonzaga entered into his reward, and my most earnest desire is to wake up in the hearts of all, but especially in those of religious men and women, an ardent devotion to this Heart which has so loved us. Ponder, dear sisters, over my words, and let them sink into your souls.”

“We will, Father,” answered Elizabeth Timperly, as the Father rose; “but you will visit us again, will you not? You will tell us more of this holy Sister Margaret, and teach us more fully how we can correspond with the desires of our Blessed Master.”

“I will, if it be possible to me,” replied Père de la Colombière, “but I trust before long to be able to enter upon my thirty days’ retreat. I have told my royal mistress of my desire, and I believe she will permit me to be absent from her service for that space of time. I count, my sisters, on your prayers for me.” And then, after he had given his blessing, Père de la Colombière began to descend the ladder which led to the floor below.

Father Whitbread lingered behind for a moment. “Do I not deserve prayers for bringing him?” he asked.

“You do, Father,” returned the Superior, “and if it be possible for us to pray more for you than we do, you shall have more.”

“I will send him to you when I can,” he rejoined. “Value him you well; he is a rare gift that God hath lent to England for a while. If she in her blindness rejects him, let us at least profit by it, and put this treasure to good account.” And bidding them farewell, he also disappeared.

[*To be continued.*]

PASTOR AETERNUS.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

I SCALED the hills. No murky blot,
 No mist obscured the diamond air :
 One time, O God, those hills were not !
 Thou spak'st, at Thy command they were !

O'er ebon lakes the ledges hung ;
 More high were summits white with snow :
 Some peak unseen along them flung
 A crownèd shadow creeping slow.

For hours I watched it. Vague and vast,
 From ridge to ridge, the mountains o'er,
 That king-like Semblance forward passed :
 A shepherd's crook for staff it bore.

O Thou that ledest like a sheep
 Thine Israel ! All the earth is Thine !
 The mystic Manhood still must sweep
 The worlds with healing shade divine.

The airy pageant dies with day :
 The hills, the worlds themselves must die ;
 But Thou remainest such alway :
 Thy Love is from Eternity.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

INFALLIBILITY.

THE Infallibility of the Pope is exactly of the same character as that of the whole Teaching Church. It presents, however, special difficulties to the minds of some. For this reason, and at the same time to avoid the cumbersome repetition of the phrase, *the Infallibility of the Church and the Pope*, I will speak simply of the Infallibility of the Pope, alluding, where occasion requires, to that of the Church. Henceforth, too, by the word *Church* I will mean

the Teaching Church, unless where the context sufficiently shows that the whole body of the Faithful is to be understood.

The Infallibility of the Pope does not consist in his actual freedom from error; though this, when of very long continuance, affords a probable argument for his Infallibility. The Infallibility consists in freedom from liability to error. It is not, on the other hand, an inherent quality, but depends on the protection and assistance of God, protection from ever teaching what is false, and assistance to teach the truth where occasion requires that the truth should be taught. The Infallibility implies a Divine decree to afford this protection and this assistance. Such a decree might exist without being revealed. Infallibility might exist without being promised. Even so, it would be a great benefit; but not at all so great as when promised, because men would have no guarantee to give them security and confidence. The Infallibility, as it stands in reality, involves a Divine promise that the Roman Pontiff shall not err in teaching.

What Teaching is to be understood as invested with this assurance? *The matter* of the teaching, as has been already said, is Faith and Morals. By Faith is meant Truths revealed through those whom we may call the accredited agents employed by the Almighty to establish the Religion, first of the old covenant and then of the new, the last of whom were the Apostles and Evangelists. Since their time there has been no revelation entering into the deposit of faith. Many holy men and women have, no doubt, been favoured with supernatural communications, concerning which, it seems, they could, in many instances, make acts of Divine Faith; but these are outside the deposit and outside the dogmatic teaching of the Pope. No definition ever was or ever will be based upon them. The great Christian Revelation which was, and was to be, the last strictly belonging to our Divine Religion, closed with the Apostolic era. By Faith, then, in our present context, we are to understand the Truths revealed by God and appertaining to the Old and New Testament, these truths, I say, in themselves and in the conclusions deducible from them. The whole deposit of Revelation has been placed in the custody of the Church and of the Pope, and in dealing with this mass of Truth, or any part of it, and authoritatively teaching with regard to it, the Church or the Pope cannot err. It belongs, too, entirely, to the Church or Pope to judge of the sufficiency of the revelation on any point to make it a fit subject for such teaching. It is needless to say that neither the Church nor the Pope has any power over revealed truths. Indeed, it seems absurd to make any allusion to such a thing. But the real or pretended fancies of some adversaries of the Catholic religion are so extravagant that a remark of this kind may not be out of place. The Pope is a mere guardian and expounder of the doctrines which come from God. He can originate nothing with respect to the truths which he proposes. So far for Faith. Morals, which form another subject matter of teaching, comprise, as I have

fully stated in a former part of this paper, all Divine Law, Natural and Positive—that is to say, superadded by the free will of God. Questions of Morality—questions concerning the goodness or badness of human actions—even where their solution cannot be derived conclusively from Divine Revelation, come within the range of the Infallible Teaching of the Roman Pontiff. This appears from the distinction made by the Church, and by the Vatican Council itself, between *Faith* and *Morals*. If Infallibility as to morals regarded those points only which precisely belong to Faith, there would be no need of distinctly naming them. Infallibility as to Morals would coincide, and be identified, with Infallibility as to Faith, and Faith alone would have to be mentioned. Besides, when the Pope is said to be Infallible in Morals, the obvious meaning is that he is universally Infallible in Morals, that he cannot err in any part of his teaching about Morals, for assuredly if he could he would be fallible in them.

The Pope is Infallible in pronouncing on the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of written statements concerning doctrine, whether these statements be considered by themselves or in their context. Hence, when the Jansenists attempted to elude the condemnation of the celebrated five propositions extracted from the work of Jansenius, by saying that they were, no doubt, censurable as presented in an isolated form, but that no such doctrine really existed in the book rightly understood, and Innocent the Tenth, to exclude this evasion, formally condemned them *in the sense of the Author*, his judgment was Infallible, and was received as such by all sound Catholics, viewing it, at least, in the light of a decision of *the Church*, through the adhesion of the Bishops, whatever some may have thought of the liability of the Roman Pontiff to error when considered by himself, as the Papal Infallibility had not then been defined, and was called in question by several Catholic theologians. Indeed, this matter of true or false statements in doctrine is obviously identified with doctrine itself, and infallibility in the latter implies infallibility in the former. For all doctrine which is approved or proscribed must be expressed in words, and words depend for their meaning on the context in which they are used, if they have a context at all. It would be absurd enough to say that the Church or the Pope can judge infallibly of the character of a short proposition taken by itself, and cannot judge infallibly of the character of a proposition as occurring in a book in combination with other sentences. When propositions are condemned *in the sense of the author*, as was done in the case referred to, there is not question of the internal personal intention of the writer, but of the meaning presented by the expressions as they stand in the book. It would make no matter if the man who penned them was totally ignorant of their force, or was out of his mind at the time.

The Pope cannot err in universal discipline, in this sense, that he cannot impose on the whole body of the Faithful a command

to do what is wrong, or to abstain from what is obligatory or necessary for salvation. The impossibility of his being allowed to do so is, perhaps, referrible rather to the Sanctity of the Church than to the Infallibility properly so called, as we are speaking of it.

The Pope is commonly held to be Infallible in the Canonization of Saints, and there can be no reasonable doubt on this point; as both Infallibility in Morals and the Sanctity of the Church require that public religious honours through the whole world should not be decreed to be paid to a lost soul. Such a mistake could not be permitted. It is not to be inferred from this that Infallibility is claimed as to the details of the process. There is question only of the result, the actual enrolment of a deceased person in the catalogue of the saints, concerning which act the Church or the Pope is not liable to err, though this is not strictly a dogma of Faith, but, in my judgment, altogether certain.

Having said so much regarding the subject matter of the Pope's Infallibility, I pass on to the conditions required on the part of the act whereby it is exercised, or to which it attaches. The Roman Pontiff is not pretended to be Infallible in all that he says or writes, not only in his private capacity as a man or a Christian, but even officially as Head of the Church. His divinely derived authority and sovereign position entitle him, no doubt, to respect and obedience in a very high degree; and would do so if he had never received the prerogative of inerrancy. But his Infallibility is confined to what may be called solemn teaching—to the propounding of doctrines, the reception of which he exacts from the Faithful. The Pope is then said to speak *ex cathedra*—*from the chair*, taken as a symbol of doctrinal authority, in the same sense that our Lord in the Gospel said that the Scribes and Pharisees sat in the chair of Moses. It is true that there are no special forms determined by Divine Law, nor any determinable by human law, as essential for this purpose. But there must be a sufficiently manifested intention of exercising the function of Supreme Teacher. The modes of speaking adopted must be such as fully to convey this intention. As a matter of fact, these modes are carefully selected and employed in all cases in which the Popes do exercise that function. Further, even when the Sovereign Pontiff does undertake to teach, either by laying down doctrine to be received, or else by condemning doctrine and exacting its rejection, the infallibility of his teaching is confined to that which is directly and expressly insisted on, and does not extend to preliminary or incidental statements or arguments in support of the truths propounded. And what is said of Popes, in this respect, applies also to the decrees of General Councils. A Pope or a Council may indeed explicitly define that a particular text of Scripture is to be understood in a certain sense. In that case the interpretation is part of the doctrine taught, and is to be accepted as such. But if the text be merely brought forward as a ground of proof, the Infallible teaching does not include the

meaning given to the text, though the citation of it in such a context is of very great weight as to the determination of its sense.

It appears from what I have said that the Papal Infallibility is comparatively seldom brought into action. I am very far from denying that the Vicar of Christ is largely assisted by God in the fulfilment of his sublime office, that he receives great light and strength to do well the great work entrusted to him and imposed on him, that he is continually guided from above in the government of the Catholic Church. But this is not the meaning of Infallibility. I must confess I do not like to hear this prerogative alluded to in what may be called a wrong context. I would not so much object to its being mentioned without a context, by using, for instance, the term *Infallible* as a mere title of honour. This is rather natural at the present time, especially when the doctrine has been so lately defined, though of course the gift existed as much from the beginning of Christianity as now. But what is the use of dragging in the Infallibility in connexion with Papal acts with which it has nothing to do—Papal acts which are very good and very holy, and entitled to all respect and obedience, acts in which the Pontiff is commonly not mistaken, but in which he could be mistaken and still remain infallible in the only sense in which he has been declared to be so? This unseasonable use of the term, or reference to the doctrine, may lead to inaccurate ideas in Catholics and afford a handle to Protestants, who delight in stretching the prerogative, in order to make it odious or ridiculous. In these remarks I am not criticizing theological opinions gravely and deliberately maintained, nor have I any desire to minimize. That is not my turn. I speak rather of casual expressions and of occasional incidental attempts to support some assertion or view, often correct enough in itself, by bringing the authority of the Pope to bear unduly on it.

As I have alluded to the views of Protestants on this subject, I may observe that they first accuse the Popes, often quite falsely, often with exaggeration, of misconduct in their actions, and then call attention to the inconsistency of such proceedings with their supposed infallibility, as if sins or excesses of any sort had to do with this privilege. For example, some of them charge Gregory the Thirteenth with having been a party to the celebrated massacre of St. Bartholomew, or with having manifested his approbation of that crime, and proceed thence to raise an objection or insinuation against his inerrancy. The imputation is untrue, and, if it were otherwise, the Infallibility would be just as safe, so far as that fact is concerned. It would be quite a different thing if the Pontiff solemnly taught that acts of that kind are lawful. If it be asked why the Pope should be free from error in his teaching and not in his conduct, the answer is easy. The object and end of the Infallibility bestowed on the Pontiff, and guaranteed to him, is that the

Faithful may be accurately instructed in Faith and Morals, and enabled to receive with the most unhesitating confidence the instruction imparted. Now this is connected with teaching only, not with mere acting or speaking, where nothing is attempted to be taught. We may apply here what our Lord said of those who sat in the Chair of Moses, "All things whatsoever they shall say to you, observe and do; but according to their works do ye not" (Matt. xxiii. 2, 3). This, I say, is the principle to be acted on, the rule to be followed with regard to the Popes wherever anything objectionable may occur in their conduct. But such cases are rare. The Roman Pontiffs have been almost universally good men, and very many of them distinguished by singular holiness.

I have said that no particular formality has been determined by Divine Law as requisite for infallible teaching, and that none could be determined by human law. The reason of this latter statement is obvious, and it is that the Pope is subject to no human law in the discharge of his office. He cannot bind himself legally, because he is not his own superior; nor can he bind his successors, who will be equal to him, nor can he be bound by the other bishops of the Church, because they have not, even collectively, authority over him.

The only essential condition of Infallible Teaching on the part of the Pope in Faith and Morals, is that which I have mentioned—namely, that he manifest sufficiently his intention of propounding a certain doctrine, and exacting its acceptance. But, it may be asked whether the Pope is bound to employ any preliminary means of ascertaining the truth in those questions on which he undertakes to pronounce, and what those means are. Most undoubtedly, he is bound to employ means for this purpose and to use great diligence in determining what he should teach. He has no arbitrary power of propounding what doctrines he pleases. He is merely the Minister of God, the chief guardian and dispenser of the deposit of Divine truth, not its Lord and Master. Further, he does not receive revelations, nor is he furnished with such inspiration as was accorded to the Prophets and to the writers of sacred books. The means to be employed are the study of the Scriptures, the investigation of traditions, as recorded in the works of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, in the Decrees of Councils and preceding Pontiffs, in the writings of Theologians, in the concordant teachings of pastors, in the belief of the Faithful throughout the world. Reason too, is to be laboriously applied in drawing conclusions, and reason is a very leading instrument, more especially in Moral questions of Natural Law, as may be gathered from what we have considered in an earlier part of this paper. The Pope must take the counsel of persons qualified to go through this difficult and complicated process. No matter what his own abilities may happen to be, he needs to be helped by others, and this need is greater if his talent and knowledge are not of a supe-

rior order. Many may understand the subjects to be dealt with better than he does, and, humanly speaking, be better qualified to pronounce concerning them than he is. Their natural aid must be employed, though the result is not to be viewed in a merely natural light. The Pope's advisers will often be abler and more learned than the Pope, and yet he is infallible, and they are not, because God has annexed inerrancy to his office, and not to theirs. They afford him information, but he finally judges, assisted by God, partly through them, and guarded by God against the danger of error. The process is to all outward appearance one of scientific investigation, only that it ought to be accompanied by prayer for light. Some questions of Faith or Morals are more difficult than others, more complicated, more obscure, and the diligence that should be used is proportionally greater. The whole thing is to be treated, if I may so speak, as a matter of business, and in a business-like way. Such is the system which God has established, and requires the Pontiff to pursue, and the same is true of a General Council. In truth, the convocation of a General Council, and its deliberations on questions of Faith and Morals, constitute a more exquisite degree of that diligence which is always necessary, and necessary in a high degree, even when no Council is called. No doubt the definition of a General Council is the act of the assembled Bishops as well as of the Pope. Yet, so far as the power of defining is concerned, the Pope possesses it as fully without a Council as with it.

I may take occasion here to observe that the contrast which some institute between the Pope and a General Council—including the Pope, without whose concurrence the Council is not complete—the contrast, I say, which some institute between the Pope and a General Council, the great difference which these persons seem to see between the two, involves a certain amount of misconception concerning the Infallibility of either. They see no great difficulty in the freedom of a Council from liability to err, but that one man should be invested with that prerogative, that is strange in their eyes. Now what is it that secures the Council against mistake? Is it the number and learning of the Bishops? These circumstances, no doubt, avail much towards a right decision; but they by no means absolutely preclude the possibility of a false judgment. Human testimony, as we are taught in logic, may be such as to afford the most perfect certainty regarding facts which fall under the senses, so as to exclude all danger of error, all ground for doubt. But, there is not question here of facts of this kind, even if the assembly possessed all the conditions which are requisite to render its testimony altogether irrefragable as to facts. There is question here of the meaning of the Word of God written or unwritten, there is question here of reasonings and deductions which cannot be witnessed to in the same way as exterior sensible effects. No Council ever was or ever will be *naturally* infallible concerning

religious controversies. Its Infallibility must come from supernatural assistance and protection of God ; and cannot God bestow the same assistance and protection on one man ? Undoubtedly he can ; and not only a General Council, but the whole of the Bishops of the Church have affirmed that he has undertaken to do so.

To return now to the diligence which I have said the Roman Pontiff is bound to employ in ascertaining the truth of a doctrine, before he propounds it and exacts its acceptance by the Faithful, it may be asked whether this is an essential condition of Infallibility, a condition the fulfilment of which needs to be established in order that a Papal definition should be received as infallible ? I answer, most assuredly it is not. Any such condition might lead to endless doubts and difficulties, and impair the advantages attaching to the Infallibility. Besides, to give a very simple reason, the reality of the *act of teaching* is not dependent on previous study. The act of teaching is just as complete when not preceded as when preceded by due investigation. Therefore if the Pope could propound erroneous doctrine in the former hypothesis, he could simply *teach error*, and thus err in teaching and teaching solemnly, which would not be consistent with his infallibility. The teaching consists in the putting forth and sufficient publication of a document stating a doctrine, and speaking about it in such a manner as to show the intention of pronouncing formally upon it and exacting its acceptance or rejection. The mere drawing up of the document would not be enough, no matter what diligence had been used. The publication or promulgation is required, and if that exist there is real teaching, and God could not consistently with His promises permit this to take place when the declaration made was erroneous. I have spoken of a document, because it is usual to express these statements in writing ; but an oral publication, absolutely speaking, would be sufficient.

As a matter of fact, the Roman Pontiffs do not ever formally pronounce on doctrines of Faith or Morals—formally teach the Faithful in a binding way—without mature consideration, without an amount of previous diligence that would seem more than could be required. Therefore what I have said of their Infallibility subsisting in case they neglected the necessary investigation regards a merely possible hypothesis. It may be a question whether God would permit even the truth to be taught in so precipitate and inordinate a manner. But, however that may be, He could not consistently with His promises allow error to be solemnly proclaimed by the Sovereign Pontiff, even through rashness.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE FATHER HENRY YOUNG, OF DUBLIN.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN May, 1827, began the most remarkable phase of Father Young's life, that course of Missions up and down the length and breadth of his native land which occupied the best years of his life, if we can use that expression with regard to one whose holiness went on increasing as he advanced in age, and whose last days must therefore in one sense have been the most fruitful. But the strength, the activity, the energy which is generally speaking at its full height in a man from the age of thirty to fifty, he devoted for thirteen years to a work which opened as it were a new era in the religious condition of Ireland.

The priests had all been missionaries in a certain sense during the days of persecution. They had secretly gone to and fro, keeping alive the faith of their flocks, and ministering to them the sacraments. But when the penal laws were relaxed, if not wholly repealed, the bareness of the land as regarded the adjuncts of Catholic worship became visible. The chapels were few and far apart, and in condition little better than barns. The parish priests in the country had often to walk or ride ten miles or more over mountains and morasses to visit the sick and to celebrate Mass, first in one spot, and then in another. There were very few schools, and education was at the lowest ebb.

Father Young had imbibed in Rome the spirit of the Vincentian Fathers, whose order he had at one time ardently desired to enter. Country missions, one of St. Vincent de Paul's greatest works in the France of his day, seemed to him as imperatively called for by the state of Ireland fifty years ago. The want was urgent; there was no one to undertake it—that was enough. He set his shoulder to the wheel, that one unaided priest. He made no public appeal; he did not form any elaborate plan, but he began to work, and his single exertions so far achieved their object that, after thirteen years of labour, during which he went about from place to place, welcomed everywhere by the priests, and leaving behind him lasting results of his passage in the form of chapels repaired, schools erected, confraternities founded, he could hand it over to the Vincentian Fathers in full confidence as to its future development—a prevision which was fully realized, for, as he says in one of his letters, whereas no real missionaries existed in Ireland when he commenced

to travel about from parish to parish, later on came, first the Vincentians and Jesuits, and afterwards the Passionists, the Redemptorists, the Oblates, the Fathers of Charity, and many other Religious and Missionary orders.

Devoted to God and to what he now considered his special vocation, no labour was too hard, no exertions too great for Father Young's unwearying zeal. He raised as many altars as he built schools, for in many remote hamlets where, especially in winter, it was difficult for the inhabitants to make their way to the church, Mass was said at stated times under the roof which sheltered the little ones of Christ. How he did all these things would be difficult to state. Probably, like his prototype, the Curé d'Ars, he walked out into the fields with his Rosary in his hand, and compelled our Blessed Lady to help him in those strange ways which are familiar to saints, and even sometimes known to humble Christians of good will and strong faith who may be far from being saints.

May we venture to say that the great secret for achieving important work is to *begin*, not by some grand scheme fairly sketched out in our minds, and prayers for ample means wherewith to start it, but by doing some little thing in the direction in view, which, like a small seed, sown in faith and watered with prayer, grows and expands by slow degrees.

If two young girls in Brittany had planned institutions for the reception of the aged destitute poor, and said prayers for some miraculous gift or some sudden accession of fortune, which would enable them to build asylums and endow them, we should never have seen all over Europe, these numerous houses of Little Sisters of the Poor which are at this moment one of the most touching manifestations of Catholic charity. What they did was to take one poor old woman into the room in which they lived themselves. On that day their Order was founded.

If Elizabeth Twiddy and her friends—poor seamstresses in a London lodging-house—had not taken care of two little motherless children and begged weekly pennies for their support—the pretty orphanage of Mary's Home at Hammersmith would never have existed. If Mary Shaw, a poor Catholic girl, had not died at Bournemouth last year from lingering consumption under the care of one who shared with her her home and nursed her with sisterly tenderness, whilst a few Catholic ladies united to supply her with the requisite comforts for a long illness; if this lovely and gentle being had not given an example of what a Catholic death-bed can be when surrounded with all the soothing and sacred influences of religion, the little Home for consumptive patients which has been opened there this year might never have been established.

In Ireland, how many instances of the same kind and yet more remarkable could be adduced! A lady in the pride of youth and beauty, returning once from a ball at daybreak, noticed a group of poor people clustered round the door of a chapel, waiting till it

should be opened for first Mass. The contrast between their morning occupation and hers struck Nano Nagle painfully. From that moment of grace we may date the foundation of the Presentation Order, one of the most extensive and useful of those devoted to the education of the poor not only in Ireland but in America and Australia.

In our own time, when the late venerable Father Spratt, a Carmelite Friar, vowed to poverty, commenced St. Joseph's Night Asylum, he had no resources whatever beyond his trust in God and his appeals to the charitable; yet during the fifteen years of his after life, he never failed of means to provide shelter, fire, beds, and food for a weekly average of 500—amounting during those fifteen years to the amazing total of near four hundred thousand—destitute women and children, such as those whose miseries, as they nightly cowered under arches and in entries, had deeply touched the heart of the good father during the early years of his ministry.

Such are the secrets of success in works of devotion and of mercy. Few can have been more practically acquainted with them than Father Young. We may guess at his expedients. We may fancy him laying the first stone or brick of a school-room and looking to God alone for the next—or instructing two children under a tree, and leaving it to Him to raise up teachers for the increasing flock of little ones. We know what he did—how he did it we shall not know for certain till the day of judgment. The time he spent at each place he visited, he varied according to circumstances. Sometimes he remained only a month, sometimes a whole year, preaching, exhorting, and hearing confessions. His habit as he travelled along was to say his beads or recite Litanies for the holy departed souls; and if others joined him on the road, he insisted on their taking a part in those devotions. If whilst he was giving a mission, a fair happened to be going on in the neighbourhood, he employed the hours of the day which were not spent in the chapel in walking about the adjoining fields and collecting together troops of labourers, whom he deterred by his fervent exhortations from mixing in the riotous scenes going on at the fair, and entreated to say prayers and to join in the devotions at church which were said in reparation for the offences committed against God by thoughtless sinners. His very aspect, as he resolutely walked through the fair itself, used to put a stop for the time to sin and disorder.

Meanwhile his life was one course of the most severe poverty and austerity. His short rest at night was generally spent in the church, a small corner of which, near the altar, he used to partition off; or else he slept in a barn or an outhouse. His single*

* His custom during a great part of his life was to support nature on one very simple but hearty meal each day. At the period, however, referred to here, his practice would seem to have been somewhat different; for a servant in the house which gave him hospitality during a mission of four months at Stratford-on-

and most abstemious meal was taken in any place or at any time which best suited the sole end he had in view. He had no other wants, and was thus enabled to devote to pious and charitable purposes whatever alms he received for Masses or from the generosity of those who asked for his prayers; and in consequence of his reputation for sanctity these were considerable. To educate boys who showed signs of vocation for the priesthood was one of the objects he had most at heart, and not a few of those who are at this day working in the cities and rural parishes of Ireland, owe to him the training which made them what they are.

He is known to have reformed whole districts during this period of his missionary life. Poor country people, living in remote hamlets, far from a church, and very ignorant, were capable, however, of understanding and of being edified and influenced by Father Henry's sanctity. His wonderful devotion in saying Mass, his uninterrupted prayers, his charity, the extent of which seemed to them miraculous, inspired profound veneration which almost bordered on adoration. He could do what he pleased with them. Though he determinedly set his face against intemperance, rioting, faction fights, dances, and all amusements tending to offend Christian modesty, they never resented his interference. He knew perfectly well the Irish spirit, so easily roused to opposition by injustice or tyranny; so averse to dictation from those who have no claim on their respect or on their love, but on the other hand so touchingly, so generously, so nobly submissive when satisfied as to the sanctity and disinterestedness which prompt even a stern rebuke from the lips of one who, like the Good Shepherd, would give his life for his sheep. A really holy man—a thoroughly earnest priest—can do what he likes with those brave and tender hearts, which suffering and faith have hardened towards the world and softened towards God and His true servants.

Father Young knew, as we have said, how to deal winningly and sternly by turns with the simple and childlike nature of the poor peasants who gathered around him during his missions, sometimes in their own humorous way inventing innocent wiles to win them from their bad habits, to engage them in a life of piety, or to induce them to undertake some good work. To the poor he was, generally speaking, mild and indulgent; but when he met with obstinate sinners, his denunciations were sometimes terrific, and no human respect or fear of consequences restrained him from boldly attacking the wolves which sought to make havoc amongst

Slaney, in the county of Wicklow, during the winter of 1828, states that "during his stay Father Young never took meat, eggs, or butter. He had some bread and tea about twelve o'clock, and some gruel at night, on all days except Wednesday and Friday, when his midday repast was a piece of bread with some water." The present pastor of one of the parishes evangelised by the saintly priest has furnished other interesting details of these missions, which shall be turned to account later on.

his sheep. Some characteristic stories are on record of his conduct on such occasions.

Whilst he was giving a mission at Baltinglass, a small town in the county of Wicklow, a fair took place in the neighbourhood, and there went Father Young as usual to set his face against immorality, and warn the offenders of the guilt they were incurring. It so happened that a company of rope-dancers were displaying their talents in a manner which Father Henry deemed improper. He endeavoured to persuade the manager to stop the performance, but met with no success. When at last a woman ascended the rope, and, disregarding his reproofs, exceeded her comrades in her unseemly evolutions, he took a summary means of terminating the exhibition by simply cutting the rope,* which brought the lady to the ground, from no considerable height indeed, and without serious consequences to so agile an adept in the art of tumbling, but still unpleasantly enough to rouse her indignation. The manager sued Father Henry for damages and summoned him before a magistrate. On the day appointed for the trial of the case he attended at the court-house where a number of his friends had assembled, full of zeal and anxiety about the result. As for him, he withdrew into a recess, took out his Breviary and said his prayers as quietly as if he had been sitting at home. No one would have guessed he was interested in the matter, so utterly indifferent did he appear to what was going on, and only coming forward when called upon to answer a question. He was condemned to a fine of £5, and then the difficulty was to settle who was to have the honour of paying it, the eagerness to show respect to Father Young turning his condemnation into a triumph.

The villages of Blessington, Ballymore Eustace, Kilbride and Eadestown, which he successively visited, still bear in mind the memory of his apostolic labours. A clerical friend of the holy missioner remembers the drives he took with him through those mountain regions in the bleak evenings of a severe winter—one night in particular when a biting east wind and hard frost caused the good father and his companions to shiver with the piercing cold, whilst he made them recite the Rosary without intermission, as the best remedy, he said, against the inclement weather.

It is on record, that whilst giving a Mission at Garristown in 1829, he slept all the time on the floor of Father Murray's parlour.

* The correspondent quoted in the preceding note merely says, that in the confusion caused by the Missioner's approach, the rope-dancer "fell or leaped, or was taken off the rope," and the spectators went in haste to the chapel from which this exhibition had detained them. He adds that Father Young had incurred the displeasure of certain bigoted gentry of the neighbourhood by his zeal in removing Catholic children from Protestant schools. These were his judges. "After the trial the good people of Baltinglass refused to look at the rope-dancers, who were obliged to carry on their exhibition within the enclosure of the gaol, whither the aforesaid gentry drove in their carriages to patronize them."

No one knew when he rose, for he used to raise the sash of the window and noiselessly slip out of the house. He was always in the church long before five o'clock, at which early hour the religious exercises were wont to begin, in order to give the labourers time to attend them before going to their work.

Garristown had been a place notorious for brawls and ill-conduct. Father Young worked a complete reform amongst the inhabitants. It is said that during the time of his stay the potatoes remained on the ground and the spade in the furrow, whilst the work people were attending his instructions; no dishonest hand was put forward to touch one or the other. After the lapse of more than forty years, the scenes connected with that mission are described by intelligent eye-witnesses with as much feeling and earnestness as if it had ended but yesterday. One of these says, "Although I have heard since then the most distinguished preachers in Dublin, none have ever pleased me so much as Father Henry Young. I can see him now appearing on the platform of the altar as distinctly as if he was photographed before me—his thin, emaciated hands and wrists upraised as he uttered, in tones which recalled the thought of St. John the Baptist addressing his hearers in the wilderness, 'Do penance or you shall all perish alike.' He preached a sermon on the beauty of God which was full of sublimity. Oh! what a strength and what a power of fascination are given to the humble and holy of heart!"

Father Young also gave Missions in the mountain districts of Sandymount and Glencullen, of which his former school-fellow and much esteemed friend, Father Patrick Smith, was parish priest. He seems to have visited all that side of the country as far as Bray.

An especial object of his care in all his visitations was the instruction of the children and their preparation for the sacraments of penance, communion, and confirmation. To the children he devoted the whole day, teaching them from ten to three in the chapel; even his short walk he took in their company. In the mornings and evenings he heard the confessions of the grown-up people who were at work during the day. The parish register of Baltinglass, and no doubt of many other places, contains the names of several Protestants received into the Church on this occasion. It is remembered also that he erected the Stations of the Cross, established purgatorian societies, and invested great numbers in the brown scapular of Mount Carmel. His work was by no means of a transitory nature. He neglected nothing to perpetuate the good impressions which God enabled him to produce. He always endeavoured earnestly to set on foot the rebuilding and repairs of churches and schools. The bell and belfry of the church at Baltinglass were raised by Father Young. At that time it was illegal to attach a bell to a "popish place of worship;" and accordingly Father Young's belfry stands to this day in the corner of the adjoining cemetery.

Returning to Dublin about the year 1832, he carried on his missionary work in the towns on the northern shore of the bay, officiating for a short period as curate to his brother, Father William Young, at that time parish priest of Howth, Baldoyle, and Kinsealy. The first stone of the new church of Kinsealy was laid by Father William, assisted by his two brothers, James and Henry, in 1832.

At Baldoyle, a lonely seaside village on a sandy flat, in the little peninsula of Howth, he arrived once late in the evening, and after presenting himself to the resident priest, he shortly afterwards withdrew to the room prepared for him. When the servant knocked at his door very early the following morning, Father Henry had vanished; she apprised her master of the fact, who lost himself in conjectures as to the cause of the sudden disappearance. Had the missionary been scared by the desolate aspect of the place, which does indeed look bleak and miserable when the tide has receded? Or had he taken a sudden alarm at the fact that cholera was at that moment raging in the neighbourhood? We need not add that Father Henry was almost a stranger to the good priest who made these suppositions, which would have amused any one acquainted with him. As it was, he hurried out inquiring of every one in the place if they had seen or heard anything of the vanished missionary. At last a man told him that there was a report in the town that a priest whom no one knew had spent the whole night at the Cholera Hospital. Thither the parish priest bent his steps, and there sure enough he found Father Henry on his knees by the side of a man in his last agony, into whose ears he was breathing acts of contrition, faith, hope, and charity, watching the while for some sign that he understood and joined in the prayers, and preparing to give him the last absolution. In this infected room he had remained for many hours, going from bed to bed, hearing the confessions of those who still could speak, and where the spark of life was almost extinct, trying at least that the last thought of the dying sufferer should be one of prayer, even though the pale lips had lost all power of utterance. This was the opening scene of his mission at Baldoyle. Could its success be doubtful?

Father Young afterwards went to Swords, to Rush, Skerries, and subsequently to the Isle of Lambay, where he laid the first stone of a school. He devoted a year and a half to Howth, where his brother James was parish priest. According to his usual custom, he went from house to house, and having ascertained that a great number of persons, old as well as young, had never been confirmed, he prepared eight hundred for that sacrament, including the blind, the lame, and the infirm. Archbishop Murray, who always made it a practice to examine himself the candidates for confirmation, declined to do so when he heard that they had been instructed by Father Henry Young.

By his advice and under his care, confraternities were estab-

lished amongst the fishermen in this place, which worked a thorough reform in their lives. He made a point of attending himself at all the wakes and funerals, and by his presence turned them from scenes of dissipation into schools of piety and reverent respect for the dead. At Easter the crowd of penitents was so great that he often spent all the night in the confessional. Not long ago a poor old woman said to a nun, "Sure, ma'am, we had a saint one time in our parish, his name was Father Henry Young;" and then she added in a low voice: "He wore something made of bristles, I saw it once myself through an opening in his waistcoat."

Once again the holy man returned to Howth as a missionary when his brother William had taken the place of Father James as parish priest. During his second visit, a Catholic gentleman, residing there, fell seriously ill, and, though apprised of his approaching death, would not consent to see a priest. Father Henry was asked to pray for him. "I will say Mass for that person," he said, "on Friday next at nine o'clock. When ordinary entreaties do not succeed, the sacrifice of the Mass may avail." Immediately after that Mass, the dying man sent for the priest, made his confession, and died a great penitent. It was always said of Father Young, that like his divine Lord, he went about doing good; and nowhere is he held in more grateful remembrance than in the parish of Howth, where his two holy brothers successively availed themselves of his spiritual assistance in their arduous work.

The last time he went there was in 1868, on the Feast of the Visitation. His long life was then drawing to a close. He had borne the burden and the heat of the day. He had carried his Master's Cross for more than four score years. The moment of his release was at hand. No doubt he felt it, as he knelt and prayed a long time in the grave-yard of the place where he had worked so hard in the days of his strong manhood. Now he was feeble and old—and the friend who was with him, and saw his paleness and exhaustion, sought to raise him and said, "You ought to take refreshment every hour." The aged saint looked up to Heaven, and answered with a smile, "O yes! I do take it every hour of the day and of the night."

It would be impossible to recount the numerous missions given by Father Henry in the archdiocese of Dublin during the years which he devoted to this special end. We have endeavoured simply to convey an idea of the spirit in which he worked, and of some of the results which followed his labours.

The Ursulines of Cork at whose convent he gave a retreat at the same period, still speak of the effect produced by his exhortations to penance. It seemed to them, as if one of the Fathers of the Desert was speaking through his voice, and calling them to follow in the narrow path which leads to life.

[*To be continued.*]

FIELD PREACHING:

A SPRING RHAPSODY.

"It is related of a holy man, that seeing flowers and herbs as he passed through the fields, he was accustomed to strike them, saying "Be silent! Do not reproach me any more with ingratitude to God. I have heard you. Be silent! No more!"—*Method of Conversing continually with God. By St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

I came for quiet here,
But the calm air is full of troublous sounds.
Whence the soft-lying odours seemed to breathe
A welcome to repose, now voice on voice
Cries out, assails my ear. I came for quiet:
O Flowers, why call ye me?

Why, Violet,
Lift thy sad sacred purple thus against me?
I do but pass thee by, and lo! thy cup
Is filled with indignation;* and the name
That cometh from afar is on thy lips,
Is still upon thy lips. Let thy reproach
Cease from before me. Let me go my way,
Pale, priestly Flower! I have not asked of thee
To show me my offence. Hæ set me in
The hand of my own counsel: hold thy peace!
I have no need of thee.

So be it. True,
That thou art white, bright Lily; what of that?
Be still! be still! Is not thy home beside
Waters that go with silence? Nay, methinks
Thou hold'st thy head too high—"Towards Heaven"?

Even so:
The holiness of earth looks down to where
THE HOLY lay. Wilt thou not let me pass?
Why match thyself with me? What man am I,
That I should lift my face without a spot:
That I should keep my soul—when the red earth †
Is stirred; vile hands, vile uses, working wrath—
That I should keep my soul within, unstained,
Still new, still touched with grace (Heaven's dew on
hearts),

* "Behold, the name of the Lord cometh from afar. . . His lips are filled with indignation."—*Isaias*, xxiii. 27. The reader will recognise other scriptural phrases adapted from *Isaias*, xxx. 11, and viii. 6; *Eccles.* xv. 14; *Job*, xiv. 15, &c.

† "This man was called Adam, which in the Hebrew tongue signifies one that is red."—*Josephus*, Book i., chap. 1.

A vessel of election? Flower, thou feelest not:
Nor thou, nor thine. The very worm that feeds
Upon thy happy tribe doth not corrupt
His leavings. Let me pass.

O, Daisy! thou
Art lowly: I am low; my hope downcast,
Trod out by rough-shod Life, as thou might'st be,
A thing of no account. If, even thou,
Wilt, must bespeak me now, should it not be
With words of comforting? To what I bear
Why add upbraiding? Is rebuke for thee,
Thou Flower of Poverty? Must I, forsooth,
Turn a fair face on them that love me not,
Because thou standest there, the same to all?
I will not. Silence, then! I do deny
That there is kin or kith, or fellowship
'Twixt thee and me: thou spend'st a common life
In common earth; I would do more.

——“Do more
Than grow, and live, and die, for Him who did
All these for thee?”

Cease! cease! It is enough.
Why should I hearken thus? Hush, hush! I say.
Will ye not let me breathe God's pure, fresh air,
Unmixed with bitterness? Your sweetness is
Apart from me, despite me. Have I sought
Your odorous offerings? Are there not times
They do offend me—when the dusty breath
Of busy life seems sweeter? Silence, then!
Ye speak not so to other indolent ears:
Why is the constant burden of your call
Come upon me alone? Say ye——“For Him
That dwelleth in the Gardens,* thus do thou,
Morn, noonday, evening—all the lightsome hours;
Sweet odours above honey bringing forth,
In fair Love, holy hope, and first-born Fear,
And strong Desire, that dies not; and quick Faith—
The dry rod blossoming! Bring forth, as in
The days of the new fruits. Fill up, fill up
The golden vials, where the prayers of saints
Are kept for evermore!”†

O Flowers! ye bloom
In the calm sunshine, on the smoothed sward,
And yield your virtues to the gentle airs

* “Thou that dwellest in the Gardens,”—*Canticle of Canticles*, viii. 18. Allusion is made in the following lines to *Eccles.* xxiv. 24 & 35.

† “Golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints.”—*Apocalypse*, v. 8.

That search the hearts of flowers. Scarce are ye stirred
 By the kind office—giving as it takes—
 Of that beneficent ministry. I walk
 O'er stony ways—with what sore-weary feet
 Ye do not know; God knows; He feels a heart
 Of flesh within me, quivering at the touch
 Of living trial. Why, why wait not then
 His voice to break upon my short repose?
 Yours is, indeed, an easy, easy task:
 To live a homily, where existence' self
 Is use and beauty: toil-less, effortless,
 Wantless, and woeless: pictured parables,
 That to themselves cost nothing, but by me
 Are to be paid in pain. Is there no rest,
 Morn, noonday, evening—all the lightsome hours?
"Love labours always: lovest thou?"

No rest?

A little, and as nothing, is my sleep.*

—"No rest, no rest, no rest!"—When indolence
 Comes round me, as a curtain, may I not
 Lay down my head? Nay, but I will, I will:
 What's to prevent it?—"Conscience."—Conscience, too,
 Can sleep at times.—"Can thine?"—O silence!
 silence!

Silence is sweet, and darkness beautiful;
 And stillness full of peace.—"Peace?"—Will no prayer
 Win ye to silence?

"When the fields of peace

Are silent, 'tis the anger of the Lord."†

Cease! cease! Why call again? It is in vain.
 I will not labour. I am sick, sick, sick!
 Labour is death; ease, life. Was I not born,
 And have I not a right to life? Say ye—
 To LIFE ETERNAL? Nay; I will not hear.
 I will not: silence, then!

My ears are closed.

Yet the faint whisperings of these fallen leaves
 Are audible within. O royal Rose!
 Fled from the crowning, why, why follow me?
 That the sad breath of warning and of wild
 Dismay should find my soul; unsought you quit
 The pleasant shelter of a stately lawn
 To lie, your mission done, on a vile way,
 Thus to be trodden down. I thank you not:

* "A little and as nothing is his rest."—*Eccles.* xi. 6.

† "And the fields of peace have been silent because of the fierce anger of the Lord."—*Jeremias*, xxv. 37.

For now I should have been at rest and still—
 “——*Can Mother Nature hide thee from THE KING?*—”
 No more! no more! Be silent. I have heard.

O slumberous Flower, O Poppy! thou at least
 Speakest with human sympathies. Thy head
 Rests long upon its slender stalk, and slowly
 Opens to anxious day. Thy petals droop
 Under heaven's fixed eye, and gently fall
 Down on their soft sward-bed. White Flower of ease,
 I'd crown myself with thee, and sleep and say:
 Now cometh Rest! but that beside thy sleep
 Stretch forth, and will not cease, the unfilled shapes
 Of deeds that were to be; and in thy darkness
 Is—as a horror that is felt—a dread
 Of waking up too late. . . . That voice! that voice!

Nay; I am listening. For I do not dare
 Deny my soul to those sharp-sweet reproaches.
 Am I ungrateful, gainsaying God's mercies?—
 The greatness of the bounty that hath blessed me
 With not too much, I know. Am I ungrateful,
 Withholding my just debt?—'Tis hard to pay.
 'Tis not a little, easy thing to be,
 Morn, noonday, evening—all the lightsome hours,
 Always and all for Heaven. 'Tis hard! 'tis hard!
 This near, warm, worldly sunshine is so sweet.
 O Violets, Lilies, Roses, speak—speak all,—
 Ye chalice-bearers, to the earth low-bending,
 Ye acolytes, white-robed and slow of motion,
 Ye thurifers, full-cupped of incense borne
 Breeze-swung from earth to Heaven, speak ye for me:
 Be ye my sacrificers; I can not
 Offer what must be given. O, that THE PEACEABLE*
 Would breathe His south winds through my garden—'tis
 His own, His own—make straight my weakling will,
 And water, not with tears, the tender Flowers!
 (Doth not much rain wash from the rocky soil
 Its little mould?) yet so it be not found
 Fruitless within my gates upon the day,
 The Day of Gathering. O Flowers, O Flowers,
 Why are ye silent now?

J. M. O'R.

* “The Peaceable had a vineyard.”—*Canticle of Canticles*, viii. 11. “O south winds, blow through my garden.”—*Ibid.* iv. 16,

A GLEAM OR TWO FROM HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETITE'S ROMANCE," &c.

“ONCE upon a time,” as the story books say, we have all learnt history, but in many instances, it is to be feared we have forgotten it again. At all events, we have learnt it, and broad facts cling to our memory and find some sort of resting place in our brains. But though we are quite aware that some few hundred years ago such and such kings lived and died, and that men and women ate, drank, slept, and wakened again, pretty much as we ourselves do now, vague and general impressions are, for the most part, prevalent on the subject; and, if pushed to the wall, many of us would perhaps find ourselves lamentably ignorant of the details and commonplace incidents which made up the lives of our forefathers. After all, these form a part of history, too, and not such a very immaterial part either. We find our own lives from day to day remarkably interesting to ourselves, at least, even though they should be made up for the most part of nothing but trifles. Why, then, should we not take a little interest in the trifles that made up the lives of ages which are dead and gone? By so doing we shall perhaps see history through a novel light, and we shall succeed in connecting its broad and salient events with the more familiar features of every-day life, which will come intimately home to the mind of each individual.

This reflection was suggested to the writer by a delightful book on the manners and customs of the French people during the middle ages, and at the time of the Renaissance, which in the most gorgeous fashion made its appearance in Paris some years ago. Beautiful binding, clear printing, brilliant and numerous illustrations, all do their part in making the work an attractive one. But these are all nothing in comparison with the copious and delightfully minute matter of the text, a few extracts from which may not be uninteresting to our readers.

Let us then on chance open the book and take Figure 57, where we find a charming little wood-cut representing Queen Anne of Brittany, who married successively Charles VIII. and Louis XII., and who Brantome tells us was a model of illustrious ladies. We find her soberly dressed in black, bewailing the absence of her husband, who is with the army in Italy, and seated in the midst of her ladies, who are regarding her with looks of sympathy. Chairs were in those days apparently a scarce commodity, even at Court, for these noble damsels have no more exalted seats than the floor. They are all habited alike, and after the fashion of nuns, with close fitting coifs completely concealing their hair, and with rosary chaplets round their necks. Indeed this Queen's Court was

renowned for the purity of its morals, and the cloister-like severity of its régime. She was the first Queen of France, it appears, who instituted what was called "the grand court of ladies," of whom she kept an immense suite, never having been known to refuse admission to any of the daughters of the gentlemen of the Court who asked for it. And not only did she receive them, but she considered herself their mother and guardian, watching over their behaviour with strict and anxious care, and considering herself responsible to God and their parents for their virtuous reputation and conduct. Unhappily, however, the beneficial moral influence exercised by this princess expired with her life. The Court of France continued, it is true, to be the politest and most elegant Court in Europe, notwithstanding the numerous wars and civil feuds which distracted the empire. But, alas! what it gained in splendour and refinement, it lost in virtue; setting a pernicious example of vice and corruption, which gradually spread through all classes of society.

History is for the most part silent with regard to the existence of the masses in France till the eleventh or twelfth century. The reason is clear. Till that period, when the middle classes first began to rouse themselves and to emerge from the bondage in which they had been kept, they possessed no history, and were, for the most part, confounded with the serfs and peasants, who without property, individuality, or rights of any kind, were merely the chattels of their masters, and passed a servile and purely material existence of which few records can be found. But the great popular movement which took place during the stormy period from the eleventh to the thirteenth century inaugurated a new reign of things, and with a marvellous rapidity we see the *bourgeoisie* emerge into a position of wealth and luxury from the obscurity in which it had hitherto been enveloped.

From the earliest times, small people have always aped the great. And so it was in the present instance. The private life of the middle classes became a more or less faithful representation of the *chateau* life of the nobles. In proportion to the increase and security of their fortunes, did their desire grow to possess all the advantages enjoyed by their betters. It was quite in vain that sumptuary laws were passed, and that even penal edicts attempted to repress the alarming tendency to equality which was permeating the masses, and already beginning to mortify the pride of the upper classes. One by one, by the mere force of events, the arbitrary and petty restrictions which trammelled the *bourgeoisie* disappeared, and the irresistible power of wealth made a bridge across the deep, wide, and dark chasm, which had hitherto so unnaturally divided the two classes of mankind.

But it was not by the brute force of gold alone that the middle classes asserted themselves and successfully struggled against the curse under which they had so long lain. Arnaud de Marveil, one

of the most famous troubadours of the thirteenth century, tells in that delightfully quaint language, which it is quite impossible faithfully to translate: "The *bourgeois* have different sorts of merit—some like parade, and distinguish themselves by honourable actions; others are by nature noble, and comport themselves nobly in consequence. There are others really brave, gallant, frank and gay, who, if money fails them, know how to please by gracious words, who frequent the courts, and there make themselves agreeable; who are well versed in the science of pleasing the fair, make a noble appearance at the tournaments, and hold their own in the midst of that fine company."

It seems that until the thirteenth century, females of the middle classes, no matter how large the fortunes of their fathers or husbands might be, were not permitted to make use of certain stuffs and ornaments, which were exclusively reserved for the nobility; but during the reigns of Philip Augustus, and of his grandson, Saint Louis, both of which kings were true friends of the people, we find these foolish restrictions for the most part abolished, and the *bourgeoisie* honoured and respected.

About twenty years later, however, Philip le Bel attempted, not with much success, some fresh piece of petty persecution. "No *bourgeois*," he commanded, "shall possess a car. They may wear neither gold nor precious stones, nor gilt nor silver crowns." And he proceeds to ordain that the wife of a man who possesses an income of two thousand *livres* or upwards, may wear a dress worth sixteen *sous* at the most. We are bound, however, to remember the enormous difference in the value of money between those days and ours. Sixteen *sous* were at a rough calculation equivalent to about three hundred francs, or twelve pounds of current money. But twelve pounds go a short way towards buying a gala dress, as most ladies know only too well now-a-days; and judging from the gorgeous robes which, pictures tell us, were the fashion in France about the period of which we are writing, it may be presumed that the fair sex had every right to feel itself aggrieved at such a law. These sumptuary regulations were, however, we are told, in many cases braved and disobeyed, or at least evaded.

The following little anecdote will prove that the Flemish showed their neighbours of France an example, which doubtless fostered their taste for extravagance and display. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, a rich merchant of Valenciennes presented himself at the Court of the King of France, clothed in a magnificent fur cloak, adorned with gold and pearls, upon which, having in vain waited to be offered a cushion, he seated himself. When he was about to take his departure, the valets reminded him that he was forgetting his cloak. "It is not the custom in my country," remarked the merchant, proudly, "to carry furniture away with one."

Appropos of a journey which Philip le Bel, accompanied by his wife Jeanne of Navarre, made to the towns of Bruges and Ghent,

we are told that Jeanne, beholding the splendour of the ladies' dresses, exclaimed, "I fancied that I should be the only queen here, but I see more than six hundred queens around me!" And here is a description of the bedroom of the wife of a merchant of Paris in the second half of the fourteenth century, "The walls were concealed by tapestry embroidered in precious Cyprus gold, in which were worked the monogram and coat of arms of the lady. The sheets were of the finest linen, and had not cost less than three hundred livres; the coverlet (a new invention) was made of a gold and silver stuff; and the carpet was *pareil à or*. The lady, who was an invalid, was reclining on her bed; she was attired in a magnificent crimson silk gown, and her head was resting upon *gentils oreillers* covered with Oriental pearls." And this, we are reminded, was not the wife of one of the merchant princes of Venice or Genoa, but in fact the wife of a mere shopkeeper, who would sell you four sous' worth from behind his counter. Truly, as the quaint chronicler observes, "*C'est outrage digne d'estre mis en livre.*"

It is, however, consoling to learn that this foolish love of display and extravagance was fought against and counteracted by some sensible and prudent people. A strange old book, by an anonymous author, the "*Menagier de Paris*," which professes to be a series of counsels addressed by a *bourgeois* husband to his young wife, bears witness to this fact. The "*Menagier*" indeed leaves nothing to be desired in the way of a guide to an inexperienced young mistress of an establishment. "Know, dear sister" (thus the husband calls his wife), "that in the choice of your clothes, you must always bear in mind your parents' station and mine, as well as the length of my purse. Be well dressed, without too much care, and do not follow every foolish new fashion. Before leaving your room, see that your collar is *quite straight*, and that nothing be loose or untidy about your person." Then the author proceeds to speak of the dispositions of women, who, he considers, are in general too self-willed, and indocile; and *apropos* of this he relates a funny little anecdote, which is perhaps worth repeating. Once upon a time several married men were dining together, and it was agreed between them that that guest should be exempted from paying the price of the dinner, whose wife should prove sufficiently docile and obedient to count, at the request of her husband, and without any remark or contradiction, up to a certain number. No sooner proposed than agreed upon, and all the gentlemen adjourned in a body to their several homes. The experiment was first made upon the wife of Robin, whose name was Marie, a dame, whom the chronicler informs us, was fond of playing the fine lady. But alas, fine ladyism was of no use on the present occasion. "Begin to count," says Robin to Marie, "and say after me exactly what I say." "Willingly, my lord," replied Marie. But before they had come to three, Marie had lost patience and indulged in a joke. And so the husband lost his bet. Most of the other husbands fared no

better. Maître Jean tried next, but his wife Agnes, who held herself in very high esteem indeed, tossed her head, and, taking her husband for a fool, would not so much as listen to his request. "I am not a child, to begin at this time of day to learn to count," said another fair one. And so on: one after another the ladies proved refractory, and not one of their lords won the price of his dinner.

But the "*Ménagier*," though now and then venturing upon a lively sally such as this, is on the whole a grave and serious work. One of its most curious chapters treats of the manner in which the young *bourgeoise* should comport herself towards the persons who are attached to her service. The rich of that period, no matter what their rank and birth might be, were obliged to keep an immense number of servants. It is interesting to observe that there already existed in Paris, offices or places of reference where servant-girls, coming from the country to look for situations, could be heard of. The author of the "*Ménagier*" leaves to his wife the entire control and management of her household, but, on account of her extreme youth, he counsels her, in the engagement of her servants, to seek the advice of Lady Agnes, a *béguine*, who was living with her as companion; and amongst many other excellent hints which he gives her, we find the following: "If you order a thing to be done immediately, do not content yourself with the reply that it will be done later on, or to-morrow. If you do, it is quite certain that you will only have the trouble of repeating your orders all over again."

The recommendation with which the author terminates his instruction on this subject, proves that he was not only a shrewd and wise man, but also a kind one. "If one of your servants fall ill," says he, "it is right that you yourself, putting away all other affairs, should devote yourself to making him well again." Thus thought and expressed himself a *bourgeois* of the fifteenth century. And as it is evident that the teachings of this moralist must have been inspired by the actual social condition of the class to which he belonged, we may conclude that the *bourgeoisie* of that period had made a marvellous stride towards refinement, and were by no means deficient in the knowledge and practice of the moral and conventional dignity of life.

A well-known French author quaintly tells us that "*Messire Gaster, alias the Stomach*," is the father and master of the arts of industry. A very few words, all that the residue of our scanty space permits, on the universally interesting topic of food as it was used in France at the time of which we write, may not be amiss even at this Lenten season.

In very early times the Gauls, who for the most part lived in forests, made use of herbs and fruit, but principally of acorns. Indeed, the religious veneration with which this people regarded the oak seems to have had no other origin than this. But it is me-

lancholy to learn that even so late as the reign of Francis I., 1546, the Bishop of le Mans, in exposing to the king the frightful penury of his diocese, stated that his flock was, in many places, reduced to the necessity of living upon bread made of acorns. Bread was of course at all times, and under many different forms, a favourite article of food in France. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries more than twenty kinds were baked, all bearing the most imposing names, such as "Court bread," "Pope's bread," &c. In the matter of meat, pork seems to have been the most general food. Bishops and nobles all, it appears, kept immense herds of pigs, and every household, whether in town or country, had the habit of killing and salting at least one pig in the year. In the reign of Francis I. these animals had grown to be a perfect nuisance in Paris, so much so that this king was compelled to publish an edict to the effect that any pig found wandering in the streets should be seized and carried to the Hotel Dieu. Butcher's meat, indeed, of all kinds seems to have been much used in France, far more so, we are told, than in Spain, Italy, or even in Germany. Butchers were, in consequence, very important members of society, and their trade was protected very carefully by the authorities. One little restriction must, however, have materially interfered with its prosperity. Butchers were forbidden to sell meat on fast days under pain of imprisonment and even of corporal punishment.

The Church was stricter in those days than in these. In 1534 the Count de Brie applied to the Bishop of Paris for a dispensation for his mother, who was eighty years old, which dispensation was granted only on the condition that the old lady should take her meals in secret, and that she should continue to abstain from meat on Fridays. And Brantôme tells us that in a certain town a woman who had just assisted barefooted at a Lenten procession returned home to enjoy an excellent dinner of a quarter of lamb and ham. Unfortunately the odour of the banquet reached the street. The matter was inquired into, and the delinquent was condemned to promenade the town with her quarter of lamb on her shoulder, and the ham tied round her neck! An edict of Henry II., 1549, forbade the sale of meat in Lent except to those who were provided with a doctor's certificate.

M. J. M.

JACK HAZLITT.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHOWING A VISIT TO THE CONVENT AND A FEW PASSAGES WHICH REVEAL
SHADOWS OF THE FUTURE.

THAT "tide in the affairs of men," of which Shakspeare philosophizes, is certainly a great mystery. Some float on listlessly, and simply wait for what comes next, taking, or surrendering, or resisting, or yielding according to circumstances, but still leaving the quality of the struggle apparently to chance. Others take a steady direction, aiming at a certain route, and seeking the completion of a certain journey, and make their way prudently, if not successfully; and however events may fall out, never have to blame themselves. And there is a third class who drive along the waters, now in one direction and now in another, fixing their expectations on one point to-day, and on another to-morrow, and thus with much travelling making very little way. But the mystery is that all the activity, and all the passiveness finally comes to a terminus, when the world seems to stop, and moodily to wait for the train across the dark valley.

No one can help remembering the period when time, and events, and speculations, and adventures, and successes, and stays or failures made up the waking and sleeping work—when everything was dared, and everything was possible. Hours, and days, and weeks, and years, flew past—and even great facts became small things, they went by and on so rapidly. In fact the soul herself seems conscious that she is only on her way—on her way to the work of life; and in many a case while she tries to select her labour she finds she is obliged merely to accept it: *Siste, Viator*. This is the time of men's rudest trial. All human, or nearly all human attraction has died away. Human stimulant invigorates no more. The jog-trot of life—no matter what be our position—becomes insipid and distasteful, and we try to live over the past if duty should fail to render the present happy.

"Give me back! give me back! the wild freshness of morning,
Its tears and its clouds are worth evening's best light!"

We have just said that duty may render the present happy. We stick to that assertion. Duty extends to an infinite degree

our projects, our preoccupation, our labours, our gains, our engagements; and, in truth, restores youth's state by the re-establishment of youth's mental condition. We once before had the honour of reminding the reader, the soul which is ruled and led by the glory of the great future has work, hope, and success, always on hand. In fact, to her failure and pain itself become no insignificant success; and thus all kinds of events and occupations make the mind's elysium. People do not want prussic acid or strychnine. The world is always beautiful, because the path is ever filled with the harmony of faith, hope, and love, marching on with our deeds.

Mr. Wood had now been a long while—some years—in his new occupations, whatever they may have been—and the novelty and even wealth which made them so attractive, began to pall upon his senses and imagination. The inevitable two hundred thousand dollars were not far off, certainly, and a few more successful voyages would bring him near his goal. But he had been too long at the work for a nature like his longer to feel a strong impulse; and it may be doubted whether he hailed more, or feared, the time when his now roving life should come to a conclusion. Mr. Wood was what the French call *gâté*, if ever from his boyhood he could have been called anything else but a spoiled child.

Mr. Wood has become more of a man now. His dark eyes blaze from behind darker brows, and the fashion of the time has given him the beard of a patriarch. Every one recognizes the man, too, accustomed to the quarter-deck by the balance of his body as he moves, and his hard voice when he gives an opinion. Mr. Wood, it will be remembered, was always a snarler, and the voices of snarlers are never euphonious; but he had, as time shaped him, added strength to his snarl, and even more decision to his expression of opinion.

Two years before the events which we are now about to chronicle Mr. Wood had heard of his poor father's death. The old gentleman never entirely recovered the shock of his son's ingratitude and disgrace. He held up for a long while, but was often seen in a mood which required sympathy; and whenever Mrs. Hazlitt or Nannie sought his confidence he was seen to weep. Ever and ever the poor father returned to the honesty and high principles of "the poor boy far away," and there never was any one so hard-hearted as to contradict or deceive him. So things went on nearly till the "summons" came.

Father Reardon always called, and was always welcome, and stayed with the invalid whole hours together. The good priest spoke of Mr. Hazlitt's youth, and of Mrs. Hazlitt and Nannie, and he never refused to speak of the prodigal, and never contradicted the bereaved parent. "But he was not satisfied with his own view of his son," Father O'Donnell wrote to Frank Moran, Q. C., "and he kept questioning, and doubting, and seeking information from

Father Reardon until the whole truth came out at last! Love's last creation was shattered!"

Father Reardon was right in saying that pride and grace could never be wedded. From the moment that the theory of indulgent weakness broke down, Mr. Hazlitt became a changed man. "*It is well for me!*" the poor father cried, "*it is well for me that you have humbled me that I may learn your justification!*"

Mr. M'Cann duly communicated all these things to Mr. Wood, who long ago had become aware of Mr. M'Cann's intimate connexion with the Shannon and St. James's-square. But Mr. Wood was still wound up in himself, and even the life or death of his father seemed not half so important as an exciting voyage or an evening at *rouge-et-noir*—insipid as even they began to be. He became acquainted with the fact of Father Reardon's ministry having sweetened the last hours of the deserted old man, but he had super-added contempt to infidelity, and probably any movement of natural affection was stopped by disgust at the father's "supreme folly!"

Mr. Wood became much preoccupied, and from time to time a little ill-tempered to Miss Brackenbridge; but no quarrel of any importance had taken place. She kept her position with admirable resolution, and knew when a little might be given up to secure the main rule. His pursuits, whatever they were, never became a topic of conversation. He never approached the history of them in any way, and yet there seemed a kind of understanding about it all, just as if Miss Brackenbridge knew it all well.

When Mr. Wood came home after a month, or two months, or even ten months, for he had been at one time even ten months away from "The Hall," he brought rare silks, and rich jewels, and wonderful skins from Russian marts, and shawls from the Cashmere looms. He was proud to bestow them, and proud to see Grace Brackenbridge wear them, and always was sure to select such things as no other man would bestow. Yet while the countries and their products and odd encounters and chances formed the staple of a conversation evening after evening, the particulars of employment and "loss and gain" were confined to the smoking-room, or the gentlemen's lounge along the East River.

Mr. Wood, as we have remarked, was preoccupied and came and went mysteriously, as indeed did every one at "The Hall," but one source of preoccupation was never concealed by any of the gentlemen or by Mr. Wood at home or abroad when among themselves, and that was the sayings, doings, and movements of Ned O'Kennedy, the yachtman, and of John Hennessy's family, now settled near St. Louis. Ned the Yachtman, not yet "settled in life," had been for the two years and a half alluded to above in the service of Mr. M'Cann, and it is to be particularly remarked that Mr. M'Cann himself admitted himself "done" by the companion of Mr. Wood, the cool self-possessed yachtman.

It was in this wise, and will make a nice episode. Mr. M'Cann wished to employ Ned O'Kennedy in some way adapted to his abilities and useful to the office or the house, and therefore asked Ned one day what education he had. Ned answered that he might have had a fine education had he not been too fond of the yacht and his old master. So Mr. M'Cann was obliged to return to the point.

"But, Ned, what can you do?"

"Well, sir, I can write passably, and I learned accounts well, and I have a smattering of Euclid, and I learned navigation."

Mr. M'Cann looked like one in Ned's old "*doldrum*."

"Accounts—Euclid—navigation! Ned come over here to this desk."

Ned went over to the desk, and sat down quite leisurely.

"Look at that map."

"Well, sir, the map of North and South America."

"Lay your finger on New York."

Ned obeyed.

"Where is Valparaiso?"

Ned placed his finger upon the spot.

"Show me how you would sail from Valparaiso to Quebec."

Ned ran his finger along, making latitude and longitude according to convenience, and showing a singular acquaintance with navigation, not however without some mistakes.

"Write," said Mr. M'Cann.

"Oh, sir, here's my writing—a letter for my poor sister, a widow. 'Tis for her I got the order at *our* office to-day," Ned said.

Mr. M'Cann was not astonished at poor Ned the Yachtman's love for home, but he knew his anxiety to be "settled," and when he saw almost every penny poor Ned could have earned going "to the poor widow, with," as Ned had it, "a heart that never forgets you, *avourneen*, and that will keep little Bid, and Mary, and Paudeen, and yourself folded up in it till it stops. The money goes home, and more, please God, will follow it, and we'll all be happy yet by the banks of the Shannon, or altogether here in this country.

... And *acushla*," he concluded, "give a pair of shoes to Biddy Grime's poor little boy, and get a mass said for our father and mother's soul—not forgetting the father of your children, my darling, and your wild brother will send you enough yet." When Mr. M'Cann had read all that, then the good gentleman took off his spectacles, and took out his handkerchief, and he wiped his spectacles and his eyes! Mr. M'Cann, as we have known for a good many long years, has a heart moulded to beat for humanity.

"Ned," Mr. M'Cann said, "I can do something good for you. By-the-bye, I never remarked your change of dress! Why, Ned, you are a—a gentleman, I do declare! Well!"

"Why, sir," said Ned, "when you are at Rome, *cum Romae fueris*—"

"Stop, Ned, my friend! stop! too much for one day! come and see me to-morrow. Latin! Latin!"

Mr. Wood's yachtman finally settled down at St. Louis, in a bank which was closely connected with Mr. M'Cann's great concern in New York, and moreover he became an intimate friend of John Hennessy, and John Hennessy's family.

Mr. Wood was perfectly aware of all these circumstances, and had more than once spoken to his old companion, and hinted at a wish to retain him once more. But Ned was insensible, deaf, and dumb. No amount of hint, or promise, or anything else could make him swerve from his allegiance to his new employer. He had changed so entirely in three years that he retained nothing whatever of his original manners unless their geniality, and he spoke English correctly, and with very little accent. All this Mr. Wood referred to very frequently, and no one seemed surprised, for every one estimated the yachtman's abilities, and knew how much of his former idiosyncrasies were put on for a purpose.

"But you were in St. Louis in April," remarked Brackenbridge, continuing a conversation which had been going on between himself, Johnston, and Mr. Wood.

"Why, yes; you remember I wrote you from there."

"Did O'Kennedy see you?"

"Yes."

"Tell me," Johnston said eagerly, "did that beast of an Irishman see you? The giant, I mean?"

"Hennessy?"

"The same."

"Well, that I can't at all say. He certainly passed me by, and, without appearing to recognise, might have known me."

There was a pause.

"Wood," said Captain Brackenbridge, "we *must* engage O'Kennedy."

Mr. Wood shook his head doubtingly.

"And Hennessy," continued Johnston.

Mr. Wood laughed outright.

"Hennessy!" cried Mr. Wood, "Hennessy! My honour to you, Johnston, that that fanatic would shoot you dead or break your bones at the turn of a hand, entirely for the good of the Holy Roman Church! Hennessy!"

"Look here, Wood," Brackenbridge said, very gravely, "it appears to me that we *must* have one or both in *some way*."

Mr. Wood made no reply.

"We can afford to pay."

"A thousand dollars?" demanded Mr. Wood.

"Two, sir, three, ten thousand—nay," he said, warming almost to passion, "if it cost us *a million*, they must be ours!"

We have taken a great deal of trouble to explain what brought Grace Brackenbridge and Mr. Wood to the convent which they

had so long designed to visit. The whole account of the matter is in the above lines; they went to hunt up John Hennessy; and if the visitors appeared very much interested in the institution, and influenced in their coming entirely by the philanthropy there living, and teaching, and edifying ladies and gentlemen who came to witness them, we suppose the visitors are not much worse than this bad world in general, and no more worthy of condemnatory remark.

They came at a most interesting moment, and were readily admitted. The day was the last day of May, and the door-keeper told them the nuns would be engaged for ten minutes or so, but "*they* might go to the chapel if they pleased."

Grace Brackenbridge at once cried, "Yes," and Mr. Wood was by no means unwilling.

Along a beautiful cloister, charmingly tiled, they were led by the nun, whose light foot-fall sounded like autumnal leaves on deep grass. Soon the strangers were met by the welcome which the organ pealed, like an invitation from God. And finally, when the door of a lateral chapel was flung open, and the magnificent interior revealed itself, even the hard souls of the secularists softened with the feeling of the hour.

The altar of pure white marble bore a garden of glory, that looked like Mount Sion glowing with all the flowers of Paradise. The great window spanned them, and sprung above them as if to give the very sky a glimpse of their magnificence; and the hooded nuns, in fair white mantles which hung gracefully over their habits of deep black, in long line at either side of the choir, bent their placid and serene brows before the tabernacle.

"Beautiful!" muttered Miss Brackenbridge.

Mr. Wood made no reply.

Soon the incense began to roll upward from the hands of the priest—to roll, and swell, and twine, and struggle as though it wanted to speak—as if a cry would relieve it—so it rose up; and the candles looked through the clouds like stars in the sky of heaven, and the sunlight came in and tried to bind up the incense with golden bands in its joyousness; and the whole of them crowded in their loveliness about the Holy of Holies, and sang their hymn of adoration in their fashion. Then it was a single voice seemed to steal out of a crowd of harmonies, and, in a cry of loving earnestness, to claim the homage of mankind in a "*Tantum ergo*," which seemed borrowed from the harps of Paradise. It was a supreme hour—an hour of fate when heaven might hang upon an answer to its own appeal as it did in Pharaoh's case long ago. "Alas, seeing we see not, and hearing we do not hear!" The young man and young woman saw only themselves, sought only themselves, and "they found themselves."

A transatlantic *Hotel Dieu*, and orphanage, and refuge, would be well worth a page or two. The rosy children, and their noisy

babble; and the fine old women, and the grey-haired men; and all their memories of dear old Ireland; and the conjectures about the coming out and the returning home. The transatlantic *Hotel Dieu* would be a sermon and a history, but we have no disposition to turn preacher, and historians are "*suspects*" when they rashly present their faces on the pages of a story. We pass on therefore.

All met in the parlour, much as Mr. Wood and Mr. M'Cann met before; and the mild gentle nun, and the cheery decided body were in the parlour as at that time.

It was not very long until Grace Brackenbridge found it singular "that people could not serve God in society," and the cheery nun spoke like a pistol shot, saying that "they were not in solitude here—were they?"

A roar of children in the play-ground, cheering, clapping hands, and all soul in their *abandon*, came as the answer to Mother Mary Baptist's question.

"Ah, but so much could be done in society."

"Again?" said Mother Baptist.

"Well, I mean in the world—we were sent into the world to follow its pursuits. What's to hinder salvation there?"

"Then," Mother Mary Baptist said, "St. Paul ought to have stuck to his tent-making."

"But he was called."

"And so were we," dogmatically settled Mother Mary Baptist.

"But you could be such ornaments to the world, who want such women!"

"I think you will find many such 'ornaments' left to rust in the drawers of society, and if you can get them into fashion, old maidship will raise you a monument."

Grace Brackenbridge was badly beaten by Mother Mary Baptist, much more however by the question which came to her mind, "Had these people not been nuns, who would have done all we have seen to-day?" That question disheartened her, and she remained silent.

Mr. Wood ventured, after some time, to ask for Miss Hennessy. Miss Hennessy was in another reception room, and was engaged.

"Engaged," asked Miss Brackenbridge.

"Yes, with her father."

"Her father!" cried Mr. Wood; "is John Hennessy here?"

Nuns have all things done when other people are arranging them—particularly cheery decided little nuns whose "life is always in their hands."

A lay sister came in and whispered Reverend Mother.

Reverend Mother then said, "Mr. Hennessy seems too much occupied, but will see you when you are leaving."

Mr. Wood bit his lips, and Mother Mary Baptist looked hard at Reverend Mother.

Finally came the parting. The sands had run down, and the bell ever so far distant became eloquent in double stroke.

"Come, come!—come, come!" the bell seemed to say; and the nuns rose.

At the same instant, Minnie Hennessy pale, very pale, entered. She was followed by her father—the outspoken and awful John Hennessy—towering over all.

John Hennessy, with infinite grace, stepped between his daughter and Mr. Wood, and taking from his side-pocket a letter—a large one, too—he presented it to Mr. Wood.

"That is for you, sir," he said, "and mark me! you are to hold no communication with me or mine, ever—ever! The letter is worthy of your notice."

And John Hennessy led his astonished daughter from the presence of the astonished nuns, and the no less astounded Grace Brackenbridge.

CHAPTER XIX.

SHOWING A CLOUD THE SIZE OF A MAN'S HAND, AND THEREFORE A VERY SHORT CHAPTER.

MR. WOOD and Miss Brackenbridge dined at the Astor House, and went to the theatre in the evening. Both were a little more excited than usual, and as usual no explanation of events had been sought or given. It is a disposition not uncommon—if trials come, let them not be encountered *twice*; or "time enough to bid the ——— good morrow when you meet him."

The opera was a tremendous success. Signora Cherubini and Signor Tostoparato outdid all former actors and singers, and outdid themselves. They carried the audience by storm, and got a "storm" in return; and the lights, flowers, diamonds, feathers, and faces seemed to be the transformation of the common world into the world of fancy.

Between the acts the usual industry of binoculars brought doubtful and distant parties into visual acquaintance, and multiplied the excitement, if not the enjoyment of the evening. And we need not say that Grace Brackenbridge had secured at the Astor House a first-rate glass for the occasion.

A man rose in the pit, and placing a white handkerchief over his eyes announced himself a "DRUID," and a man in the gallery flung out a piece of green ribbon, and called for a cheer for Ireland! The Druid might have done something for himself, if an Irishman sitting near him had not called upon the house to have pity on him, "bekase" the rascal emphasised "the music has riz in 'is head!" Nevertheless, the other Hibernian got his "cheer" and his "three cheers;" and no one would have been able to conclude

that few in the theatre judged the movement of the time worthy of the position, character, or hope of the Irish Future, as men of political science had been accustomed to view it.

The first, second, third acts had passed over, and the intervals had each their own interest—sometimes purely Yankee—sometimes English—mostly purely Hibernian; and the evening, so grandly successful, was drawing to a close. The Prima Donna had been nearly annihilated with flowers, the Great Tenor had been called six times before the scene! Cloaking commenced here and there, and in some places movements. In the stall where Mr. Wood sat some one cried, "What a chain!" In an instant Grace Brackenbridge directed her binocular in the direction of her neighbour's—singularly very near—in fact, next the stage box. She started—really shook.

"Wood! Wood!" she hissed into his ear—"Wood! The chain."

"The chain, Grace! What *do* you mean?"

"Why, my God, Wood! look over! There is M'Cann's chain. Why, Wood—there is your SISTER! There is Nannie! How magnificent!"

Mr. Wood did look; and there, sure enough, arrayed like a queen—with a gentleman of wonderful distinction of look, flinging over her shoulders a shawl worth a thousand dollars—he saw his sister, Nannie Hazlitt.

For once Mr. Wood was really moved! Was it pride? Was it natural affection? Was it a confused idea of how much such a grand creature in her position could be to him in the future? *What* was it?

At once he determined to meet his sister.

"Come, come, Grace," he said, "we must meet my sister. We must meet dear Nannie."

"Come," answered his companion.

Soon they had prepared for the night air; soon left the box. They rushed down stairs, and were making round by the stage-door, and they passed by—whom?—John Hennessy.

"Pardon!" a voice said. "Pardon."

"Well, sir?" demanded Mr. Wood.

"Your name is Wood, sir?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, you are the man who is wanted."

"By whom, pray?"

"By the police."

"The police!"

"Yes, sir! I arrest you on the charges of murder and piracy on the high seas!"

"Shew me your warrant!"

"At the station, yes; here, no."

"Stay," Miss Brackenbridge said, with wonderful calmness. "Policeman, you come to the Astor House with me and Mr. Wood, where I can wait my uncle Brackenbridge. I suppose you have no charge against me."

"Ready," answered the policeman, quite politely. "I am at your command, madam."

And such is the cloud no larger than a man's hand.

[*To be continued.*]

THE COMING SPRING.

A SONNET.

HAIL! gladsome, animating Spring, all hail!
 These hours I've culled to meet thee here alone,
 And hold sweet converse in this grassy vale
 With gems bedight flung from thy em'rald throne.
 And though my voice be harsh, my notes untrue,
 Yet when I see these thousand blithesome things,
 And hear their varied songs of glee, I, too,
 Must swell the sound with which the welkin rings.
 Poetic Spirit of this wooded glen,
 Beneath thy touch I feel my heart expand
 Like these soft Spring-buds, which shall soon again,
 With flowers and fruit bedeck the smiling land.
 Oh! may my budding thoughts turn fragrant flowers,
 And ripe to fruits for everlasting bowers.

D. G.

OFF TO CALIFORNIA.

NOTES EN ROUTE.

THE very fact that the journey is by no means a novel one, may make it of more practical interest to some of our readers. Who can tell that his own turn may not come soon, or that of some one dear to him? Therefore it is that, when scarcely more than arrived at my journey's end, almost before unpacking my trunk, I send back to a friendly editor in the dear old country my rough notes jotted down on the way.

The port I sailed from was that on whose quay the eloquent Bishop of Orleans thinks more bitter tears are shed than on any other spot of the world. The season, however, and some other circumstances, saved my feelings to a certain extent from being harrowed by witnessing one of those scenes which Mr. Butt describes incidentally in the preface to a political pamphlet: "The station was crowded with emigrants and their friends who came to see them off. There was nothing unusual in the occurrence—nothing that is not often to be seen. Old men walked slowly, and almost hesitatingly, to the carriages that were to take them away from the country to which they were never to return. Railway porters placed in the train strange boxes and chests of every shape and size, sometimes even small articles of furniture, which told that the owners were taking with them their little all. In the midst of them a brother and a sister bade each other their last farewell—a mother clasped passionately to her breast the son whom she must never see again. Women carried or led to their places in the carriages little children, who looked round as if they knew not what all this meant, but wept because they saw their mothers weeping. Strong men turned aside to dash from their eye the not unmanly tear. As the train began to move there was the uncontrollable rush, the desperate clinging to the carriages of relatives crowding down to give the last shake hands. The railway servants pushed them back—we moved on more rapidly—and then arose from the group we left behind a strange mingled cry of wild farewells, and prayers, and blessings, and that melancholy wail of Irish sorrow which no one who has heard will ever forget—and we rushed on with our freight of sorrowing and reluctant exiles across a plain of fertility unsurpassed perhaps in any European soil."

At half-past nine o'clock on a real wintry night, as I sat before a comfortable fire in one of the hotels at Queenstown, the steam-whistle of our tender at the wharf sounded to announce the arrival in the roadstead of the C—— from Liverpool, and to summon us on board. After undergoing, without much pride, the honours of first-class charges, and passing through the officious attentions and

transparent dodges of sundry porters, I found myself on the lighted deck of our cabinless tender. The night was very dark, cold, and sleety. With my overcoat on, and rug wrapped close round my head and shoulders, I took my stand in the shelter of the paddle-boxes, as our little tender, with a few strokes of her paddles, shoved herself off and moved slowly on towards our Liner in the offing.

Bitter and piercing as the sleet was, all thoughts of it were soon put to flight by the sight which now presented itself. Queenstown, with its lines of streets, built one above the other on terraces or shelves cut in the side of the mountain, now appeared in the darkness like a huge illuminated palace standing on the edge of the sea, with seven or eight long rows of lights rising one above the other in regular gradation to an enormous height.

When this brilliant spectacle had almost faded from the view, our attention turned to the steamer to which we were groping our way. Amongst the lights of the many ships anchored in the roadsteads, nothing for a while could be seen to mark distinctly our destination. But, jogging on slowly and cautiously, soon light after light in close proximity broke upon us, till the whole row of round lights, extending from stem to stern in the side of the huge steamer, disclosed to us the object of our quest. In a few minutes our tender reached the shelter of the leeward side of the mighty hulk, and with some sidelong shuffling dropped alongside and was made fast. Hurriedly the gangway is laid from bridge to deck; the Queenstown contingent quickly file along it under the scrutinizing gaze of their Liverpool fellow-passengers, and are soon lost in the crowd on deck. The luggage is soon transferred, some greetings are interchanged, the gangway is withdrawn, the fastenings let go, and wishing a "God speed you," and "good night," the little tender, with a stroke of her engine, turns her bows to shore, and soon paddles homeward out of sight.

Leaving the heavy luggage in charge of the luggage master we descend, with merely the necessary baggage, down two flights of stairs to the cabin assigned to us. Mine lay in one of the eight or nine passages branching off from the two long, narrow, parallel corridors which ran along the whole length of the sleeping cabins. It was lighted by a circular window looking out on the sea, and contained four berths, two on each side, one above the other. After some conversation with my cabin companions to put ourselves on friendly terms, and after due preparation for the probable contingency of sea-sickness, the process of literally shelving one's self in a berth was performed, and a kind of theatrical sleep was gone through whilst the rocking of the ship intimated that we were bounding over the surges of the Atlantic.

During the first two days the weather was so fine, and the sea so calm, that all the passengers were enticed to make an appearance on deck and enjoy some exercise and fresh air. Of the seventy saloon passengers, all, except eight or nine, were Americans—ladies

and gentlemen returning from the tour of Europe or the Vienna Exhibition. Mr. K—— was one of the passengers, and it was pleasant to find that his success as an author had not made him stiff or unduly impressed with his own importance. Those for whom this was the first glimpse of ocean scenery remarked that their ideal Atlantic was not realised as it stretched around them. It had none of the heavy surging, of the regular undulation which the descriptions I had read had made me expect; no monster waves rolling along one after another in the same direction. Its surface might be compared to an immense tract of shrubbery with incessant changes of blooming and fading—countless little peaks springing up in endless succession, bursting into foam at the crest, and then sinking back, leaving the spot strewn for a little while with the white fragments.

It was out in the midst of this homeless waste, three hundred miles from land, that an adventurous starling from the banks of the Mersey found a grave. Whilst the C—— was at her moorings in the Liverpool docks, the poor bird had perched on the rigging and loitered there till it was carried so far out to sea as to be unable to find its way back, or afraid to try. Alarmed when too late at the prospect of exile, it flew about with unavailing efforts, till at last it was forced by exhaustion, or sea-sickness, to surrender at discretion—too late to be saved by kindness, it died in the night. A little linnet which had followed the example of the ill-fated starling, showed more of the pluck of the tar. After the death of its comrade in compulsory emigration, it was seen bounding gaily on the wing through the rigging, seemingly enjoying the novelty of its situation. But some time after, it too was seen no more. *Apropos* of birds, I was somewhat surprised to find that sea-gulls kept up their attendance on our steamer throughout all the voyage, lending a homely, land-like air to the scene. Whether the same individual birds accompanied us all through, or whether relay succeeded relay, I cannot tell; but every day, whether stormy or fine, the convoy of birds was seen, escorting us over the ocean.

On the fourth day the weather changed for the worse. Sundry precautions foreboded the approach of a storm. One of the two doors leading from the saloon to each of the decks was fastened; and the four long tables were laid from end to end each with four ledges to prevent the plates, &c., from tumbling off in the lurching of the ship. The thin attendance at luncheon, a little later, indicated that the storm had set in. Abstinence had become for the moment fashionable. - It is the practice of experts to hold the soup-plate up from the table, when dining in rough weather. One gentleman, who resolutely declined to conform in this way to circumstances, had his spoon raised towards his mouth when he was startled to see his pea-soup rolling suddenly towards his fine waistcoat, and then by a counterlurch precipitating itself over the opposite edge of his plate—a stream of brown lava across the snowy damask.

The storm increased in violence every moment. The heavy pitching of a barque that passed just now, gave a more vivid notion of the roughness of the sea than we could get from the steadier motion of our own stately vessel. Hardly had we noticed a dark, portentous mass of showery mist rising ahead, when, with terrific rapidity, it swooped down upon us, enveloping us in a tempest of wind, sleet, and spray-drift. In an instant the ocean was lashed into a grand fury, foaming with rage. Yet there were no long ridges of billows sweeping on, one after another, as such scenes are often represented, and as happens along the shore. The ocean rushes on in irregular masses, jostling one another with wild impetuosity, sometimes hurling their heavy columns against our ship, like battalions in a charge, dashing over the highest deck. It was sublime and inspiring to see our vessel cleave her way through all without check or pause. I could not help reflecting that she was the product of Irish skill, and wishing that her builders were more Irish in spirit.*

When the storm was at its height, two little incidents, which may seem beneath the dignity of the historic muse, afforded to the few of us who managed to keep on deck that peculiar pleasure which Rochefoucauld says we derive from the misfortunes of our friends. One of the passengers, who seemed not a little proud of his sea-going qualities, ventured near the bulwark to look over. But just as he was stretching out his head, a huge wave dashed over him, drenching him thoroughly, and flinging him back crest-fallen enough. Another gentleman, under the canopy of the saloon deck, had seated himself on a chair lashed to the hand-rail to enjoy in safety the terrible beauty of the scene, when suddenly, by a heavy lurch of the steamer, he was wrenched from his moorings, and the chair and its affrighted occupant were seen sliding along the deck till happily they were only dashed against the bulwarks. Poor fellow, he was quite stunned by the shock, and had to keep his bed for a day or two.

"After a storm comes a calm," but for us, what sailors dread almost as much as a calm, a dense fog-cloud completely enveloped us for four-and-twenty hours. Passing through it with a stunning accompaniment of bell-ringing and horn-blowing to guard against

* Mr. B., a New York merchant of great respectability, assured me that he had himself witnessed the following incident which seems never to have found its way into print. In the wreck of the *Atlantic* last year, one of her passengers, a poor Irishman, succeeded in scrambling up the rocks on which the steamer had struck. While he was holding on desperately to the crag with both hands, the waves still washing over him, two other men were driven by the waves near to him. Fearing to let go either hand, the brave fellow stretched down his head, and seizing some part of their dress with his teeth, drew the struggling men up to a place of safety.

Another American, a Protestant, has described the solemn effect of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin repeated aloud on this occasion by some Irishmen while clinging thus to the rocks, and still in danger of being swept away.

collision, our ship at length emerged into a calm sea and fine weather, as the bright and cheering morning of our second Sunday on the Atlantic dawned upon us. The previous Sunday I had the happiness of preaching to the steerage passengers; and to-day I kept my promise of offering up amongst them the holy sacrifice of the Mass. It was most consoling and edifying to see the eagerness and joy with which they assisted in these unusual circumstances at the sacred rites so familiar to them. During the Mass some of the old men were, I was told, much affected, and tears were seen on the women's cheeks. I feel it my duty to remark here, and I do so with regret, that the arrangements for divine worship in the steerage were not what might be expected from so spirited a company as the owners of this line. I forbear from describing the sad deficiencies in this respect, as I am persuaded that they are chiefly owing to inadvertence on the part of the directors, and the want of some friendly intimation on the subject. As the custom of having religious service on Sundays is admitted on board, proper accommodation ought surely to be provided. The officers, indeed, of the ship showed their readiness to do all they could, but it was clearly impossible to improvise all that was needful and becoming. It would be very much for the interest of a company if priests and others could advise intending emigrants to choose their ships because they were known to be thoughtful and wise enough to act as if they believed that *some* marks of honour and reverence are due in worshipping God in the steerage as well as in the first-class saloon.

There was much more laughter during the promenade on deck that Sunday than there had been for many days past. The reason of this was obvious. Every day during the voyage the number of miles steamed during the preceding twenty-four hours was posted up at 2 p.m. in the smoking-room for the satisfaction of the passengers. From these returns the remaining distance to New York could be calculated with tolerable accuracy; and now the calculation showed that the term of our voyage would probably be reached before night. The exhilarating effect of this expectation manifested itself in the gay tone of the conversation, broken by louder and more frequent laughter. Besides, the day was very fine, the sun shone brightly, the horizon stretched out on all sides wide and clear; the air was genial, and the sea placid. Softly, swiftly, and steadily our good ship the C—— glided over the glassy surface, cleaving her way through with the keenness of a blade, and rolling the waters off her bow in smooth and rounded wavelets. Suddenly exclamations of wonder are heard, and all eyes are directed to the sea. We are in the midst of a "school of whales." Several of the huge monsters are seen disporting themselves on all sides near us, rolling above the surface, spurting up pillars of water into the air, like (*parvis componere magna*) fountains playing in a lawn. After

a few minutes they gradually receded from us and vanished into the deep.

It was a sort of disappointment to me through the voyage to meet so very few vessels. Knowing the immense fleets that ply ceaselessly to and fro on the great Atlantic highway between the Old World and the New, I had expected that we should every day overtake many vessels going in our own direction, and meet many others homeward bound. Yet not more than seven or eight were seen by daylight through all the preceding days together. Now, however, the number was multiplying as we advanced. During the night the pilot had boarded us, and was now in charge. Pilots cruise about, more than two hundred miles from New York, in little cutters constructed and specially rigged for speed, so nimble as to be able, it is said, to overtake a steamer.

Arriving in the bay of New York too late for the medical officer to make his inspection, we were obliged to cast anchor for the night. However, our last dinner on board was seasoned with the raciest bits of the latest intelligence which a gentleman with a strong voice served out to all the tables from a newspaper just received. The news of Tweed's conviction and sentence was received with rounds of applause. The imminence of a rupture with Spain was then pressing on the public mind; and our Americans were loud in protesting against any attempt to bully Spain in her present domestic tribulations. "We don't want Cuba, and we must not have it on any but honourable terms." I was much struck with observing how closely and intimately these ardent Americans identified themselves with the sovereign power by the emphatic use of *We*. As in writing out these simple notes almost as hurriedly as they were jotted down, I am parting a second time with companions whom I shall never see again, this is the proper place to make another observation about them. Setting out with the impression, derived from a thousand prejudiced sources, that the Americans were a swaggering race, prone to exaggeration, it was a pleasing surprise to find my friends on board the *C*— so modest and unassuming, and so exact in their statements. Returning from many months of European travel, after which "*oft has it been my lot to mark*," &c., &c.—they did not betray a single symptom of pretentiousness or self-importance. With quiet simplicity they told what they had seen and heard, acknowledging frankly the superiority of Europeans in many things. By the way, they spoke with generous indignation of the unfair treatment which the Vienna Exhibition encountered from the press of some European countries; and they had their statistics to prove that more than eight millions of persons had visited it.

The Monday morning of our release from our floating prison was ushered in with a dense fog, which completely shrouded the Empire City and all its environs. Just for a moment the veil was

raised to give us a tantalising glimpse of the glorious scene which was hidden from us. It was quite painful to see the disappointment of our American friends at being unable to show off to advantage the beautiful bay of New York. About noon the mist thinned sufficiently to let us grope our way forward cautiously. Our landing wharf lay on the Jersey side, opposite New York, just as Birkenhead lies with regard to Liverpool. Slipping down the steep and wet gangway, with more cheerfulness than dignity, we make our first descent upon the free soil of America.

P. O'F.

A PORTRAIT.

BY EDWARD HARDING.

LIKE the hush of golden eves,
Like the thrill of tender words,
Like the swell of noble chords,
Like the sigh of whispering leaves,
Like the chime of distant bells,
Fall thine accents on mine ears,
Opening to my soul the spheres,
Where thy purer spirit dwells.

All the witchery of the main,
All the sunshine of the skies,
All the loveliness that lies
Sleeping on the golden plain,
All that breathes of tender grace,
All that beams of sunny mirth,
Lured from ocean, sky, and earth,
Mingle in thine angel face.

Gentle as the summer breeze,
Warm as noontide's brightest beams,
Innocent as childhood's dreams,
Strong as olden memories;
God to thee such gems hath given,
That their radiance streaming back,
Lights for far-off souls the track
Leading on from earth to Heaven.

JACK HAZLITT.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

CHAPTER XX.

SHOWING WHAT AN ASSISTANCE JUSTICE MAY BE RENDERED BY DISTRIBUTING TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

THE morning after the arrest Captain Brackenbridge was about very early, and he made calls upon several old friends whom he had for some time neglected. All the "old friends" were glad to see him, for somehow they were "the friends in need" who rather gain than lose by their philanthropy, and who in profiting others also make a penny for themselves. The salutation over, seats taken, some common topic hauled up just for breathing time, the conversation at The Bowery was the same as the conversation at Printing-House-square, and the talk at 102 street was identical with the talk in 1012.

We should here inform our reader that Captain Brackenbridge on this occasion did not indulge in his own grand turn-out, nor even save himself the inconvenience of frequent changes. On the contrary, in calling on four or five gentlemen, most worthy magistrates of the great Republic, he employed no less than nine different vehicles—sometime trams, sometimes cabs, and sometimes omnibuses—but still changing every now and again.

All this might have been accidental, and indeed might never have been noticed at all, if that same Ned O'Kennedy, the Yachtman, had not been about New York on that day, and seen Captain Brackenbridge four or five times. That clever Hibernian was engaged in doing business for our friend Mr. M'Cann, and was here and there and everywhere together, about bills, and notes, and advices, and all that kind of thing; and having observed four or five changes of carriages and direction, Ned found no difficulty in multiplying directions and changes according to his good will and pleasure; and in the end he came of course to the conclusion which uncharitableness always draws and suspicious cleverness not unfrequently. "The Captain," thought Ned, "is going to a good many places, and he doesn't want witnesses of his travels. He's up to some mischief."

Before Ned finished his day's work, he became acquainted with the scene outside the opera and the issue before the court of

magistrates; and a little after mid-day Ned invented another theory.

"Glory be to God!" said Ned; "Glory be to God! and to the drop of decent blood that I got from the O'Kennedys! *Walk the middle stone, Ned O'Kennedy,*" said the Yachtman emphatically to himself, "*walk the middle stone, and mind 'Number One!'*"

"NUMBER ONE" was the name by which Ned designated confession; and he so designated the sacrament of penance till the day of his death. One day he met young Teeling, whom we introduced to the reader long ago, and saw him much changed for the worse. He had a worn-out kind of look, and a recklessness of bearing. Ned was a good fellow, and he had courage equal to his charity.

"Teeling," said Ned, "Teeling! you're changed greatly in a little while. What *is* the matter?"

"All will be right again," the young man answered, "*Our* day is coming!"

"Your day!"

"Our day."

"Why then what do you mean?"

"I mean we shall have our own again. The harpies shall be chased! The tyrants shall be crushed! The land shall be free!"

"Tell me, John Teeling," answered our friend, Ned, "tell me——"

"I shall have every foot of land held by my ancestors—every foot, mind!"

"Tell me," persisted Ned, "tell me, do you mind NUMBER ONE?"

Teeling understood him perfectly. He shook his head and laughed.

"Teeling," said the Yachtman solemnly, "the wisdom of Solomon, and the strength of Sampson, and the fidelity of holy St. Raphael are in NUMBER ONE, and don't expect any luck abroad, or success at home, unless you look to NUMBER ONE. Mind! a friend says it—a friend. If God never made a second way to success—real success—don't you expect to find a second way, John Teeling, don't! Mind NUMBER ONE!"

Ned often made missions in this manner, and often more successful ones than the one on Teeling. Poor Teeling stuck to the patriotic tack of Mr. Gretrix Meldon, a gentleman accredited from Scotland to organise "the power of the Irish democracy in America," and he was much encouraged by a Mr. Chrink, an intelligent American, who had devoted himself to the regeneration of his Irish fellow-citizens in the United States. Poor Teeling might have lived longer and more usefully had he minded NUMBER ONE. But patriotism and whiskey, and worn clothes and no character, always take the place of NUMBER ONE when NUMBER ONE is shut out in America. Indeed, the

same fate follows the foes and the faithless to NUMBER ONE everywhere.

Reader, we have no doubt of *your* affection for NUMBER ONE, and hence we have been so explicit on this subject.

Ned O'Kennedy's religion and philosophy have to answer for this episode or digression. Whether it be so much a digression, however, is a thing about which we have an opinion of our own—an opinion in which the reader may by-and-bye agree with us.

Captain Brackenbridge very fortunately remembered this morning that he had immense quantities of Erie Stock and State Bonds, and who knows what; and he had made up his mind to get rid of some twenty thousand dollars' worth. The Captain was giving a preference to his friends at most friendly low prices, and making for their various houses when Ned O'Kennedy chanced to see him changing his carriages so frequently.

The Captain talked to each of the worthy magistrates on the subject of the arrest. He had "never in all his experience seen so absurd a mistake of identity." "Taking the man's social position, his independence, and the accusation——"

"Why the whole thing is grotesque," said the first gentleman upon whom Captain Brackenbridge called. He, the gentleman, was impatient at the absurdity of the thing, and he interrupted Captain Brackenbridge to tell him so.

"Five thousand, you said?" demanded the magistrate.

"Yes; five thousand."

"I shall write down *at par*?" taking out his pocket-book.

"Certainly, at par."

"*It is grotesque, indeed,*" said the magistrate.

Now this interview was repeated five times over, so far as the conversation was concerned. Nothing could have been more felicitous than the first gentleman's judgment and diction—particularly in the discovery of the word "*grotesque*." The Captain laughed very heartily in telling the second gentleman the indignation of the first, and in telling the third gentleman the indignation of the other two; but all admitted, and Captain Brackenbridge said the same thing ever afterwards, that the word "*grotesque*" was the most powerful agent for homogenizing human judgments that was ever found in the mouth of a man who had money enough to make the word "*grotesque*" be properly understood.

As might be well anticipated, the magistrates' court was filled, indeed crowded; because, though the time was very brief, the parties were both interesting and well-known; and the bad portion of human society have a secret longing to bring down such game as Mr. Wood and Captain Brackenbridge; and even some of the good give their zeal the name of philanthropy when they hunt up industriously a city sensation.

How is it that good people—that large class who would not

injure a hair of their neighbour's head—feel a throb and a thrill when the neighbour has got a fall, moral or physical, when his character has been broken, his fortune, or his collar-bone? And how is it that the said neighbour's exaltation is a cloud upon the road of the same class, and the neighbour's great honour, fame, or gain, like a hurt or an injury? Ah, who can give any answer to these questions unless the WISDOM that has created man's heart and recorded its history? In the simple words of the child's earliest and only true philosophy, "the will has been disordered by malice." The little catechism solves the mystery, and gives warning of the danger. The disease is going on six thousand years old, and has no cure but—LOVE!

LOVE? How is love to be obtained?

Again and again we blunder into the preaching line; but a sentence is not lost if we hear the warning against that "throb" and that "thrill" which so eminently demonstrates that our great ancestors long ago sat down under the "Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil."

All this moralizing has sprung from our observing a crowd in court. Well, the court *was* crowded.

We may feel sure that Captains Brackenbridge and Johnston were present, and so were Mr. M'Cann and Ned O'Kennedy. A number of ladies had made their way into the galleries and made much noise there: and sailors enough to man a small fleet kept rolling their curious-looking heads around and around, according to the approved system of cud-chewing. Mr. Wood sat beside his lawyer, and out before him and his lawyer were the bench. The clerks and other officials, and New York police, gathered under and at each end of the aforesaid bench, and in fact the bench were the precious stones set in the frame-work of police, clerks, and other sundry official personages thereunto belonging.

We are not going to occupy our space and the reader's attention by any description of a trial. Of course there was a trial, or inquiry, or receiving of information; but it might be attaching too much importance to this preliminary to go through the witnesses' testimony in detail. We therefore confine ourselves to a summary.

For that summary we are indebted to Mr. John Hennessy, who on that day was in the court; and who, though with most provoking mystery, told it to the Reverend Mother of the Convent and his daughter that same evening.

Here it is.

The ship "*Merton*," coming from the south, and not more than three days from SAINT LOUIS, was attracted one evening about dusk by a schooner that bore a flag of distress. The "*Merton*" hove to, and having boarded the unfortunate craft, found every soul of the crew but one in fever, flushed and perspiring profusely. The captain of the schooner briefly begged to be taken in tow by the "*Merton*," and after some difficulty that course was resolved upon.

We may say the "difficulty" was the danger of contagion, but that difficulty was removed by two or three brave hands on board the "*Merton*" offering their personal services to nurse-tend the poor fellows on the schooner.

All was well and quietly arranged, and the captain of the "*Merton*" went to his berth in tranquil mind and hopeful heart. Even though his ship was largely laden with specie, and some terrible mishaps had lately occurred in the Mississippi, here he was now nearly at the end of his journey, and coming in with the crowning work of charity to give him name and fame in the nautical world.

But the shore he never saw! He went down that very night, and nearly every one of his crew shared his doom!

It happened thus.

About the middle of the second watch, four men appeared on the deck as if they had fallen from the sky. They were sailors, and seemed thoroughly to know the ship. The man at the helm was in one moment struck down! Noiselessly and effectively it was done, and he was as noiselessly dropped overboard. The watch walked up and down the deck and never minded. He looked as if he never saw the murderers at all. During the remaining time between the watches, the pirates ransacked the vessel, and met with hardly any resistance. Two of the coming watch rushed on the deck breathless, but their zeal destroyed their power. They could not cry out! One was rendered insensible, and gagged by the pirates. The other jumped overboard, and like a brave man cried out, as he fell into the heart of the great deep, "Murder! murder! murder!"

It was too late. The ship had been bored in ten different directions. The drowning man saw her settling, settling down! She raised her hull high up, the drowning man saw it! She looked a proud suicide who would forestall her fate; and down she plunged—plunged fiercely, carrying to eternity ten sleepers and the captain, and the hopes of many souls on the shore.

What a singular providence! Both the men, the first and the last of the victims were saved, and told this incredible tale to the owners in SAINT LOUIS.

"But," asked the astonished owners, "but, what of the schooner? What of *her*?"

"I saw her sail away," answered the last man saved. "I heard the laugh of the diabolical pirates, and saw the red flag hoisted at the maintop, only for a minute, as if in triumph! I saw it all, sure enough, sir."

"A devilish plan!"

"Yes, a hellish plan! And see here, sir, I am sure that three or four of our crew were joined in it, and *shipped in the 'Merton'* to meet their mates and carry out the robbery and murder."

Now the "mistaken identity" was that those two sailors swore that the leader of the pirates was Mr. Eardly Wood!

Mr. Wood was very serene and tranquil. Only one time he trembled. And, singular, it was when he first became aware that Mr. John Hennessy was within a few yards of him.

A great laugh was raised when one of the sailors declared Mr. Wood had a large red beard the morning of the piracy. He saw it by the clear light of the stars. We all know that Mr. Wood's hair was as black as a raven's wing. ("Raven's-wing" is the regular specific for describing that quality of hair.) And as the audience heard the description of the pirate, and looked at Mr. Wood, how could they avoid laughing?

That mistake was absurd enough, but Captain Johnston almost annihilated the unfortunate tars when he came up and showed by the log of his yacht that on the night mentioned by the seamen, he and Mr. Wood were off New Jersey on a cruise. Even the owners of the "*Merton*," and a virtuous public, who had been filled with indignation, were shut up.

Yet it must be said that the owners of the "*Merton*" looked hard at Mr. M'Cann, and at one another, and left the court as if they were not satisfied.

But people who lose are hard to be pleased.

It would have complicated things somewhat if the policeman who had arrested Mr. Wood had deemed it necessary to tell "the whole truth," or if Mr. John Hennessy had been on the table.

But still it is plain the worthy justices had made up their minds that the whole thing *was* "grotesque," and when the men who had been saved, and who came to give testimony, declared they were Irishmen and Roman Catholics, and that they were sure their prayers kept them over water, we question whether their oaths of the existence of the night in question would not have blotted twenty-four hours out of the calendar.

Mr. Wood might well laugh at such accusers.

"Do not fear," said Reverend Mother, when John Hennessy, on leaving the same evening, begged that lady not to admit Mr. Wood to visit his daughter again.

Miss Brackenbridge had gone to her apartment immediately after her return from New York, and refused to see any one before the following day.

So ends the chapter which proves the value of twenty thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHOWING JOHN HENNESSY'S OPINION OF IRISH-AMERICANS, AND INTRODUCING KING JEROME THE DELAWARE INDIAN.

A YEAR makes many changes, and not in all cases happy ones. The year succeeding the events last narrated was no exception to its predecessors or successors; and fortunes bloomed and withered, and hopes flourished and decayed, and virtues shone and went out, as the summer foliage and sunshine were followed by dark clouds and desolation. The personages of this history encountered some singular vicissitudes during that year, and we proceed to narrate them for the perusal and edification of the reader.

Firstly, we must locate Mr. John Hennessy in the valley of the Mississippi, in as golden a domain as ever opened its heart to the sun; and Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy has risen to the dignity of a confidential man in the "Eagle Bank" of Saint Louis, an institution in which Mr. M'Cann had an interest equal to half the value of the concern.

John Hennessy had been made many offers to stay in the north; and he had nearly agreed to accept some, but his final resolution was to go west, and seek a settlement where the earth and society would be equally new.

"So, Mr. Hennessy, you have made up your mind," remarked Mr. M'Cann, a few months after Hennessy's arrival. "You will leave your friends, and go seek your fortune in the west."

"Yes, Mr. M'Cann; you see I made up my mind to go. There may be men to rear a family here, and I have met them—good men; but, Mr. M'Cann, I would not risk it—no!"

"Risk what?" demanded Mr. M'Cann.

"Risk everything—soul, body, and comfort!"

Mr. M'Cann looked puzzled, or he attempted to look puzzled, because Mr. M'Cann knew too much to be quite blind to John Hennessy's views.

"It is plain, Mr. M'Cann, you Americanize us up north, and do not make us Americans. You teach us to forget our Irish ways, and we are awkward with the new ways, and they don't keep us steady."

"Why, have you not your churches, your convents, your societies—your Ireland in America?"

"Oh! yis, and I'm thankful. But, Mr. M'Cann, how many mind the churches, or make use of the convents, or follow the clergy? Ah! Mr. M'Cann, our people can't bear the laugh well, and the jibe, and the example catches them up, as a strong man catches a baby, and hurries them on."

Mr. M'Cann looked very thoughtful.

"Yes, Mr. M'Cann, our people want to be *American* out-and-out; at any rate, a great body of them, and that is not to be our fathers' sons, you know."

"Why, they say here, 'tis something better," answered Mr. M'Cann.

"It is; oh yes, 'tis better for eating and drinking, and for the clothes you wear; but, Mr. M'Cann, that's not a *life* against a *life*, you know."

"What is the meaning of a life against a life, Mr. Hennessy?"

"I mean the whole thing of a man or woman's life at home, against the whole thing of the same life in foreign parts. All the pleasures and pains of it, you know, and all the safety of it for one's character and peace of mind, you see, and the help for the other world in the bargain."

"You are not far out," admitted Mr. M'Cann.

"Ah! you know it well, sir. Our poor fellows come spoiled with poverty, and they think they can never enjoy themselves enough, and they come dispirited by tyranny, and think they can never be independent enough. Don't you know that? Well, to make the independence *perfect*, Mr. M'Cann, they pick up all your ways, and your ways ruin them."

Mr. M'Cann nodded.

"Ah! yes, Mr. M'Cann, the old priest that knew their names is not there, nor the pious schoolmaster, nor the good or bad word of the neighbours. You know it, Mr. M'Cann."

"You go west, then?"

"I go for safety anywhere. I'll not break the union between John Hennessy and John Hennessy's father and mother in their graves by the banks of the Shannon. I'll not make the childher run a gauntlet, Mr. M'Cann."

Mr. M'Cann had no objection to make, and indeed knew John Hennessy's objections well; but Mr. M'Cann believed in an imminent change, and a very great one, in America. Many of those coming out were well formed before they left their homes. Facility for enjoying themselves was no temptation to *them*. And many came now whose self-respect was quite strong enough to resist the example of the multitude, and to hold their ground like men. Self-restraint and true independence were growing; and as every poor Irishman was a kind of apostle of TRUTH if he were *good*, the work of the future was one of great promise, and ought to realize the hope of Americans who glory in the institutions of their country.

How singular it is that half a century ago De Tocqueville looked upon this as the only hope of the GREAT STATES; and that rigorous Protestant, HALLIBURTON (SAM SLICK), whom the writer of these pages knew well, held the same nearly as strongly as DR. BROWN—*that this was the great agent of homogeny and conscience which America yearned for, even to extremity.*

From the valley of the Mississippi John Hennessy had now come up to New York to see his daughter, and Mr. M'Cann, and Mr. Edmund Browne, who had made quite a sensation at the opera and in the city.

Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy's history is soon brought up to the present time. He was unremitting in attention to business, vigilant, intelligent, and acute. Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy was destined "to make a fortune," was a remark made by Mr. M'Cann very soon after the same Mr. O'Kennedy came to 1002 street to "make human nature comfortable among the clerks." Every one liked him, O'Kennedy, and most people had a respect for him. They saw the fulness of the young man's character.

Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy was soon sent to the "Eagle Bank," Saint Louis; and he had a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year when John Hennessy first met him in the capital of Missouri.

During this year "the Hall" had been the centre of great activity and much anxiety. Paragraphs of an ominous nature had appeared from time to time in the newspapers, and a mysterious "ring" became a topic of general conversation and the matter of some witty paragraphs. People hinted that the ring was a masterpiece of mechanism. People from all classes combined to form it, and it was to be found in every place, and its "transactions" were regulated by a system as complete as the combination of wheel and axle in a first-class steam engine. Long, and anxiously, and often were meetings held at "the Hall."

Again the necessity of regaining Ned the Yachtman, or securing him, became a subject of discussion, and all agreed that he should be regained if practicable.

They agreed equally that John Hennessy was a man to be engaged or converted; and Mr. Wood undertook the mission to accomplish the double task.

Meanwhile Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy had secured a quiet boarding house in the suburbs of St. Louis, and was able to indulge himself in the luxury of a little sitting-room, a luxury which Mr. O'Kennedy learned to enjoy. He had made acquaintance with the city, and with the churches, and with a few select young men, whom he casually met at Mass on the Sundays. He joined the society of St. Vincent de Paul, and saw with his own eyes how much he owed to temperance and to a good Providence. Mr. O'Kennedy saw strength broken, and character forfeited, and families pauperized and swept away by the demon of alcohol; and not unfrequently beheld men whose eyes flowed over with the tears of burning shame and sorrow, and whose habits seemed too powerful for human resolution, or even too perverse for Divine grace. Every day made the Yachtman wiser, and every day made him thank God he "had minded NUMBER ONE!"

Mr. O'Kennedy of course became very intimate with Father Purcell, the Catholic pastor of his parish, and even spent some

evenings after dinner at the presbytery. Father Purcell knew the country and the people well, and he had an apt pupil in the Yachtman. Mr. O'Kennedy was glad to have met such people as those whom the clergyman made him know, because from them he derived exactly the kind of information which a man in his position at the "Eagle Bank" needed. In a short time, Mr. Wood's late servant became acquainted with the status of merchants, the character of small traders; the thousand and one "societies," religious, commercial, and patriotic, which fill the American cities, and often not for the advantage of the citizens; and the Yachtman was able to employ and decline such organizations without the complications which men so often make and break inconveniently.

A most wonderful coincidence took place one day. Mr. O'Kennedy saw a heavy looking German farmer pursuing an Indian along a little boulevard that led into the rural district. The Yachtman marked the passion of the pursuer and the quiet unconscionousness of the red man striding on. Appearances would be sufficient to make a man watch, but not to make one interpose, and the Yachtman kept well in the wake of the two strangers.

It was well for the Indian. His pursuer had no sooner overtaken the red man than he dealt him a blow—such a blow of a heavy stick as would have broken his skull had the aim proved accurate. Fortunately a sudden turn of the Indian's head directed the force to the shoulder, not however without inflicting a sharp wound on the face.

Just then Mr. O'Kennedy arrived.

Quick as lightning he seized the massive stick with one hand, and the Indian with the other. In accomplishing this feat he was obliged to drag the German to the ground. But he did so; and with a grasp of gigantic power he seized the man of the woods and raised him. The German endeavoured to regain his staff. He swore in bad English and wrathful temper. He would not be interfered with; he was a man; and he—

Ned pushed away the German with one hand, and stood between him and the Indian. He smiled, and took the German's shillelah horizontally in his hands. The Yachtman looked in their faces. "See," said he, "see!" and just as if it had been a dry alder branch, he smashed it in three pieces and flung it back among the trees.

Ned felt that a manifestation of power was the surest guardian of peace; and having astounded his companions by his feat in stick-breaking, he insisted that the belligerents should submit their quarrel to arbitration or go before the bench.

The German was opening his mouth in angry complaint when the Indian, who had stood moodily with his back turned upon the German, suddenly turned round.

The German looked at the red man, looked at him once, twice, thrice ; he then gave a groan.

The aggressor had mistaken the Indian for a diabolical drunken malefactor whom every one feared, and who had discovered in the forest what the philosophy of the times practises in the city, " Let them keep who can." The malefactor had injured the German, and the writ of U. S. A. did not run through all the valley of the Mississippi. So the German, like the present Emperor of Germany, made himself law, administration, legislature, and religion, all in one.

The German explained imperfectly, offered to pay handsomely, and the parties determined to return to Saint Louis together.

It was now found that the Indian's shoulder was swollen, and although he never opened his lips, it was evident that the poor man suffered intensely ; in fact, he was unable to travel.

O'Kennedy knew some one in the neighbourhood, and indeed in every neighbourhood, and he was just setting out on an exploring expedition when who should be passing, in a grand travelling waggon as long as a tent at the fair of Sixmilebridge or Killaloe, but John Hennessy and another Irishman, one of John Hennessy's " helps."

O'Kennedy set up a cheer of joy, and small time was spent in explanations ; all parties took their places in the waggon.

" Where are you taking the poor man ?" asked John Hennessy.

" Anywhere," the German answered ; " I pay," he continued.

The Indian never spoke. He caught John Hennessy's arm just as they entered the city. He looked with dark, earnest eyes into Hennessy's face, and then turned his head in the direction of a small minaret. He looked at the minaret, and then at John Hennessy again. Evidently the Indian was attracted by the soul which was always shining through John Hennessy's face.

" I see ; I see," said John to the Indian : and meanwhile he quietly took out of his pocket an enormous rosary.

No one ever surprised an Indian ; but certainly no Indian was ever nearer to a look of surprise than our friend who had been struck by the German.

The horses now proceeded briskly, and even the Indian seemed to grow better. Along a street, up a broad way, a grand entrance at the end guarded by fine old trees ; 'tis the Hospital of the Sisters of Providence.

They descended, easily found admission, and the presence of John Hennessy was a "*sesame*" at every door.

They had scarcely given their message to the portress when the Reverend Mother of the convent presented herself. She at once walked up to John Hennessy, and bade him welcome. Her eyes then turned upon the Indian, and she gave a little cry.

"Why! why," she cried, "what has happened to my poor Jerome, our dear king! What has happened?"

The Indian smiled; smiled, oh! so angelically! He took from under his blanket a bronze crucifix. He just showed it to her, and kissed it.

"Yes; yes, Jerome! the cross, my child! the warrior is not ashamed of the cross! Poor Jerome."

The Reverend Mother really wept; but there was a very strong reason. Jerome, "The Lion of the Morning," had been long a great friend. He had made large presents of birds, and skins, and money to the convent. He had been at the convent that very morning laden with Indian fancy-work of all kinds for the "good mother's" bazaar, and Reverend Mother knew he had no other business to the city. She felt as if she had a hand in his deep trouble, and the good soul shed some tears.

And where was Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy, and where was Mr. John Hennessy all the time?

Edmund O'Kennedy was looking very scared, and John Hennessy was looking very much amused; but at length he, Mr. Hennessy, said, "Reverend Mother, you have overcome one of the most courageous men in the United States! This is Mr. Edmund O'Kennedy."

"Oh, Mr. O'Kennedy, you who have relieved our poor so largely and so frequently. I do not wonder to find you here."

"Then, mother," answered John, "he wonders to find you here, for that is the very man who adores the once mistress of Hazlittville and her daughter, the young bride of Vernon Avenue."

Was there not joy, and were there not felicitations? And "How could that gentleman be her friend Ned, of whom she had heard so often?" And "Surely they would often see him, as he must know how much she would love any one who had known her dear sister so many years."

We have found Mr. Jack Hazlitt's aunt.

Of course no one was so cruel as to mention the nephew, or to allude to his presence in the United States. She may have known more or less than others; but she and her friends kept "a gate of prudence before their lips," and the name of the unconverted prodigal was not introduced.

John Hennessy returned to dine with his friend the Yachtman. The Indian was in safe hands, and the German left a fine sum behind him; he was a generous fellow. They sat long and talked of old times, old friends, and of the awful dangers gathering around young Hazlitt.

A knock came, and the knock brought a "help," and the "help" brought a telegram, and then came almost in the same minute another telegram, and another.

"Oh, don't mind," O'Kennedy said, "they are all the same message. Only a precaution; so many of the offices are purchased by

certain parties that we work by three, four, five, and even six modes of transmission."

Ned O'Kennedy quietly read the telegram. He then handed same to John Hennessy. It was as follows:—

"Three assassins leave this in a few days. The principal leaves earlier to meet you and J. H., to *enlist you* or to put you out of the way. There is an accomplice in your establishment."

Both men crossed themselves!

The vengeance of justice is coming, but oh, how many of the innocent will suffer!

The telegram was from Mr. M'Cann.

[*To be continued.*]

LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

IV.—ABOUT SYMPATHY.

To some who will read this page it ought to be obvious enough why this particular subject finds itself in my thoughts. For, though the time is short that has gone by since I voted myself into this special chair in the "*IRISH MONTHLY*," there has come to me, from various quarters, more than one very precious word of sympathy. Many of them have come from people whom I have never seen, save it may be that I have seen them in dreams I have had of *ideal* readers of lectures that were fairer far in dreams than they have ever been able to get themselves written down on paper. Prized and precious these words have been; indeed so precious that it is very obvious to myself why I have been led, in treating the subject, to dwell rather upon certain dangers that sympathy and a desire for sympathy are apt to bring with them. With this brief preface I begin my lecture.

There are some things that cost no money, things, indeed, that cannot by possibility be brought under a standard of money value, but that yet are the dearest things that a man can purchase. Foremost amongst these is sympathy. A desire for sympathy is one of those epicene qualities that may either make a character or mar it. Without it few great things will be attempted; with it hardly any great thing will be accomplished. For, great things do not get themselves done without opposition, and opposition encountered and overcome is not likely to generate sympathy. You may fight your enemy, and conquer him, and having conquered

him you may have a right to expect his submission, but you do not expect his sympathy. And so far as that sympathy had an antecedent value in your eyes, so far would your blows have been weaker and your victory less assured. You may look for the sympathy of those whom you merely seek to please, but those whom you benefit largely may repay you in other coin, but rarely will they repay you by sympathy. Indeed, one general maxim on the whole matter is, sympathy is one of those things that never profit when they are made the ends of action.

Do you want a test of a strong nature? Well, observe how far a man can dispense with sympathy. That is, after all, what few men can do without. If they do not find it at home, they will seek it elsewhere, and will pay almost any price for it. Can you live alone? I do not mean physically apart from your fellow-men, but mentally isolated from those around you. Can you go on for months and years, thinking thoughts they cannot think, pursuing aims they cannot appreciate, toiling for ends they so little understand that, did they even know them, they would be certain to undervalue them? Can you let the dull world go its way, and send the noiseless messengers of thought to do your behests in a world whose mere existence your neighbours, the daily critics of your outer life, have never even imagined? Can you hear the unappreciative comments on such husks of inner purpose as outward actions are, and be disturbed by them as little as might be the poet in whose soul the sights and sounds of nature were shaking themselves together into song, by the multitudinous hum of insects in the summer grass?

If you can do all this, you may be sure your nature is a strong one. But, then, probably, you would not be quite a pleasant person to live with. When a man asks no sympathy, he does not pay the natural price of it in those thousand courtesies and kindnesses that sweeten human intercourse. If a man does not value my sympathy, he cannot much value myself; or, if he do value me at all, it will be but as an infinitesimally small item in the great sum that has humanity for its total.

But those who want it will pay almost any price for it, not only a reasonable price, but an unreasonable one.

We all know the unfortunate man who "can't say No." We know how he sells himself into bondage; how he mortgages time, and talent, and capabilities of service; how he squanders his very character bit by bit to buy the momentary sympathy which he cannot for the life of him deny himself. He never seems to see—it being *his* case not ours, *we* see it of course, we, the wise—that at each successive payment of the price the quality of the article purchased must necessarily deteriorate. Sympathy no doubt is a valuable thing; but, like other valuable things, its value has a limit, and when the limit is exceeded it ceases to be valuable.

This is what constitutes the danger of a craving for sympathy; a danger constantly illustrated in the case of "popular men." Popularity is sympathy in a very palpable, not to say gross, form, and when one has tasted it often it is apt to spoil the nice discrimination of his mental and moral palate. Then, "Who peppers the highest is surest to please." It is like stimulants and narcotics in general. Its use tends to merge into abuse. The victim cannot do well with it, and, as he thinks, not at all without it; and as a drunkard will sell his personal belongings to procure the liquor of his choice, so the "popular man" will barter, first his good taste, then his delicacy of feeling, then his high sense of honour, then his good nature, then his very principles and the character which grew them, for his dram of popular applause.

It is said that in some of the gin-shops in London the counters are perforated to let the drainings through into a reservoir, where slowly grows to vile perfection a liquor aptly called "all sorts." The tippler drinks his gin as pure as he is ever likely to get it, so long as he can pay the standard price. But the day comes when money is scarce and the undiminished craving has to be satisfied, at lesser price, by a dram of "all sorts." Let a man run the gauntlet of "mobs," let him speak much to men on a lower level of intellect and culture than himself, and he has need to guard both mind and tongue. Mob-applause is, at its best, a fiery spirit; but I have seen those who contracted a taste for it come in the end to still the cravings of a shattered moral constitution by maddening draughts of "all sorts."

There is a certain process which I may call discounting sympathy, that often leads to fatal mistakes. It is illustrated very aptly, on a small scale, in the case of "huffy" people, who are fond of making themselves miserable by keen endurance of purely imaginary wrongs, in the hope, fortunately in most cases disappointed, of being very much pitied. But this very unheroic mood of "huffiness," connotes a larger feeling that often assumes heroic proportions. I allude to a certain well-known mood of human nature that seems to take a keen delight in pain. The general rule, of course, is, that men like pleasure and dislike pain. But there is enough in the history of humanity to prove that there has been in some men an attraction towards pain, a sort of fierce delight in suffering, as if they were afraid that life would sink into torpidity unless it were stirred up, as it were, with some red hot iron or other instrument of torture.

The thing I speak of is something very different indeed from pure religious asceticism. It seems to be very much a matter of "race," and is found in its extremest form amongst races like those of India, whose other mental faculties are vastly over-weighted by their imagination. In fact, it is a moral disease that arises from low vitality and powerful imagination, not, or not for

the time being, under the control of the reflective faculties. Have you ever met a case of it? Here is one, not an uncommon one by any means.

A wayward child, in a fit of sulks, will sometimes attempt self-starvation. The little imp (for the time being, "imp" is merely a provisional epithet), the little imp keeps himself apart from the family circle and broods over some imaginary wrong. He will stand it no longer. He will shake from his tiny feet the dust of a world that is not worthy of him. He will deprive of the light of his presence the friends who do not value him as he deserves. He will by a premature ending harrow the hearts that have treated him unjustly. So his young imagination works. He feels a fierce joy in every additional pang of hunger, and puts aside as impertinent the suggestions of the young stomach, to make due submission and go to supper. He pictures himself lying white and dead, and pictures the friends, whom, by an odd complexity of moral feeling, he knows to have dearly loved him all the time, shedding their unavailing tears, deploring their perversity, and loading themselves with reproaches without number for the hardness of their hearts. So the young lad dreams, and pities himself, till at last, probably, his mother comes and capitulates, and he goes to supper.

Well, there is no time of life in which men will not sometimes play the child. There is the same self-pity, and the craving for sympathy, and the delicious feeling of being ill-used, and "oh, how sorry people will be when they come to see how badly they have been treating me." All very pleasant for a while, but the man, too, gets hungry. The world, which is only a step-mother, the world will not capitulate, but goes its way and cares wonderfully little about him or his fit of sulks, and if he do not soon come back to his work, the world gets some one else to do it, and proceeds—oh, rare poetical justice—to forget his very existence. So, if he be-think himself of these things, he will, if he be wise, come out of his sulks, and smoothe his ruffled plumes, and practise before his looking-glass such a smile as will make every one think he never was out of humour at all. He will do this, unless indeed he be that rarest of rare things, a man absolutely indispensable; as indispensable, say, as Achilles, whose heroic fit of sulks so grandly opens and inspires the song of Greece's childhood.

I have called the process I have been describing "discounting sympathy." The moral of the name is obvious. A prudent man will never discount a bill unless he have good reasons to think that funds will be forthcoming to meet it.

There are some curious cases to be met with of this process of "discounting sympathy." Perhaps, none more curious than those cases in which men anticipate a sympathy, which they well know they will be quite incapable of enjoying. Few people make a will, who do not make it as with an eye to a highly pro-

bable contingency, that they will be present when it takes effect. It is the "dead hand," with which they strive to lay hold upon the future; but they cannot, for the life of them, help feeling, as if it would be a live hand. To hear the minute directions some people give about their funerals, it is very evident that they delude themselves into the belief that they will be chief mourners, and *conscious* chief mourners, on the melancholy occasion. I wonder do they ever picture to themselves the hearse *coming back*, with the waving plumes stowed away inside, and the horses in full gallop, and the mutes on the box laughing, as if *they* had never had occasion to be buried.

Indeed, death has a very disturbing effect upon sympathy, both on a man's sympathy for himself, and other men's sympathies for him. A man who, if it were necessary, or even useful, would submit to a most painful surgical operation, will yet shudder at the notion of a scientific hand sounding with a scalpel the tenantless walls of the house of clay, from which the soul has flitted. But it is not alone a man's self, whose views about his dead body are, at first sight, at any rate, somewhat inexplicable. The views of survivors are strange enough in their way.

There is no part of the vast change that death makes in a man, so wonderful as the very different view it causes the survivors to take of his dead body. You have a friend, father, mother, sister, brother. Well, your friend dies. The soul goes away, only as you know, for a time; but the body is, for the moment, superficially at any rate, unchanged. There is the hand that pressed your hand, there the lips on which your lips were laid, there the eyes, wide open, that used to light up at your approach; there, in short, is the outward semblance that your friend wore, and in which he shall be remembered, till memory of him shall be no more. But, confess the truth, you have grown somewhat afraid of this body that you knew so well. You shrink when you touch it, shudder when you kiss it, turn your eyes away when you meet the stare of those wide-open eyes. Suppose it were secured from corruption, should you like to keep it near you always?

But there is a great truth under this apparently unreasonable feeling. *That* is not your friend. Feature is there, and form not yet defaced; but the hands are lifeless, and the lips are mute, and the tongue has never a word to say; and if the dearest friend the dead man ever had were to whisper in his ear, the voice he loved would kindle no light in the glazed eye, nor wake one flutter in the silent heart. *That*, surely, is not your friend—is not a man. Something has gone out of it, that made that lifeless thing a man. When that "dull cold ear" shall hear a sound again, it shall be the sound of the great trumpet, and the soul shall be back once more—and he shall be a man—your friend again, and for ever.

You remember, that wonderful Ulysses, the man of many

counsels. He had, when occasion presented itself, a very pardonable desire to hear, with his own ears, the Syren song, about which so many sad stories had been told in times past. Nay, I think the desire was more than pardonable—that it was laudable. I, for one, have always sympathized with him in this desire of his. Well, he contrived to compass his desire. His ears were charmed by sound that none had heard unharmed but himself. And in the after-time at Ithaca, the memory of that song must have been one of the most precious things garnered in the capacious mind, that had filled itself from so many a source with images of strange cities and foreign men. But how did he manage to hear the song, unscathed by the ruin it was wont to bring? He was a wise man, and in nothing wiser than in this, that he was one of the few who are able to reap the harvest of another's sowing—to garner wisdom from other men's experience. He had himself tied to the vessel's mast; and as the rowers swept past the fatal isle, full in his open ears came the sound that had stolen away heart and brain from men less wise than he. He, too, felt its full unstinted force—felt the heart-strings quiver, and the tide of feeling rising to its flood, and the passionate longing which he knew was madness, to break the bonds that held him, and leave the bark that bore his fortunes and his friends to cast one other wasted life upon the fatal shore. But the mast was firm, and the cords were strong. He swept past, and the enchanting strain died upon his ear, and passed into a harmless memory of his chequered life.

There is a moral in the story; nay, why should I say a moral? There are more than one, as is usually the case with those old Greek stories, which are palimpsests, the surface stories of which, beautiful as they are, are written over mysteries that underlie human life.

For my present purpose, let it be enough to pick out one moral. Sympathy is a thing pleasant to have—laudable to desire; it inspires purpose, and sweetens effort; it gladdens the heart that was growing sad with lonely thoughts; it nerves the flagging energies, and cheers the overwrought spirit that was nigh to fainting, if not to death. All the same, its voice is a Syren voice, and has, ere now, spoiled high purposes, and ruined lives that might have been noble. Hear it, if you will, for it is passing sweet. But first see that the mast that towers toward heaven—the mast of duty—be firm in its place. Tied to it with the triple cords of Faith, and Hope, and Love, it will strike upon your ear, however sweet, yet with not a tithe of the sweetness of the inner song that is borne upon ears that know how to listen, from the spot in our future, yours and mine, where life-waves break their last upon the shores of the great Hereafter.

J. F.

THE SINNER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
FROM A FRENCH RONDEAU OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

"Royne qui fustes mise
Et assise," &c.*

QUEEN by God supremely graced,
Who art placed
Nearest to His throne divine;
I, this morn, my path have traced,
Heart-abased,
As a pilgrim to thy shrine,
Saddest supplicant of thine,
Queen benign:
Soul and body low I bend,
Praying that thou wilt incline,
Lady mine,
To be present at my end.

Virgin merciful and sweet,
Chosen seat
Of all perfect charity,
As I cast me at thy feet,
I entreat
Grace to turn from vanity:
For, alas! my days I see
As they flee,
Good therein doth nowhere dwell;
But the watchful enemy,
Tempting me,
Draws me ever down to Hell.

Folly, folly still appears
Through my years:
Time all wasted and misspent
All in fruitless hopes and fears,
And in tears
Such as earthly passions vent.
Truly, Virgin, I repent,
And lament,
Bringing thee this humble lay,
That thy sweet encouragement
May be bent
Towards me on my dying day.

* See Mone, *Mediaeval Hymns*, Vol. II., p. 214. The perpetual recurrence of the same rhymes, characteristic of the old Rondeaux, may seem fatiguing to a modern ear. I desired, however, to adhere to the metre of the original.

Lady, to thy gentleness
I confess,
When my memory reckons o'er
Days of youth and wilfulness,
What excess
Love of passing pleasure bore.
Well it fits me, grieving sore,
To implore
All thy gracious help, that I
May my life of sin deplore
More and more,
Doing penance ere I die.

I am weakest of the weak,
Sooth to speak ;
Since my use of reason grew,
Forward ever, ill to seek,
Ill to wreak,
Crowning ancient sins with new ;
Nor, when now they rise to view
Dark and true,
Know I where my hope to place,
Save to weep, and weep anew,
As I do
In the sight of thy sweet face.

But thou fountain fair and clear,
Refuge dear
Unto every soul in pain !
Queen whom angel choirs revere
In the sphere
Where thy Lord and Son doth reign ;
Maidenhood unknowing stain,
Who in vain
Never hast besought thy Child—
Thou with Him to plead wilt deign
And wilt gain
One more sinner reconciled.

J. O. H.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

V. THE CHURCH'S LEGISLATION.

THE Church's jurisdiction, like that of any independent State, comprises legislative and executive powers. The Church not only administers the Divine law, but makes laws herself. Some of these are in great measure identified with her administration of Divine law. She imposes on her subjects the obligation of receiving her declarations on Faith and Morals under ecclesiastical penalties. But, besides doing this, she imposes other obligations in connexion with faith and morals. She commands and forbids acts that are not already respectively commanded or forbidden by God. All this she does for the better attainment of her own end, which is the salvation of souls. These laws of the Church are human laws, enacted in virtue of authority received from God, but still human laws, liable to abrogation, modification, and dispensation, where circumstances may so require, or render expedient.

No society of men can be adequately governed in the temporal or spiritual order by the mere application of immutable principles taken by themselves, or even combined with what are called the positive laws of God, which He has superadded. No doubt, God could frame and promulgate a sufficient code for all purposes, but He has not done so. It is quite true, as I have stated in an early part of this paper, that in any given circumstances, every conceivable action is either commanded or forbidden or permitted by natural law. But, for the practical government of men as they are, it is necessary that many things not prescribed or prohibited by any Divine law, natural or positive, should be prescribed or prohibited by human law. It would be easy to explain clearly why this is so, but there is no need of making a long digression for the purpose, as all reasonable men admit that such is the case. I will only observe that those betray captious ignorance who condemn certain ecclesiastical dispensations on the ground that if the acts ordinarily forbidden and exceptionally permitted are bad, they should not be allowed in any instance, as if there may not be things which, though not essentially wrong, it is right should be ordinarily prevented on account of the consequences they may lead to, but which may be sometimes authorized.

The Church dispenses in her own laws only, not in those of God. Nor is the dispensation from vows any exception to the general rule. The Church, in virtue of power received from God, relaxes, for sufficient motives, the obligation which men take on themselves by promises made to the Almighty; but the Divine

law commanding that vows should be observed while they subsist is not touched.

The supreme legislative authority of the Church resides in the Roman Pontiff, either alone, or in conjunction with the other Bishops dispersed through the world, or in conjunction with those Bishops who are assembled in a General Council. The Pope, even alone, can and does make universal laws. The Bishops possess a true, but subordinate, legislative power, which is exercised as well by each in his own diocese as by the Bishops of one or more provinces legitimately assembled in synod.

The laws of the Church are not of an oppressive or tyrannical character. They do not tend to restrict commercial enterprise. I mean of course among the laity, for such things are not the legitimate business of the clergy, and are most reasonably interdicted to them. I may observe here that the Church legislates a good deal more in detail as to the conduct of ecclesiastics than as to that of secular persons, whose lives and avocations she does not meddle with beyond what the obvious principles of morality demand. She exacts, no doubt, of the faithful in general certain religious and penitential observances. The measure even of these is not beyond what would be in a manner due from Christians, independently of the intervention of any human law, though the mode and form might be various if not determined by the Church; and without an obligatory determination as to mode and form the substance might be easily neglected. Nay, so far is the prescribed measure from being excessive that those who are seriously solicitous about their spiritual concerns are not content with doing only what is commanded. On the other hand, those who are not well able to conform to the rules laid down, say as to fasting, are not rigidly held to them. But, what I mainly meant to say was, that the Church does not cramp men in their otherwise legitimate occupations. This is true even of the clergy; but the state which they have voluntarily embraced needs a stricter discipline. They are, besides, if I may say so, Officials of the Church; and hence it is no wonder if she watches more closely over them, and regulates their lives more minutely.

Again, the Church throws no obstacles in the way of knowledge, of study, of scientific investigation, though she is charged with doing so. She certainly does condemn and prohibit false doctrine in connexion with religion, and she could not omit this without betraying her trust. I will say more of this later on, when I come to speak of the Church's exercise of the function of teaching. All I wish to assert here is that the Church is in no sense an enemy of learning, that she sets no bounds to the pursuit of it. Many of her most devoted children have been laborious and enthusiastic and successful students in various branches of secular knowledge. She forbids no amount of scientific scrutiny.

More than one motive has been assigned for the Church's supposed enmity to science. It is often said that various Christian dogmas are irreconcilable with principles of reason and with natural facts; therefore, the less there is of sound philosophical argument, and the less there is of physical and of historical inquiry, the better will it be for our religion. Concerning this statement and inference, I would remark, first of all, that it goes not only against Catholicity but against Christianity in general, so that all Christians would have to oppose themselves to the studies of which there is question. Besides, every sincere Catholic believes, as part of his religion, that no possible researches could result in the discovery of any reality at variance with Catholic doctrine, that there is no truly sound argument, of whatever sort, against a single tenet of his religion. Consequently, as the Pastors of the Church have every right to be considered sincere Catholics, this must be taken as their belief also. They know that truth cannot be opposed to truth; that natural truth cannot be in contradiction to supernatural truth; that no genuine discovery can be made which will gainsay revelation. No doubt, there may be an apparent antagonism, there may be materials for objections to Catholic doctrine; but these objections will not remain unsolved. A closer examination of their grounds will show that they are far from being conclusive.

I will admit that scientific investigation may sometimes prove accidentally prejudicial to particular students, in a religious point of view. If the persons are imperfectly instructed in matters of faith, if their study is superficial, if the work is only half done, still more if they are influenced by a bad spirit, and are more or less looking for arguments against Christianity, if they are perversely directed, it is no wonder they should suffer and become unsettled. But all this is not the fault of science; all this can be guarded against, and it is the duty of the students themselves and of their instructors to guard against it, not by shutting out light but by letting it in more thoroughly. I have said there may be danger casually connected with scientific studies. But this danger does not move the Church to prohibit or curtail them. She teaches, of course, as part even of that natural law which she is charged to explain and inculcate, that the danger should be avoided, as it most assuredly can be, without abandoning or restricting an otherwise legitimate pursuit of knowledge.

That very branch of learning which falls most within the province of the Church, and which her ministers are specially required to cultivate, namely Theology, is, as all who are acquainted with it well know, concerned largely about objections against revealed truth, objections from Scripture, objections from tradition, objections from history, objections from reason, which have to be fully considered, with a view, indeed, to their solution, but without in the least dissembling their force. Let no one imagine that this

is child's play; that there is question of mock difficulties got up for parade, or to render the work more interesting, or to give our doctrines the appearance of being unimpeachable, without the reality. Nothing of the sort. Every nerve is stretched to make the difficulties as strong as they can be made. A Theologian does not suspend his judgment concerning the truth of those dogmas which have been proposed by the Church as revealed by God. He does not for a moment give up a tittle of his faith, nor wilfully doubt about it. God forbid he should. But he strives his very best to frame arguments as powerful as he can frame, throwing his whole energy into the task, and not stopping to foresee what answer may be given to the difficulty. It will be time enough to see that later. I do not mean by this that objections to Catholic dogmas are published without answers, but that in the process of developing them the Theologian therein engaged gives his whole mind, for the moment, to the argument on the heretical or infidel side of the question.

Among the objections from reason to which I have alluded are to be classed objections from human sciences, for which objections and for their solutions recourse must often be had to the special treatises or living teachers of those sciences. To these proceedings the Church offers no obstacle. She does indeed proscribe certain books of adversaries to our religion, books impugning the faith, purposely assailing its doctrine—because such books are palpably dangerous to many, and likely to mislead and pervert those who are not sufficiently qualified to grapple with them. For persons who are so qualified exceptions are made, even in those countries in which these ecclesiastical prohibitions are the most insisted on. The principle on which this kind of restriction is grounded must be obvious to every Christian of common sense and middling reflection. On the one hand, the dogmas of revealed religion rest on a thoroughly sound foundation, and their reception is of sovereign importance for salvation; while, on the other, very specious cavils may be directed against them. They may be attacked by reasoning and by ridicule in a way well calculated to disturb our belief, if we expose ourselves to those assaults without sufficient means of defence, without being rightly prepared. Now, the greater part of us are not so prepared.

It is idle to say that the Catholic religion, sincerely accepted and professed, is a guarantee against contrary influences. It is, no doubt, holy and perfect, but its perfection is not of this kind. We have, with God's grace, the power to remain firm in our faith, and we are rigorously obliged to do so. We cannot fall away from it without sin, and from that sin we can preserve ourselves; but one of the means needed for this end is to shun the occasions of temptation. Whatever we do, we shall, or at least may, be tempted; but if this is not of our own seeking, we have every reason to hope for strength and victory. It is quite otherwise if we run unnecessarily into danger.

Infidelity is like other sins in this respect. The same holds with regard to natural rules of rectitude, irrespectively of revelation. I say *rules*, that is, not merely may we be allured to vicious practices, but we may be perverted as to the rational notions of right and wrong, of moral and social order and disorder, and this happens too often in our days. Witness the subversive theories that are so widely spread through the world, opposed as much to reason as to faith.

Bad books and other bad publications are the ruin of their readers. Irreligious writings—with which I am chiefly concerned just now—whether directed against Catholicity or against all Christianity or against natural religious principles, undermine and overturn in the minds of men whatever complete or incomplete amount of sound doctrine existed there before. Is it then an undue invasion of human liberty to forbid such reading to the generality of persons? This, when and where it is done by the Church, is not done to prevent fair investigation, nor to hide knowledge of the truth, but to guard men from deception and falsehood. It is done to secure their using precautions they would be bound to use otherwise for their own safety. They are not precluded from studying elsewhere those natural facts and principles which are artfully employed by irreligious men to sap the foundation of faith. Further, the arguments of these adversaries of truth are honestly presented by Catholic writers for the purpose of confutation; I say *honestly* presented without diminishing their force, and I may say incidentally that honesty is not the forte of the adversaries alluded to. Garbling and other kinds of unfairness, not always perhaps intentional, are of frequent recurrence in their productions, a great deal more so than in ours. A Catholic writer may occasionally chance to be unfair, but this is not common, and common it assuredly is, and very common, among the assailants of Catholicity and of Christianity.

Besides the imaginary opposition between our dogmas and natural science, another and rather ingeniously devised motive, is sometimes attributed to the Church, for disliking and discouraging studies, which, be it remembered, she does not, as a matter of fact, dislike or discourage, but which her sharp-witted enemies think she ought to abhor. My attention was not long since called to this fanciful motive, by reading an article, which I have not by me just now, in a highly respectable, but not very Christian, journal. In this article it was asserted that a person well versed in science could rarely be a thorough believer in Catholic doctrines. This assertion the writer, of course, undertook to prove; and I sincerely expected to find some of the many objections to our doctrines derived from real or supposed facts or principles. But no; these were scarcely, if at all, dwelt on. The article went on to say, in substance, that such proofs and such certainty as are found in science are not to be had with reference to our religious doc-

lines, and that one who is accustomed to demonstrative reasoning will not be satisfied with the imperfect kind of arguments which can alone be brought forward to support Catholic dogmas; and some are specified, among the rest the Immaculate Conception contrasted with I forget what rational truth. So, the Church does not like her children to be well versed in science.

Now, I take the liberty of saying, that all this is nonsense, and I will add a few words to prove that it is so. First of all, as a matter of fact, very many thoroughly scientific men show themselves to be sincere Catholics, as far as profession and conduct can go, and these are the only grounds on which the fact can be judged of. Secondly, if familiarity with rigid demonstration is incompatible, or nearly incompatible, with earnest Catholicity, no good mathematicians, or but few of them, can be good Catholics, whether they be distinguished in other branches of science or not, and even whether they be proficient or not in the higher branches of mathematics, because mathematics is the most exact of all the sciences, and the lower branches of this science are as exact as the highest. So, all mathematical studies must be, or ought to be, hated by the Church. Now, no man of common sense will pretend that this is the case. Thirdly, those who are the most devoted to science accept as readily, fully and unhesitatingly as any other men, well established natural facts and other truths unconnected with religion. They allow full weight to human testimony concerning contemporaneous events, concerning past events recorded in history; they admit, like their neighbours, ordinary social principles, without calling for geometrical demonstrations. There is nothing in science to prevent their embracing, with certainty, sound philosophical notions belonging to logic and metaphysics, which really fall within the range of science, and are certainly not at variance with any other branch of scientific studies.

Now, in connexion with this last observation, let us consider in very general terms what are the grounds of our faith in the dogmas of our religion. We have the strongest historical evidence of outward facts which, rationally viewed, establish the Divine Revelation of Christianity, including the institution of a Teaching Church, which is the organ and instrument of God, appointed to declare to us the details of those truths that were manifested to the apostles, and transmitted by them, partly in writing, partly otherwise. This historical evidence goes to show that Jesus Christ proclaimed Himself the Ambassador of God to men, that He proved His mission by miracles, to which He appealed as the testimony of God with regard to that mission; that in fulfilment of that mission He taught what may be called a system of doctrines on the part of God; that He formed a society to be governed and presided over by those whom He named, and by their successors, for whose continuing succession He provided; that He made those chiefs of His Church the special depositaries of the Divine Doc-

trines delivered by Him. This historical evidence goes on to show the wonderful propagation of the Christian religion under humanly adverse circumstances, the immense number of those who testified to its truth with their blood, and so forth. I am not about to enter into the proofs of our religion. I merely call attention to their nature, which is mainly historical, and involves, besides, a few obvious principles required to complete the argument, principles which philosophers learn from philosophy, and ordinary, even unlettered, men learn from common sense.

In all this, I say, there is nothing which the scientific man can reasonably take exception to as not sufficiently conclusive for his disciplined mind. On the contrary, if objections are proposed, his studies, honestly pursued, will enable him to answer these objections. I may here observe that the motives which militate in favour of Christianity and Catholicity are accommodated to the learned and unlearned, in different ways corresponding to the diversity of their mental position. These motives are in themselves simple, and with little or no discussion satisfy the simple mind, which is not well qualified for such discussion. But, to an educated man difficulties will often present themselves whose satisfactory solution is not wanting and is within *his* reach.

So much for the Christian and Catholic Religion and Church in their generality. Coming now to particular doctrines, such as, for instance, that of the Immaculate Conception named by the writer I have alluded to, they are no doubt provable and proved from the records of revelation by the help of reason employed in the investigation. But this process is not necessary for individual Catholics. It is enough for them that the appointed Teachers propound the particular Truths. This is the broad ground for them. What the pastors of the Church declare to be contained in the Christian Revelation is received by Catholics as undoubtedly so contained, and is believed by them on the authority of God who has given the Revelation. The pastors of the Church are sure to read Revelation aright, because there is a Divine guarantee to this effect.

When the writer referred to speaks of the proof of some dogma as ill calculated to satisfy the mind of a scientific man, he means either a proof drawn directly from natural sources, or a proof so based on Revelation as to serve for a development of Revelation, showing that the dogma is revealed. If his assertion is to be taken in the first of these two senses, it is beside the question, for we do not pretend that all our doctrines of Faith are thus demonstrable. We say quite the contrary with regard to many of them, and we say further that no argument from reason, however convincing, is a proper ground for *Faith* concerning the Truth thus established, since Faith rests precisely on the authority of God. If the second sense be the one intended, my reply is that every doctrine which is taught by the Church, as con-

ained in Revelation, can be satisfactorily shown to be really contained therein. But I add that, in many instances, the deduction will not be clear to men not versed in such matters; that, even for those who are versed in them, a very patient investigation and a rather complicated process are necessary; and lastly that, although the deduction is perfectly legitimate and conclusive in itself, it may not bring subjective conviction to every mind, even among Theologians. We know that, in various branches of knowledge, different men think differently on some points, and see things in different lights, each claiming the truth for his own side, and yet in many of these cases it may well happen not only that the truth is on one side, as it must necessarily always be, but that the reasons adduced on that side are in themselves altogether valid, though their force is not fully seen by the opposing party. Now, the assistance promised and given by God to the Teaching Church partly consists in enabling those who form this great tribunal to see things in their true light, to perceive the force of those proofs which are in themselves good and genuine, though there may be Theologians who do not realize their efficacy.

The road taken by individual Catholics, learned and unlearned, is plain and safe. They are thoroughly satisfied of the fact of a Divine Revelation, of the institution of an Infallible Church to whose custody this Revelation has been entrusted. For them the voice of the Church is the echo of the voice of God. The proposition of particular dogmas is not viewed by them under the aspect of an argumentative deduction, but under that of an authoritative announcement of what the Revelation means. In all this, there is nothing at variance with science or with the rights of reason. God is certainly to be relied on, whether He speaks immediately by Himself or by those whom He has Himself told us to hear as His representatives.

I have been led into what may seem, and perhaps is, a digression, though not I trust an unprofitable digression. I was speaking of the Legislative Power of the Church, and of the character of her actual legislation, and I not unnaturally took occasion to state that this legislation is not of an oppressive, cramping nature, that it does not hamper men in their legitimate worldly business, nor in their pursuit of scientific or other natural knowledge. So far is this from being the case that the Church is the decided friend of human industry and of human learning.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE FATHER HENRY YOUNG, OF DUBLIN.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IX.

IN 1840 Father Young returned to Dublin, and was appointed Curate of St. Audeon's, Lower Bridge-street. It was in the May of that year that the observance of the Month of Mary, one of the most attractive manifestations of Catholic love for the Blessed Mother of God, was introduced into that city, and the church where he officiated was the one where this sweet tribute of prayers—imaged by the bright flowers which decked her altar—was publicly offered up. During his ministration in that parish, the Arch-Confraternity of Notre Dame des Victoires—Our Lady of Victories—whose very name swells the heart with the remembrance of glorious conquests over sin and unbelief, was also established, and took root in Ireland as a native growth of her soil.

Father Henry's ecclesiastical superiors appear to have entered into the spirit of his vocation, and to have employed him rather as an apostle going from place to place, kindling zeal and fervour wherever he pitched his tent, than in any continuous parochial work. He was soon removed from St. Audeon's to St. Michael and John's, where he officiated under the Rev. Dr. Blake. Whilst he occupied this position every penny of his share of the "collection" or offertory was regularly sent to the Society of St. John the Evangelist, for distribution amongst the poor. He always retained an interest in that association, and continued to befriend it after his removal to other parishes. The Church of St. Paul, Arranquay, subsequently enjoyed his ministrations, and he now and then visited his old friends the Vincentian Fathers and their beautiful church at Phibsborough, where there is still preserved a part of the little old wooden altar before which he is known to have spent many a whole night in prayer.

In June, 1841, Father James Young, after spending at Rome the year of repose to which his twenty-one years of service in the diocese had entitled him, was appointed to the united parishes of St. Margaret's and Finglass. He expressed a great desire for the assistance of his brother Henry, who accordingly took charge of the Finglass district.

The years he spent at Finglass* were most fruitful of good results.

* It is said that St. Patrick's first view of Dublin was from the high ground of Finglass, and that having gazed upon the scene he knelt down and blessed

Many of the people of that place were, strange to say, careless and irreverential in their behaviour at church. They came to Mass, but it was difficult to induce them to kneel down even during the most solemn parts of the service. What is so unhappily common in France was a singular exception in Ireland. Father Young's influence was, of course, instantly directed to this point, and, as usual, by dint of prayers, threats, and entreaties, he succeeded in carrying it. He used to tell the people who did not kneel to leave the church. Another object of his attacks was a Maypole, which, guiltless as its name and destination might originally have been, had grown into the centre of riotous gatherings. Father Young determined that it should no longer bear the innocent appellation in question, and dubbed it with the name of the "devil's potstick." At last he condemned it to destruction, and caused the sentence to be executed, much to the discontent of certain parties who derived profit from the assemblages that were held around this standard of iniquity. The time was one of great distress, and the Maypole cut up into pieces served to light the fire where Father Young's supplies of meal and potatoes for the poor were cooked. Thus the devil's potstick was converted into a kind of holocaust. The rioters tried to keep up for a while their unseemly revels in neighbouring public-houses; but there was no escaping Father Young's vigilance. Before his entrance was perceived he was in the midst of the crowd, marking the offenders, who used to fly in all directions, dreadfully afraid of being recognised by their watchful and revered pastor. Broken fiddles and pierced bagpipes sometimes testified to the summary measures adopted on these occasions by the zealous servant of God.

Nothing drew from him more severe words of reproof than the conduct of parents who allowed their children to leave home at improper hours, and who gave their daughters especially an amount of liberty incompatible with proper reserve and modesty of conduct. On that theme his eloquence was terrific. He used to paint their guilt in fearful colours, and denounce them as the authors of all the sin and sorrow which would one day result from their criminal neglect or indulgence. From house to house he

that place which he prophesied would one day be the capital of Ireland, and a city where God would be served with special zeal. The Abbey of Finglass is one of the many foundations ascribed to St. Patrick. In 1171, when Roderick O'Connor besieged Dublin, it became the chief scene of action. A grove of yew, planted by St. Canice, and held sacred by the Irish, was cut down by a party of English archers, who, according to Cambrensis, were suddenly seized by the plague. A few decayed yew trees in the church-yard still mark the spot where the consecrated grove once stood.

Literary reminiscences also belong to Finglas. The names of James Usher, of Parnell, and of Addison, are connected with the place where St. Canice planted, and St. Patrick prophesied—the first having been Protestant rector of the parish in 1615, and the others residents there in their day. Dr. Lanigan also spent at Finglass the darkened close of his life.

used to go, inquiring for the young ones of his flock; inviting them to the sacraments, winning them by his affectionate words, amusing them by his droll sayings, laying traps to catch them if they eluded his summons. Full of holy wiles, he played innocent tricks in God's cause, and cheated the devil out of many a soul. During the patterns and fairs he used to erect booths filled with boilers, whence he served out coffee and buttermilk, in order that thirst should furnish no cause for entering the public-house. Truth requires us to add that this benevolent scheme, of which Father Young had printed and circulated elaborate plans many years before this date, proved anything but a commercial success.

During Father Young's sojourn at Finglass, he lived in a wretched little room over the sacristy, the modest dwelling intended for the priest being at the time out of the hands of the parishioners. The chapel bears to this day more than one trace of the holy man's devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

On the 15th of November, 1843, he was removed to the city parish of St. Catherine, Meath-street, his birth-place, as he reminds one of his correspondents. "I often looked up," he writes, "at the windows of the room where we were all born, and at those of the drawingroom where we were born again to God by baptism."

The highest stretch of self-indulgence ever contemplated by the Curé d'Ars—it is not said he ever reached it—was once in a way to eat as much of the good bread baked at his Providence (the orphanage he founded) as would satisfy his appetite. We have evidence that Father Henry also, even with regard to bread, which St. Ignatius teaches is the food in which excess is least to be apprehended, found means to mortify himself. Whilst the new church and presbytery of St. Catherine were building he lodged in the house of a pious woman who kept a bakery. Every Sunday he gave her his portion of the collection, with directions to supply poor persons with bread. She was much distressed at his excessive abstemiousness, and now and then baked for him a loaf with finer flour than she generally used. He never failed to detect the stratagem, and to her great discomfiture gave away the delicate bread and asked for what was sold in the shop. At the house of one of his friends, a somewhat substantial and savoury dish had been prepared for his dinner. He sat down to his meal and apparently partook of it, but when he left the house it was perceived that he had dined on bread and potatoes, and left the rest untouched.

Another time, being invited to dinner by a wealthy lady, he for a long time refused, on the plea that dining out was against his usual habits. She was most urgent in her entreaties, and kept assuring him that if he would but grant her request, he might order dinner at his own hour, and be free in every respect to act as he pleased whilst in her house. Upon which he rubbed his hands, smiled, and accepted the invitation. About half an hour before the time he had named, the good Father knocked very quietly at

the door, and was shown in. He ordered the servants not to let their mistress know he had arrived, as he wished to be alone for some time, but requested them to bring up dinner as soon as possible. His orders were obeyed, and in due time a great many dishes were placed on the table. "That will do," he said, "I will ring the bell when I am ready." No sooner was he left alone than he threw up the window of the diningroom, and with the exception of one joint of meat handed over the contents of all the dishes to a troop of beggars whom he had stationed in the street on purpose. Then quietly replacing the covers, he rang the bell. His hostess and her friends came in, and great was the surprise, not to say the consternation, which ensued when the grace had been said and the covers taken off. But Father Henry, with one of his shrewd good humoured smiles, reminded the lady of the house of the full latitude she had given him, and pointing to the joint of roast beef, said, "is not that an abundance of food? What need can there be of more? All real wants are surely provided for."

If he was somewhat peremptory in his dealings with the rich, his kindness to the poor was never failing. Even where there was reason to suspect evil, it was not in his nature to do so. In every flock there are black sheep, but none such in Father Henry's eyes. Sometimes his perfect confidence in others was taken advantage of. There was indeed little in his possession that could tempt a thief, but it did happen that his cloak or his watch occasionally disappeared. When this had been the case, he mentioned it in public, and added that he should be much obliged to any one who would send him the pawnbroker's ticket, as he would like to release things so necessary to him. One day he gave the key of his room to a woman who said she had a parcel to leave for him. On returning home at night from his confessional, he found his room perfectly empty. The few articles of furniture it boasted of had vanished. Shrugging his shoulders he said with great equanimity, "I am sorry she has taken my cloak, because I have to go out to-night."

Some years afterwards, in writing to a friend, he says, "I fear that my bag may go astray, if it is not sent after me. It occurs to me, as a very distant thought, that the laundry-woman, hearing of my change of residence, may have pawned my linen, as this did happen some years ago when I was a curate in Meath-street. I trust this is not the sad case now." But he quickly adds, as if repenting of the mere suggestion of such a possibility, "but indeed I do not suspect the washerwoman."

New-born children were not unfrequently left in his way, the destitute parents knowing full well that he would provide for them. As he never refused an alms to a poor person, it may be easily imagined that he was continually pursued and beset by beggars. When their importunity and their number became over-

powering, he had resource to little stratagems in order to get rid for the time being of his clamorous escort. Unseen by the crowd he managed to slip a small sum of money on a window ledge, or a door step, and a little further on informed his followers of the spot where they would find some coppers. The rush which ensued enabled him to effect his escape.

With more vigour than ever he waged war against dance-houses. There was a notorious place of this description in St. Catherine's parish, which had baffled all his efforts to put it down. At last one night he managed to make himself acquainted with the pass-word. Muffled, disguised, and armed with a heavy stick, he thus succeeded in penetrating into the very midst of the festive scene. Then occurred what French people call a *coup de théâtre*. Father Young dropped his cloak and brandished his stick. Out of the windows as well as the doors rushed many of the young men, more afraid of his upbraidings than of a fall or a sprain. That night's surprise was the death-blow of the dancing-house. It was closed soon afterwards.

A man who exhibited in the streets a collection of wax figures, which were by no means modest, was remonstrated with by the vigilant priest, who never omitted an opportunity of checking immorality. He could not be prevailed upon either to discontinue the exhibition, or leave the place. When all methods of persuasion had failed, Father Young took more vigorous means. He overturned the board, and the obnoxious figures were smashed to pieces. Loud were the owner's complaints, for he declared that they were his only means of subsistence. If that was the case, Father Young rejoined, he would take care he should not suffer; he would himself allow him seven shillings a week as long as he lived, a promise he faithfully fulfilled.

The mere sight of the holy priest often subdued the angry passions of his people, even when inflamed with drink. A gentleman was once walking through a street in Dublin, and stopped to look at two gigantic dray porters intoxicated and fighting savagely. They shouted, cursed, and dealt frantic blows at one another. Suddenly he saw them part and stagger across the street. Having reached a wall against which they tried to steady themselves, they took off their caps with so abashed and self-convicted an air that he glanced around in astonishment to try and discover the cause of this unaccountable change. All he could see was a feeble old man, bent with age, small in stature, frail and fragile in form, slowly advancing on the opposite side of the road. This was Father Young. Even in the midst of the madness with which drink fires the brain, those wild, strong, violent men owned the influence of the meek and humble servant of Christ, who had doubtless been the protecting angel of their homes. More than once he was seen ordering drunken men out of the public house. An eye-witness mentions having observed him go up to a stalwart,

herculean labourer who was reeling along the street, and daring any one to interfere with him. Father Henry struck him with his umbrella, and said, "Go home, you are a disgrace to the street." The rebuke had an instantaneous effect. "Yes, yer reverence, I will," was the meek reply; and with one final shout for "repale," the subdued giant disappeared.

Letter writing, Father Young called "a silent thief of precious time," but when he saw occasion for it, he did not fail to address words of advice, warning, or encouragement to those who had recourse to him. The following letter was written to a cousin of his who had been re-elected Superioress of her Convent, and shrank from the continued burthen of responsibility laid upon her:—

"Our good God has placed on your shoulders during these past years, and still maintains there, the sacred burthen of your entire community. But when, through the votes of a community, sanctioned by the Prelate, He appoints humble souls to a high office, He graciously bestows at the same time His all-suffering and powerful graces to enable them to fill it competently, and to give general satisfaction in the discharge of the duties attached to their awful position. The Wise Man says indeed 'that the mighty shall be mightily tormented,' which should make us dread a mighty and weighty office. But this fearful admonition, instead of causing despair to all reasonable and religious souls, should produce quite a contrary effect; the effect St. Paul speaks of when he says, 'with fear and trembling work out your salvation.' The Royal Psalmist calls them blessed who fear the Lord and keep His commandments; for this is all mankind created. As our Lord has graciously raised you to an eminent position, you have every reason to confide in Him rather than to indulge servile fear, for He has prepared for you in Heaven for all eternity a throne and a diadem enriched with the fruit of every virtue, which will adorn your brow, when with your religious companions you follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth (Apoc. xiv.); and this, Reverend Mother, is the desire of your affectionate cousin,

"HENRY YOUNG."

CHAPTER X.

On the 15th of August, 1843, Father Young celebrated Mass on the Hill of Tara, on the morning of the great Monster Meeting for Repeal. What he felt and heard on that occasion gave rise to a resolution that during the remainder of his life he would devote himself in a particular manner to prayer for Ireland. He made a gift to his country of that perpetual sacrifice offered up on the secret altar of his heart, of that life of incessant communion with God which was growing every day more intimate. Perhaps a vision rose before him of the great work that that country was called upon to accomplish, and as he watched the fetters falling off which had so long and cruelly bound her, his soul must have indeed poured forth ardent supplications that she might be as true to her God, as Christian and as Catholic in her prosperity and her freedom as in the dark and sad days of the past.

When the great leader of the Irish people, he to whom every English as well as Irish Catholic owes a deep debt of gratitude, was lying in state in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Dublin, Father Young presided over the religious services offered up in succession by all the confraternities of the city, and attended by crowds of grateful mourners, assembled round the remains of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, whose name will for ever be connected with all that is contained in that word Emancipation—freedom to worship God with fearless and bright as well as with patient and brave hearts; the power to aim, to strive, to achieve, to win step by step each right long denied, each restitution long delayed. Honor be to him who fought this great battle without staining with one drop of blood the banner of freedom, or sullyng his soul with the shadow of a crime.

We have already said that Father Young's native parish of St. Catherine became at this time the scene of his labours. That large and poor district is one of the most ancient parts of that old city of Dublin, where piety and charity were in honour from the earliest times. We learn from an old record, that in 1313, John Dever, Mayor of Dublin, "builded at his own charges the high pike of Dublin, a bridge over the Liffey, a chapel in Thomas-street, and another in Francis-street, erected a large stone pillar in the Church of St. Saviour, and gave the great stone for the altar and all the ornaments of the church. In a year of famine he brought three ships of corn from France—one he presented to the Lord Justice, another to the Augustians and Dominicans, and he reserved the third for his own bounty and hospitality." Instances of this sort of generosity were not uncommon in the ages of Faith, when pious Christians were often great public benefactors, and carried out at their own cost works which are now seldom achieved by the zeal and charity of single individuals. Those virtues had however been singularly active in the capital of Ireland during the thirty years that had elapsed since Father Young's first installation as a priest in the parish of St. Nicholas. New churches had been built, convents and charitable institutions had been founded, religious orders of men and of women were assisting in every direction the parochial clergy, and the face of the city beginning to wear outwardly the aspect of what it had always been at heart, even in the darkest days of persecution. As so often happens in the course of God's Providence, these aids, these graces, these new auxiliaries seem to have been raised up for the express purpose of meeting new dangers to the Faith, new enemies of the Church. Poverty was fearfully on the increase, the potato famine sank it to the lowest depth, and a terrible ordeal was at hand for the poor Irish Catholics. Legal persecution was at an end, but this very circumstance aroused an army of more dangerous, more insidious foes. Force had failed in its efforts to crush the Church of Christ in the land St. Patrick

won to God. But now a system of bribery, of dire temptation, used towards men dying of hunger, tried its hand at the work which the State had abandoned. If ever there was need of the living voice of the Church, it was in that hour of strange and sharp trial. Like guardian angels, the consecrated servants of the Lord went about, whispering words of strength to the living, and of peace to the dying. When they could not carry bread to the suffering peasant, they could show him the Cross, and point to heaven, where no martyrs have entered with brighter palms than those faithful ones who bore the lingering pains of hunger rather than deny their God and their Church. It is at such times that we understand and feel the spiritual value of ascetic lives, which have placed before a watchful people examples of self-sacrifice that rise up before them in the hour of struggle and temptation as beacon-lights in a dark night, and that give to the men who have lived angel lives upon earth the right to speak, to the starving and to the dying, words of high import and superhuman efficacy.

If ever any one had that right it was surely the holy priest whose life we are studying. We find him pursuing in Dublin, on his return there after long years spent in missionary labour, with the same ardour as ever, the work of his own sanctification and the salvation of others. We borrow from authentic source the following details as to his habits, practices, mode of action, method of preaching, and ever-increasing influence over the poor of his native city. They strike us as presenting as complete a picture of sanctity, as those we find in the lives of the most eminent servants of God.

Father Young used to enter the church at a very early hour, kneel down before the altar, having near him a small table with a candle upon it. There he prayed and read alternately. In course of time, and while it was yet dark, people would begin to enter the church, to join in the prayers which he then recited aloud. Often he was so exhausted from his vigils and fasts, that notwithstanding the great efforts he made to resist drowsiness, his voice faltered and grew weak, and his head drooped. As soon as he became conscious of this he rubbed his hands violently, and shook his head to rouse himself; then, in a loud voice, recommenced giving out the prayers. It is said, that he often passed the entire night on the steps of the altar, that he might be in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

During missions and at the approach of festivals, he scarcely ever left the church, and used to fit up his confessional with a shelf for his few books, and a desk for writing, so that it supplied all his needs of library and sitting-room; and there, at all hours and times, he was ready to encourage the penitent, reconcile the sinner, and console the afflicted. In winter, people sometimes asked him how he could endure the cold of the church for so many hours. His reply was: "When I feel very cold, I have a

fire at which to warm myself." This fire was the Blessed Sacrament in the Tabernacle, before which he was wont to prostrate himself.

He always opened the doors of the church at four o'clock in the morning. Even at that early hour, there was frequently a crowd of people waiting to get a good seat at his confessional. On one occasion the rush was so great that he was accidentally pushed down, to the great consternation of his congregation, but apparently to his own extreme satisfaction. A Religious, who was eyewitness of the fact, relates that one morning on Father Young's unclosing the church doors, the assembled crowd beheld with awe and reverence that the face of the holy priest beamed with unearthly radiance. One poor man, turning to the Religious, said, with the natural poetry in which the Irish so often express themselves when much moved—"He has been spakin' with the angels." No doubt, his thoughts were more conversant with the things of heaven, than those of earth.

Death was one of his favourite subjects for meditation. He went constantly to see persons laid out after death, and to pray by their side. It was one of his rules not to read newspapers, but sometimes he glanced at the list of the dead, commending them the while to God's mercy. When the particulars of a death were detailed before him, he listened attentively, and then became absorbed in thought.

His sermons were not prepared before-hand. Sometimes, when preaching on some divine mystery, he became so wrapped in contemplation that he had some difficulty in resuming the thread of his discourse. When this occurred, he knelt down in the pulpit, and meekly said, "Let us all recite five Paters and Aves that I may be enabled to remember what I was about to say." Once on St. Theresa's day, as he was describing in a sermon the transverberation of her heart by an angel, the subject inflamed his soul with such a transport of love, that his voice and senses failed him. He remained for some time motionless, like one inspired. On coming to himself, he turned to the nuns and said, with great humility, "Sisters, I have forgotten the rest of my sermon." His style of preaching was effective, notwithstanding, or rather by reason of its simplicity. His mere utterance of a text was impressive. The superior of a community of Christian Brothers remembers how, in his boyhood, he was struck by hearing Father Henry dwell on the words, "My son, give me thy youth, saith the Lord, and I will guard thy old age."

He was fond of familiar illustrations, of parables, and proverbs; practical in his advice, familiar in his exhortations, pointed in his reproofs. The men of his flock he adjured to keep out of the public-house, the women to eschew the pawn-broker's shop; the husbands to make over their wages at once to their wives; the wives to lay out the money to the best advantage. He did not

think it beneath the dignity of the pulpit to enter into the most trivial details, when they bore upon the duties, the cares, and the spiritual welfare of his parishioners. As to those masters who make it a practice to pay their workmen on Saturday evenings at the public-house, he attacked them without mercy, and would fain have seen an old law* revived, which treated such payments as null and void, and constrained the employers to make them over again under other circumstances.

Confraternities were always his grand resource for the sanctification of the poor, and, indeed, of all classes of persons. Meetings, badges, banners, holy devotions, and innocent festivities entered into his plan for making these pious associations fruitful in blessed results. Sunday after Sunday he toiled from one place to another to guide, to watch, to animate the associates, and to increase their number. From the city alley to the mountain village; from the church where the respectably-dressed tradesmen of Dublin met together under his guidance, to the cabin amidst the hills, where the scattered dwellers gathered together with the same object, he went by turns, in all weather, to conduct the services, and maintain the spirit of those Christian guilds, so powerful as a bond of union amongst the children of the faith, so effectual in their warfare against the opposing hosts of Satan—those secret societies, which may well be termed the Devil's Confraternities. The Evil One tries to imitate that divine power which he cannot conquer; he mimics its means of grace, he arrays himself in its robes, he sets up his own standard wherever the Church plants her banner, and like the magicians of Egypt, his slaves simulate even her miracles. Such men as Father Young knew how to meet him at every turn; they are strong in the weapons he most dreads—fasting and prayer. They have turned their backs for ever on the world, his ally, and they have their own legions to lead into the

* In a treatise published by Father Young, the following passage occurs:—
“There was formerly a law enacted in favour of workmen, who could demand a second payment of their entire week's wages whenever their employers sent them to public-houses to be paid. It would be desirable if this law could be now-a-days put in force, for this double payment would soon bring employers to a sense of their duty, and oblige them to pay their workmen in their own house, or in the workshop, or at a fixed, proper, and convenient place where no drink should be allowed. It would be also desirable if employers could pay their men on Saturday mornings before they go to their breakfast instead of at evening, in order that their wives may have the whole Saturday before them to provide for Sunday and the following week.”

Workmen are frequently paid by an order or cheque for the amount due to twenty or thirty of them, which cheque is cashed at a public-house with a certain deduction for drink consumed on the spot. A young man employed at an English seaport, with self-denial and generosity enough to send sixteen shillings every week home to his mother in Ireland, described to a priest a few weeks ago how he was thus obliged every Saturday to wait for his wages in the public-house, though taking no drink, and to pay for liquor that the others drank for him.

fight—their armies of souls, bound together, not by the dark and impious oaths of unhallowed conspirators, but by the holy bonds of Christian faith and love.

The spirit of Catholic union is now arrayed against the infernal league of the enemies of Christ. As the Rosary of old conquered heretics of former ages, so will the Christian Confraternities of our days work strange wonders in our own, if only God gives to the Church many such priests as Father Henry, and to her children the faith that made his people so obedient to his teaching.

It would indeed have been impossible for any of his parishioners not to have been influenced by him. Even had they not revered him as their priest, they must have loved him as their friend. The only persons who complained of him were those who tried to make him comfortable—that very English word which we cannot doubt his holding in abhorrence.

[*To be continued.*]

TWO NEW "MAY CAROLS."

BY AUBREY DE VERR.

I.

O COWSLIPS sweetening lawn and vale,
O Harebells drenched in noontide dew,
O moon-white Primrose, Wind-flower frail!
My song should be of her, not you!

The May breeze answered, whispering low,
"Not *thine*: they sing her praises best!
Be thine her grace in theirs to show:
Her claims they prove not, yet attest.

"Beneath all fair things round thee strewn
Her beauty lurks, by sense unseen:
Who lifts the veil uprears a throne
In holy hearts to Beauty's Queen."

II.

The golden day is dead at last,
And, hiding all their blossoms white,
In one deep shade the bowers are massed,
So feebly o'er them plays the light

Of those uncertain moonless skies
Bewildered with a silver haze
Through which the unnumbered starry eyes
Bend tearful down a trembling gaze.

Against the horizon's pallid line,
Where western heaven with ocean blends,
Alone yon solitary Pine
Its cloud-like canopy suspends.

Ah, hark that Convent's chime! It swells
From dusky turrets far away :
To shepherds half asleep it tells
That Mary's daughters watch and pray.

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our story has already shown that the friendship between Alethea Howard and Margery Clyde had grown apace.

Lady Margery had not been long at court, and yet she was already learning a bitter lesson. As fresh flowers wither and fade in a heated atmosphere, so the flowers of the tender mutual love between herself and Marguerite had faded beneath the scorching glare of the world's ways and the world's pleasures.

Until the sisters came to London they had been as one. Always differing greatly in character, their deep love for each other had stood in the place of sympathy. And it was not the mere round of vulgar pleasures that had separated them now. Marguerite had plenty of admiration, and crowds of suitors would

have been at her feet, had she given them any encouragement. But she was absorbed in her affection and admiration of Lady Diana. A young girl's friendship for a woman older than herself, and apparently her superior, is rare; but, when it occurs, the affection generally takes the form of a sort of idolatry. Thus it was with Marguerite. She was completely fascinated by the "Royal governess," who, on her side, did her best to throw her toils around her victim, and thus carry out her own ends. At this moment those ends were not very clear to Lady Diana herself. She was so swayed by passion that her purpose changed day by day. At one time she wished the marriage of Philip and Marguerite to take place, at others the thought of it was abhorrent to her. For the most part, she contented herself with basking in the sunshine of Marguerite's adulation, and thus solacing herself for her domestic troubles. For Sir David Villiers had rapidly grown aged. He had been a hale old man for many years, but suddenly a trifling ailment had caused a break-up, and the once active politician had shrunk into a peevish invalid, peremptorily demanding his wife's attendance on him. Nor could she escape often under plea of her duties; for not only was the Princess Isabella a baby in arms, but the Duchess of York was a fond and devoted mother, and spent as much time, as stern etiquette would permit, with her child. Therefore Marguerite, who would wait patiently like a dog in the ante-room for the flying visits or chance moments Lady Diana could spare, who would perform any commission, and lavish any amount of sympathy, was the delight of Lady Diana's eyes. May had found herself totally neglected by her sister; and had it not been for Alethea, she would have been lonely indeed.

One day Dick Lindsay had come to call on his sister and her husband, an occupation of which he was not over fond. Lady Diana was in some dismay—a person for whom she had secured a place in the Duchess's private chapel was unable to come. "Her Highness will think it strange," she cried, "to see the place I demanded vacant." Dick, half in joke, offered to fill it, and was taken at his word.

Places in the Duchess's private chapel were eagerly sought for, for not only was the fame of *Perè de la Colombière* beginning to spread, but this chapel was the only one which might be resorted to without at least some fear of arrest.

Perè de la Colombière, writing in November, 1676, from London to a friend in France, says:—

"The subjects of the King of England are not allowed to hear Mass in the Ambassadors' chapels; and since I have been here, people have been posted at the doors of all the chapels, even that of the Queen, to seize on the English they may see going out."

The chapel used by Mary Beatrice was, as we have mentioned

before, not the royal chapel of St. James, but one of the Duchess's private apartments set apart for the purpose, and communicating with the dwelling-rooms of the chaplain.

Dick knew, therefore, he ran no risk by his appearance, and he went to the chapel with some curiosity. The Father gave a powerful discourse that day, but his words were lost on Dick. His place happened to be nearly opposite to that occupied by May and her sister, and having once fixed his eyes on May, Dick could think of nothing else. She was unconscious of the notice she attracted, and when either wrapt in earnest devotion, or paying the deepest attention to the words of the preacher, she seemed to Dick as one too fair and spiritual to be a dweller on this earth.

There were the elements of a noble character in Dick Lindsay. He had been brought up to "conform to the times," and his ideas of religion altogether were very hazy. He had no fixed employments, but hung about the court in the manner of many young men of that day, and of all subsequent "days" and courts, waiting for some plum to fall into his mouth, and meanwhile wasting his little patrimony on dress and cards. To do Dick justice, he had stood the test of the corrupt atmosphere in which he lived marvellously well. Folly and idleness, rather than actual vice, had been his characteristics; and the first real affection he had ever felt seemed in an instant to ennoble his mind. He was not found that afternoon among the idlers on the Mall, who were accustomed to strut up and down, showing off their gay apparel, for all the world like so many popinjays, and discussing the last bit of scandal with appetite.

Dick betook himself for a long solitary walk in the direction of Kensington. He had an extraordinary and sudden desire to know whereabouts stood Lord Stafford's house; for he now bethought himself that he had heard Philip Engleby say, Lord Edenhall's younger daughter spent most of her time, when off duty, at this residence of the Stafford family.

CHAPTER IX.

A DAY or two after the Sunday on which Dick Lindsay was thus affected, Lady Margery, being "on duty," passed along the corridor which led to the apartments of the Duchess of York, and knocked at the door of the tiring room. When she entered, she found Mary Beatrice in demi-toilette, her beautiful hair released from its stiff plaits, and flowing over her shoulders. Near her was seated a lady to whom Margery had never spoken, but whom she had often seen in chapel, not unfrequently shedding tears as she listened to Père de la Colombière's sermons. She was about five and twenty, and of rare beauty, while her dress of the richest

materials and the height of fashion, showed she was a person of rank and wealth.

"Oh! it is you, my May blossom," said the Duchess. "You see I have not yet begun to dress. I sent away Elise and Fanchette, and told them to come back in half-an-hour, for I wanted to have a chat with the Duchesse de Marigny. No, you need not run away, *ma petite*," continued the Princess, as Margery retreated towards the door, "our secrets are all said; and if you do overhear me eulogising our good chaplain, and begging Henriette not to give up coming to hear him, you won't betray me. She says she will never come again—she fears lest his words should take too great a hold on her. What say you, Miladi May? Let us hear one of those rare sayings of yours, which are so wise."

May smiled gaily at what she took to be a jest, and then looking up into the face of the fashionable lady, for whom she had so often secretly prayed, and who, in her turn, was gazing with some curiosity at the young girl, she said: "Would it not, your Highness, be a good thing if Madame la Duchesse saw our reverend Father himself?"

Mary Beatrice laughed outright. "Well done, May, you have said that at once which I have been lacking courage to propose."

"Oh, do, Madame," continued May, blushing to her temples with timidity, yet firmly persevering in her purpose. "The Father is so good and gentle, he will listen to your difficulties with patience."

There was an expression of irresolution on the face of the Duchesse de Marigny, and she answered not.

"Yes, Henriette," said Mary Beatrice, "she says well, go into my small, withdrawing-room, and I will send for him, and you can entertain him till I am dressed." May obeyed a sign, and went instantly to summon Perè de la Colombière, and in a few minutes the Duchesse de Marigny found herself in his presence.

"I am sorry, Father," she began, "that her Highness should have troubled you to come to me. A saint herself, this young and noble Princess, she wants all she cares for to be so also. But," added she with a smile, "I have no fancy for that."

"And yet," said the Father, "report has told me, Madame, that you are diligent in taking the first steps to sanctity."

"I hardly know what you mean, Father, unless it be that I have some respect for my name, that I do not stoop to degrading vices, and that I hear Mass every Sunday in the Queen's chapel at Whitehall."

"That is what I mean," returned he, "and in these days it is much, and our good and dear Lord, who is so grievously offended in this city is consoled by your fidelity and will reward it. He will draw you onwards by His grace to find the delights of His service."

Madame de Marigny sighed.

"What is your great difficulty, Madame?" pursued the Father. "You are Catholic by birth. What is it that prevents you from giving yourself to God? If I mistake not, your position renders you peculiarly free."

"In one sense, yes, Father. Since my husband's death I am my own mistress. No one can dictate to me how I should dispose of my fortune or regulate my time; but, Father, there are the ties of long habit. I was not brought up piously. My family, though never actually giving up the faith, 'conformed to the times' as much as they could. Comfort, and ease, and luxury have been mine since my childhood. My marriage was a happy one: my husband, indulgence itself. He was, as you know, a Frenchman, and troubled himself little about religion."

"Well, so much for the past," said the Father as she paused. "But for the future, God is speaking to your heart. Your friendship for the Duchess of York, and the kindness you have shown her, of which she has told me, assure me that good inspirations are flowing into your soul."

"Religion frightens me, Mon Père," cried Madame de Marigny. "I see the Duchess living the life almost of a saint. I looked at that little favourite of hers who came to call you to me, and I see the face of an angel. I know what Lord Stafford's daughters are, and a number of others. I have no taste for piety. I like the world and its enjoyments. I cannot be bound to control my actions and watch over my thoughts. I must be free."

"It is true," answered the Father, "that the Princess whom I serve is one of rare piety. It is true that there are some souls I know of in London who are called to great perfection, and who are following that call. But God's ways are not the same for all. 'One star differeth from another star in glory.' God calls us all to save our souls, and to keep His commandments. This is all we, His unworthy ministers, have a right to ask in His name. As to what farther He will do with the soul that obeys His law is His own work. Impelled by the whisperings of His grace, many a one who gave Him but little to begin with has given Him all without a struggle. There are souls who press onwards in the road to heaven; and we even who are vowed to His service—we, the guides of the flock—can only look up in secret wonder, as we see them far on before us. But," added he, turning to Henriette with that winning smile, that often broke like sun-light over his face, "perhaps you, Madame, are only destined to remain in the ranks of the army, and not to be put in a post of danger."

The lady laughed, but not joyously. Then the Father continued in his grave tones: "But, Madame, are you really in those ranks? Are you, indeed, on Christ's side in the combat?"

Madame de Marigny covered her face with her hands. "I have not been to confession for two years," she replied. "Until the Duchess of York came here I did not care about it, but the

sight of her sweet face has often given me remorse. I saw her amidst all her temptations and trials leading a holy life. Since you have been here, I have heard almost every sermon you have given. Often have your words pierced my heart; but the one you preached last Sunday on confession seemed made for me. When you said, "Throw your eyes over your past life, scarcely can you find a year, a day, an hour of innocence," you were describing me. When you declared that God said: 'Return, however—come back from thy wanderings, I am ready to receive thee. Is it not time to come at last to Me? Knowest thou not I am thy Father? Why wilt thou forget Me, although thou dost receive each day from My Hand thy life, and all the good things of life?' the call seemed addressed to me. And when, finally, you said: 'Go without fear—go and plunge into the blood of Jesus Christ—go and regain in that sacred flood a beauty that shall delight the angels, and gain for you the heart of God Himself;' at that moment I longed to throw myself at your feet, Father, and implore you to reconcile me with God. But, the sermon ended, I had to return to Whitehall. The world regained its power; I cannot give it up, Father, it is so sweet; and this is why I said to the Duchess I would not come again, and begged her to fill up my place."

"And will you really, Madame, go on risking your soul's salvation? For you know that should death overtake you your fate would be terrible."

"No, Father, I will come to confession. Lent is at hand, and I will not let another Easter pass over my head without the sacraments. Father, if you will have patience to interest yourself with such a being, I would implore you to hear me, but I wish not to deceive you. I cannot join this band of devoted souls you are leading to perfection. I cannot give up the world, it is too sweet."

"I will be content with what you offer me," said the Father smiling again, but a little sadly this time, "and I promise you that prayers shall rise up to Heaven for you. I possess in France and here also a treasure worth far more to me than gold or gems—the prayers of holy souls which are willingly given when I ask for them. They are prayers that can 'pierce the clouds.' They shall be offered up for you. Farewell"—and as she knelt weeping at his feet, he blessed her and withdrew. He returned to his room, and, after spending a short time in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, resumed his seat at his writing-table.

Père de la Colombière spent much time in correspondence, and thus kept up intercourse with several convents and many individuals who had been under his direction in France. Indeed, from his letters we gather that many were directed by him still by means of correspondence.

A week or two after the interview we have recorded, during which time he had seen Henriette de Marigny more than once,

he wrote as follows to a Superior of a Convent, probably one of the Visitation Order :—

“ *London.*

“ I write to you, Reverend Mother, to tell you how grieved I am at what is passing around you. Letters reached me yesterday which gave me great pain, and if I did not feel a firm hope in the mercy of God that He will take care of His good children, I could hardly be consoled. What misery it would be if, while our Lord is blessing our labours here, the enemy of our salvation should destroy elsewhere that which I had the consolation to establish with His mercy. I thank our Lord for having given me consolation by your pious letters, and I hope to derive profit from them. I really need this help, for here, Reverend Mother, I cannot tell you so too plainly, the dangers are infinite, and one has no other help than that which comes from God.

“ I have many good works on hand, all concerning the sanctification or conversion of souls. I feel an increasing zeal to aid those who wish to tend after perfection and to give the desire for it to those who have it not.

“ There is at Court a young widow about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age who, amidst the almost universal corruption, has an unstained reputation, although her beauty and wit expose her to great dangers. This lady, who is of the highest rank, never misses any of my sermons, and often sheds tears at them before everybody. She has often desires of giving herself to God, and even of giving up all things ; but she is rich, she is in the *éclat* of the world, she cannot resolve to renounce vanity. Her natural dispositions are good. I have spoken to her strongly. She listens with pleasure, but I do not see that I make any progress. She admires what is good, but has not the strength of will to embrace it. I have a great repugnance in going to see her, but I continue to go, for I have felt the same in the case of persons who finally were led back to God, and I do not desire to know what our Lord asks from me, I am contented to work on in uncertainty, only I fear to lose time which I could better employ elsewhere.

“ If this lady were to do much for God, it would be a great example, for assuredly there is no other woman at Court who can be compared to her as regards her qualities of body and soul. Pray to our good God about this. I never forget you, but I will try to remember your community more especially during your retreat. I hope God will give me grace to begin one the day after to-morrow, of which I stand in great need.—I am entirely yours in our Lord,

“ *LA COLOMBIÈRE.*”

[*To be continued.*]

A HERO IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS," &c., &c.

JEAN CORDIN was the son of a peasant, but if of lowly birth, his father had been a man of strict integrity and unswerving fidelity; as a soldier, he had done his duty more than bravely, having on one occasion risked his life to save that of his commanding officer. M. le Général Comte de Vardier had never forgotten this touching instance of his attachment for his person, and when the poor fellow was dying he had sat beside his bed administering all the consolation in his power, and as he received his last sigh had promised always to care for the little son he had now left an orphan.

From that day, accordingly, Jean was removed, sobbing indeed as if his heart would break, from beside his father's remains, to become an inmate of the General's chateau. His good master kept his promise truly, and had the boy instructed in all that would make him good and useful, fostering with care the excellent principles the child had inherited from his father, so that he soon became a universal favourite in the household. Zealous, trustworthy, and intelligent, as he grew older, the General could always confide to him the most important missions. How proud such a lad would be of these proofs of his master's high opinion it is needless to say, and so enthusiastic was the attachment with which he reciprocated it, that, had he but had the courage, he would have given his very life for him.

This, alas! however, was poor Jean's weak point, he had *no* courage, and with all his excellent qualities, he was of so gentle and timid a nature that it had been found impossible, whether by raillery, remonstrance, or encouragement, to inspire him with the smallest spirit of bravery.

It may be supposed that as Jean approached the age which made him eligible for the calling of a soldier the coming of the inevitable conscription was awaited with considerable apprehension by the Count and his household, and with insuperable awe by the boy himself. The former, it is true, looked to circumstances to accomplish what education had failed to produce, and the latter could only fall back, trembling, and in secret even weeping, on the forlorn hope that he might draw a "lucky" number.

Such, however, is the "left-handedness of human affairs" that *luck* refused to have anything to do with the matter, and among those whose fate called on them to meet the claims of their country the very "worst" number was that which fell to the hapless Jean Cordin!

Jean was in a woful plight. Still when he saw that he, of all the lads who shared his fate, was the only one who trembled at

the future he foresaw, he forebore to betray his pusillanimous sentiments, and for shame's sake summoned sufficient energy to assume a calm and composed countenance. If, therefore, it was with a melancholy foreboding he bade adieu to the friends of his childhood, and looked his last at the hospitable roof that had so generously sheltered him, he contrived not to give way to his emotion ; but, no sooner did he find himself alone and out of sight of his new comrades, than all this forced equanimity forsook him, and he fairly broke down beneath the weight of this first separation, and the ominous terrors which beset him.

Fortunately, perhaps, for our reluctant recruit there was neither time nor opportunity for indulging such feelings in those stirring days when war was the rule and peace the exception, when aggression was the habit of mind of the *Chef de l'Etat*, glory—the "*gloria paucorum*" indeed—the egotistical and ill-considered object of his life, and bloodshed the iniquitous result. Battle followed so rapidly on battle that there was scarcely time so much as to drill the raw peasant-lads, who, pressed unprepared into the service, were fain to fight as best they could, and whose only chance was to substitute valor and enthusiasm (when they could muster it) for experience and skill.

Jean had been but a short time in the ranks when his regiment was ordered to the Peninsula, and he found himself in the midst of work—work of which he had hitherto formed no idea and for which he certainly had no proclivities. On the evening of the arrival of the troops at their destination it was reported at the bivouac that there was to be an engagement the very next day, and too surely was this rumour confirmed. Not many hours after, Jean found himself in the midst of the fire. The horror and novelty of the situation seemed to deprive him of his faculties ; bewildered by all that surrounded him, and terrified by the dangers he apprehended, the wretched lad felt himself powerless to fight, and dropping his musket he slid from the ranks and deliberately took to his heels. Escape, however, was not so easy, and as he fled he was pursued, overtaken, and captured. Handcuffing and imprisonment followed, and at the first breathing-time of the authorities he was carried before a court-martial, tried, and condemned to death !

His good master, apprised of these melancholy details, betook himself at once to the military prison where the lad was confined, and found him, naturally enough, in the most abject condition. The poor fellow, who was nevertheless full of excellent qualities, had not in him the stuff of a soldier ; for, utterly indifferent as to assuming a semblance of valor, he threw himself at his master's feet, and cried like a child ; then raising towards him, in the most piteous way, his wan face, he asked in lamentable tones why he could not have been left to serve his country in some of the peaceful arts for which he was fitted, instead of being forced into a profession for which he

had no aptitude. He even declared, the moment he quitted his post he was perfectly unconscious of what he had done.

"O, Monsieur le Comte, O, mon bon Général!" said he in broken accents, "I was so happy in your honoured service. There was nothing within my capacity that I was not ready to do for you, and you know that I always did my best, no matter what trouble it cost me, so that I could but satisfy you. Don't desert me now, good sir. . . . Life, as I knew it under your protection, was so peaceful, so calm, so happy! Must I say good-bye to it all at eighteen! I never hurt anybody in my life, not even an animal, and must I be shot dead by my own comrades to whom I have always rendered all the services I could. . . . I did not want to be a soldier—I knew I was not fit for fighting," he continued, as he embraced the knees of the venerable officer. The latter, mastering his emotion, endeavoured to reason with the unhappy youth, showing him that as every citizen enjoyed the benefit of a protecting army, none should shrink from sharing in the danger incurred in maintaining that defence; but, alas! he knew too well that however sound his logic, his premises were false; for the war in question was purely aggressive, and not a drop of blood shed in its behalf but might have been spared, not a heart broken by that bloodshed but might have been made to bless instead of cursing the name of Napoleon.

It was all in vain, however, that he poured out his well-meant exhortations on the wretched recruit. As Jean had truly said, it wasn't in him, and the good General found the visiting hour had expired before he had produced the slightest impression on him. With a sad heart therefore it was that he turned away, promising that his best influence should be exerted, as far as it went; yet bidding him build no hopes on the result, but rather receive the Sacraments, go to Confession, and prepare for Eternity as fervently as he could. The General was as good as his word. He repaired at once, though with but faint hopes of success, to the residence of Maréchal Soult. Having obtained an interview, he represented the case with all its extenuations; but the Marshal, as he indeed expected, only replied by appealing to his own judgment and experience as an officer, and asking him whether he really thought, in the face of the army, such an offence could possibly admit of pardon. The General was silenced, and probably also convinced; but when he withdrew from the Marshal's presence it was not with the intention as yet of abandoning the cause he had taken in hand, and he resolved to go straight to the Emperor himself, from whom, as the gratuitous cause of so much misery, he hoped to obtain one compensatory act of clemency in behalf of the servant who had always been so true to him.

Jean had meantime been led back into his little cell and there left to his own gloomy introspections; he had sunk down in an

attitude of utter despondency on his hard bed, where he lay lost in the thoughts of his coming doom. Presently he drew from his pocket his rosary, and fastening his gaze on the crucifix endeavoured in vain to recal the exhortations of the chaplain who had heard his confession, and to offer up his sufferings to Him who also had undergone an unjust and ignominious death.

While thus occupied the day had grown darker, and the shades of evening fast gathering in had added their gloom to the forebodings of the unhappy prisoner, when the tread of steps along the corridor awoke his attention; in such circumstances almost any sound that diverts the thoughts from the one pre-occupation is a relief, and a sudden flush animated his pale and tear-stained face; he listened, and his heart beat rapidly as he discerned that some one was approaching: would they pass on? — yes — no, the key grated in the lock, the door opened, and no other than the General stood before him. With an energy of which a few minutes before he would have thought himself incapable, Jean sprang to his feet, and looking into his master's benevolent eyes tried to read in their expression the secret on which depended life or death.

The kind face wore a gentle smile which went far to reassure the poor fellow, who now saw in the embarrassment which seemed to suspend his master's utterance, the hesitation of one who fears too suddenly to substitute good tidings for bad, and to change at one touch the shadow of the grave for the sunshine of life.

"Ah, mon Général, mon bon Général!" exclaimed Jean in an ecstasy of hope, "I know, I feel you are bringing me joyful news—you have—you have obtained—a reprieve?—perhaps a commutation?—or perhaps even—oh, what am I saying!—can it be possible you are bringing me a par——" but the reaction had been too great, the unfinished word died on the poor boy's lips, and he fell back in a swoon.

The General's distress was serious, he even felt reluctant to call him back from his comparatively happy unconsciousness, and was more perplexed than ever how to address him. When Jean recovered himself, however, he exacted from him a promise to be more manly and self-possessed, and then at his earnest request proceeded to relate to him his ill success with the Commander-in-Chief, and the extreme difficulty he had had in obtaining an audience of the Emperor, to whom he had found that so much as to speak of commuting the punishment of a deserter was an unheard of thing. "You must perceive, Jean," he continued in the gentlest and most considerate tone, "that offences such as yours must inevitably be dealt with severely, and that military discipline must needs be enforced by military laws." He paused as he saw the effect of his words: Jean's face had once more become wan and his lips bloodless; the General heaved a deep sigh, but he had taken his resolution, and he now added hastily: "Wait to the end; if therefore in your case a very special and unheard of

mercy has been exercised, the circumstances under which alone it can be accorded are such as in a soldier's eyes to be scarcely short of death itself; you will undergo every detail of the deserter's punishment, beginning with the terrible infamy of degradation from the military profession, and it will only be after suffering the very semblance of death that you will be released."

The General ceased speaking, and looked keenly at Jean, who, rescued as it were from the very jaws of death, gave vent to his joy and gratitude with the most extravagant demonstrations; the threatened disgrace had no terror for him; military ambition was a sentiment to which his heart had never expanded, and he looked on glory with the indifference of a philosopher. Life—life in its spring-time, with all its budding possibilities unopened, was once more before him, and never had it seemed so precious as now.

Those only who have been relieved from the deadly terror of approaching doom can picture to themselves the reactionary result on the mind of Jean Cordin; he fell at his master's feet unable to utter a word, and as the latter drew back distressed at the demonstrative gratitude he had felt must come, but had used every effort to repress, the poor fellow stooped and kissed the very ground on which he had trodden.

"Come, come, Jean," said the worthy officer, who, veteran as he was, stood moved at the sight; "this is not manly, you must assert the dignity of your sex, and not give way to these impulses of a weak nature as if you were a girl; I pray you let me see more firmness of character and equanimity whether under adversity or prosperity."

Jean tried to listen with respect to these and other more serious exhortations, but it was difficult to control the emotions of his heart, and almost before the General had done speaking he had flown back to the subject which had absorbed him.

"Can it indeed be true?" said he. "O my good master, a second time you have been a father to me, you have given me a second life; that life shall be devoted to you and, much as I dread death, I could lay it down to serve you."

"What," exclaimed his master, as if struck by a sudden thought, "do you truly mean that at my bidding you would make, and bravely, the sacrifice of your life?"

At this question, seriously asked, Jean turned ashy pale, and the General instantly repented of his words as he noted their effect on the simple youth but now so elated.

"O master!" said he, and there were tears in his choking voice, "I did mean it, indeed I did; and if you take me at my word I will not go back from what I said; only let me live just a little while first. I am so young to die, and Jeanette will be so unhappy; let me go back to the dear old château and see it once more, and watch the sun, the beautiful sun, rise over the meadows, and hear again the morning sounds of the farm-yard; let me again behold

the last rays of the red evening light behind the dark forest—let me set my foot once again within the old village church and kneel at the altar where I made my first communion; let me again visit my father's grave, and say good-bye to my little Jeannette.—and ——” Here poor Jean completely broke down, and the General had some difficulty in overcoming his own emotion, but he contrived to say in his natural accents:

“Jean, my lad, this is childish; how can you think I would accept your life either now or at any time? I should be glad to see you more brave for your own sake; and the only sacrifice I ask of you is that you will, after offering the remainder of your days, whether more or fewer, not to me, but to your Maker, nerve yourself to undergo with becoming fortitude the terrible penance you have understood you are to suffer.”

The prisoner, whose excitement was considerably modified by the deliberate seriousness of his master's words, promised faithfully that he should be satisfied with him on the solemn occasion, and taking an affectionate leave of him the good General hurried away.

The morning came, and with it to Jean Cordin the waking recollections of his commuted punishment. He rose hastily and devoutly performed his morning orisons. Scarcely was he dressed before he heard the approaching footsteps of the jailer followed closely by those who were to take him in hand. The “*toilette*” of the convict, as it is called, was the preliminary process, and to this Jean consigned himself, but not without a shudder, for he could not in the face of this image of death forget how narrowly he had escaped the reality. However, fortifying himself with the remembrance of his promise, and the comforting reflection that it would soon be over, he placed himself in the hands of his comrades. His eyes were bandaged and he was led out: arrived in front of the regiment they were ordered to halt; the sentence was read, and Jean was formally declared unworthy to serve. Well, indeed, may the punishment of *dégradation* be looked upon by the French soldier as scarcely less terrible than death itself. Jean listened to this reading in a calm and becoming attitude, so that those present could not but be edified by the modest, humbled, and yet self-possessed demeanor they had so little expected to witness in him. A gendarme now approached, and a thrill of horror seemed to make the whole body of men quiver as, with a determination as inexorable as that of justice itself, he tore off one by one the buttons of the lad's uniform, and deprived him of all the insignia of his military profession. The *Aumonier* was by his side continuing to exhort him to resignation, and he now placed the crucifix in his hands which Jean carried piously to his lips, but to the astonishment of his comrades, without betraying the slightest emotion. At the command to kneel he obeyed without wavering, and the *Aumonier*

having embraced him with an inward admiration at his firmness and bravery, withdrew to a short distance and knelt in prayer. There was an awful silence.

"*Portez....Armes !—Apprêtez....Armes !*"—shouted in stentorian accents of command the practised voice of a non-commissioned officer; there was another pause; the prisoner retained his unflinching attitude. Could this be "*Jean le poltron*" whose desertion had surprised no one in the regiment?

A third time the voice of the sergeant was heard: "*En joue—Feu !*" said he—but the prisoner moved not; in less than ten seconds the awful explosion sent terror into every heart, for honest, confiding Jean Cordin had fallen back a corpse!

His good master, whose indefatigable efforts had proved unavailing to save the life of his hapless servant, had done the best he could for him; he had at least removed the sting of death during his last hours, and had obtained for his memory the respect and admiration of his regiment. He had created an opportunity for him to redeem his character, for, after all, "*Jean Cordin the coward*" had died the death of a hero!

ANGELS IN HEAVEN.

"But thou shalt rejoice in thy children, because they shall all be blessed, and shall be gathered together to the Lord."—Tobias, xiii., 17.

I.

O H, what a grace to me is given
To have my angels three in Heaven
Three angels who with me have been,
One was my baby-wonder Willie,
One was my darling little Lillie,
And one my gentle Josephine.

II.

A bud of one brief spring-tide's brightness,
A lily whose unsullied whiteness
Through thirteen joyous Junes was seen,
While eighteen summers with the sweetness
Of their roses—and their fleetness—
Twined their wreaths for Josephine.

III.

That bud a perfect bloom is blowing,
That lily now is lovelier growing,
Transplanted to a sunnier sod,
While she, the sunflower of the seven,
Revives, the amaranth rose of heaven,
Amid the garden groves of God.

IV.

Ah, shall I ever see those bowers ?
Ah, shall I ever clasp those flowers
Once more unto my beating breast ?
Ah, shall it be, my sins forgiven,
My stains washed white, like snow that's driven,
I with my angels too may rest ?

V.

O blessed hope ! Delight elysian !
O blissful dream ! Ecstatic vision !
O Life that Death cannot destroy !
To see once more my darlings' faces,
To fold them in my fond embraces,
To taste with them eternal joy.

VI.

O Josephine, by Joseph kneeling,
O Lillie, to the Lamb appealing,
O Angel, to the Angels' Queen,
Join all your prayers and your entreating,
Bring round for me that happy meeting,
And make to be what once hath been.

VII.

And for the others here remaining,
The gentle mother uncomplaining,
The sweet nun-sister in her cell,
The tenderer one that needs most caring,
The brothers for life's fight preparing,
Oh, guard the golden circle well.

VIII.

Let not the precious ring be broken,
 Let not a missing pearl betoken
 A loss beyond all other loss,
 But, as the Master-hand hath finished,
 Be found undimmed and undiminished,
 Encrowned and crimsoned by the Cross.

GOOD FRIDAY, April 3, 1874.

[All but one will thank me—and *he*, I trust, will forgive me—for rashly hurrying this affecting poem into print without waiting for a permission which might too probably have been withheld.—ED. I. M.]

 SCHOLASTIC PRIGGERY.

THOSE who live in glass houses must be careful how they throw stones, and men who are always on the alert to criticise their neighbours will hardly escape scot-free themselves. Think twice before you complain of your neighbour's English: your own may not be immaculate. And think twice before you condemn your neighbour's manner of speech; you yourself may be committing blunders which a bad habit only has made to you second nature. What is admitted, too, in one age is tabooed in another; and we sexagenarians must not measure our youthful friends' practice by the standard of fifty years ago. Then we spoke of a *dish* of tea; then we travelled by stage coaches; then gentlemen sat at their wine when the ladies had retired.

But the precise topic of the article we are writing is the pronunciation of words. In this country we must allow a large margin for difference of taste and opinion. Anybody has a right to pronounce *v*, *a*, *s*, *e*, in any one of three ways; whether he choose to sound the *a* as in *mane*, or as in *all*, or as it would be pronounced in French. Even in the word *humble*, we, who would as soon think of flying as leaving out the aspirate, must tolerate in those who prefer to leave it out, its omission: neither may we condemn those of our friends who may choose to call *knowledge*, *kno-ledge*, however much we may prefer to call it *knol-ledge*.

It is *prejudice* which would be over-exacting in putting into use Procrustes' bed in such cases as we have instanced, and it would be *priggishness* for the classical scholar to insist upon pronouncing English derivatives according to the quantity of the original Latin or Greek words. Yet this latter practice it looks as though some

had the wish to introduce. It would, however, be in direct contradiction in most cases to the English habit of throwing the accent as far towards the beginning of the word as possible. Take our words ending in *able*: our ultra-Latinist would have to say *admirable*, *probable*, *inscrutable*, and this would be positively *intolerable*. Our words ending in *ary* would have to be lengthened too, and though we should be supported by the authority of the poet:

Mistress Mary,
Quite *contrary*,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells,
And cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row;—

yet when we found that we should have to say *primary* and *secondary*, *library*, *emissary*, and *auxiliary*, we should be disposed to affirm that the poet had adopted rather a bold poetical licence. Then our words in *ative*: in the nankeen period of my existence I recollect that I had to speak of the *optative* mood in Greek; some hypercritical scholars, knowing that in Latin the *a* is long, have introduced the pronunciation *optative*, and it has become common. But why did they not extend the application of their non-English priggishness and oblige us to say *accusative*, *conservative*, and *relative*? Another class of verbs would be hardly recognisable; we should have to *investigate* questions, to *asseverate* the truth, to *castigate* naughty boys; and would not such *elaborate* pedantry be enough to *irritate* a saint, or at least make an ordinary man *desperate*?

I suspect that our grandfathers said *inimical* and *décorous*; but now-a-days the long *o* of the Latin word has gained the victory, though vanquished in *victory* itself. Established use also saves us from *parsimony* and *patronage*; while on the contrary, if Latin quantity were followed, we should have to offer our *condolence* to the merchant whose ship founders at sea, pat on the head the *precocious* child, and regard the *religious* susceptibilities of our countrymen. Greek derivatives would come in for their share of progress in priggery, and we should have to pay our respects to the bishop of our *diocese*, and admire his *cáthedral*, and in other company compare *tragedy* with *comedy* (at the *theatre*, by the way), unless we chose rather to discard the *rhapsodies* of our sciolists.

We, laymen, might have less compassion for the faculty of medicine when we found them called upon to account for certain pronunciation of words recognised in their schools; they would have to say *lenitive electuáry* and *soap liniment*; they would have to prescribe *énemas*, *émetics*, and *sudorífics*, *alterátives*, and *vesicants*; to talk of the *cicátrix* of a wound, and, in their anatomy, to say *ducránon quádriceps*, *appendices epiphóica*, and their whole science would be *medicínal*.

Botanists would fare as ill ; or rather, in order not to be wholly unintelligible to the young ladies in their flower garden, the scholar must be content to give up *árbutus*, *clématus*, *cy'clamen*, *anemóne* : hard lines truly, but better so than brag one's scholarship so much out of place. Botany reminds us of the worthy dean who mildly suggested *horticultúral* when his friends invited him to visit the *horticultural* gardens ; his friend rejoined that it was as *nátural* to say *horticultúral* as it was *nátural* to say *horticultural*.

Time would fail, and space and patience too, if we undertook to exhaust our examples ; suffice it to add that priggishness would force upon us, if allowed to be consistent, *Philadelphia*, and *Bacchána*, *mendicant*, *blasphémous*, and *origin* ; *literátur*e, and *aquédúct*, *sacráment*, *infámy*, and *intrepid* ; *diffident* and *condiment* ; *perjúry* and *délégate*. Shakespear saves us from *Hyperion*—" *Hyperion to a Satyr* !" though he might wish us to say *persevere*.

When the Latin scholar, who is so squeamish upon some points, consents to call himself a *Latinist* instead of a *Latínist*—well, let him adopt all these changes if he will, but not try to force them upon us. X.

TO THE LILY IN THE HAND OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

FAIR the timid violet blows,
 Sweet the blushing of the rose—
 Lovely every flower that springs
 Fresh to life 'neath Zephyr's wings.
 But the flower that most I prize
 Steals its radiance from the skies.
 'Tis not born to flatter sense—
 'Tis the flower of Innocence.
 Yea, beyond or fruit or flower
 Decking Pleasure's sunny bower,
 Thee, the pride of vernal skies,
 Peerless lily, thee I prize.
 Cherished leaf of Eden's land,
 Pure enough for Louis' hand !
 In that hand, fair lily, be
 Emblem meek of Purity,
 Wooing bright and guileless Youth
 On to virgin love and truth.

M. O'F.

OUR FOREIGN POST-BAG.—LETTER III.

AN UNTRAVELLED ISLANDER ABROAD.

I HAVE only a few odd minutes now and again to jot things down for you, so expect a very irregular letter.

I must first beg of you never again to believe any one who declares that the reality of things is not so sweet as the expectation. It is true that in foreign travel you may not see the identical pictures which your dreams have known, but you are all the more surprised and charmed to find others which are perfectly new. My ideal Antwerp, which I have known ever since I first made a hero of Rubens, has now dissolved away, and is nothing but the royal ghost of a city, such as your eye shapes out of the after-sunset clouds; yet the new Antwerp I have discovered is a delightful reality. My city of old was dark and deep-coloured, while this one is dazzlingly clear, and its tints are of the freshest and daintiest. The place I knew was inhabited by people of the middle-ages, whereas I now find around me the manners of the present day just touched to quaintness by the foreign rendering. The dream Antwerp was vague and unsatisfactory with all its charms, I knew not my way through its mazes, nor could I enter its dwellings; but here all is happily substantial and I make acquaintance with new wonders every hour.

After a night of wild sea-sickness spent on deck under a warm, dim sky alive with stars, we forgot our agonies at seeing the sun rise over the broad Scheldt; and looking intently on before me I saw a shadowy finger rise from the horizon line and point to the sky. "It is Antwerp, it is the Cathedral," said my friends; but still I saw only a flat line and a dark finger pointing. This mysterious shaft grew and became taller and more solid, and after a time loomed mightily in the distance from the dead level of the land line, reminding me of the genie in the "Arabian Nights" who issued gradually in smoke from the jar, and stood at last in tremendous dignity on the lone sea-shore. This is how Antwerp first appears to visitors from the Islands. I thought for a long while that there could be nothing left of the city but this wonderful spire, that the streets had been burnt down or swallowed up; till at last the long flat line of shore broke up into uneven edges, clutches of peaked roofs raised their heads, and the quaint old town was revealed sitting meekly at the feet of its great Cathedral.

It was Sunday morning, all the bells were chiming, and the August sun glittering on everything as we steamed up to the quay and prepared to disembark. On one side of us boats were floating lazily casting clear gray shadows on the tawny green water; pur-

ple-brown boats with purplish sails, laden with straw piled up high into masses of gold. On the other side was the brown line of quay with the shipping against and above it; in the distance trees and houses, with their gay green and red peeping between the spars and over the dark heavy sails; and above and beyond all, the marvellous spire towering in the sky and catching the sun upon its crown of airy lacework, which hangs lightly in the blue air as if touched into existence by the fingers of elves.

We had barely time to catch the last Mass at the Cathedral, and hurried out of the confusion on the quay. I found myself presently in the midst of trees which festooned themselves against queer, irregular houses, the windows of which were open as if taken right out and the spaces filled up with flowers. Hurrying along and glancing about me on all sides, I suddenly saw a shrine hang out from a corner overhead; the Blessed Virgin was holding her child towards me, and this was my first welcome to Antwerp. People were coming and going to and from Mass; we asked our way, and many turned to look at us as we rushed along with shawls over our arms, looking very like foreigners I dare say. We met men in blue blouses, women with high caps, little girls prim and picturesque, soldiers, gaily dressed ladies, all kinds of folk; and still saw the mighty spire looming over everything, making a picture of each street; while shrines met us at every point, and in the distance we caught a glimpse of a Calvary, grim and ghastly, against a gloomy back wall of the Cathedral.

At last a sudden turn brought us right in front of the Cathedral, which had seemed to be flying from us and leading us a chase ever since we touched land. I tried now to look up to the top of the spire, but it rocked about in the clouds and I grew dizzy before my eyes got to the top. Being in a state of bodily exhaustion from sickness and selfishness I felt, with the strangest contradictory sensations, that I was slumbering on my feet, yet all the while thrilling with excitement and expectation. The people were going in and out of the great entrance like mice; and we, too, became like mice, and passed in with the others under the magnificent arch into the solemn shadows and gorgeous lights of the interior.

Feeling that I am an islander travelling for the first time, and writing home to an islander as yet utterly untravelled, I do not feel afraid my honest joy in what I now behold will be smiled over pityingly by eyes which have seen so much that they can no longer find beauty in anything. I may tell you then that it was a moment in my life never to be forgotten when I found myself swept in with a multitude across the threshold of Antwerp Cathedral, meeting another multitude pouring outward, and was able to realize the vastness of the place which can thus easily receive the whole world into its bosom. In and out of the dim shadows and through the rainbow lights the crowds passed and repassed as freely as if crossing the market place; only by the tranquil, reve-

rent faces one could see that something sweet and awful was going forward. Here was no jostling nor hurrying; time and space were for every one, and feet moved leisurely as if to the rhythm of the music; whilst at the same time all was brilliance and movement, the mere coming and going of so many people causing a constant shifting of colour and scene. The quaintness of the dress added much to the picture—the old women wearing neat black scarfs, and white, long-flapped caps, which took my fancy particularly; and the little girls looking each as if she had been lifted bodily out of the frame of an old Flemish painting. One of the latter I noticed particularly, who raised a pair of demure eyes and looked at me gravely in passing: she wore a petticoat of pinkish-yellow stuff with dark stripes upon it, a snow-white pinafore forming her upper dress, beautifully got up, the sleeves sitting out crisp and full; her hair, brushed smooth as glass, was done up tight like a woman's, and her boots were white leather; she had no hat or bonnet, and walked along with her book clasped tightly between her folded hands, looking as solemn and reverent as could be.

Through the vistas of soaring pillars and spreading arches we saw the gleaming of the altars; and as we moved about, flashes of deep colour came between the pillars as the windows glowed on us. Gold, and purple, and crimson, shot across the gray, grave columns, and into the shadows under the arches. We stood for some time in front of Rubens' picture, "The Descent from the Cross," and I had my first great lesson on the difference between copies and an original. I had seen many copies of this wonderful work, and yet the picture was almost as new to me as though it had never been imitated. We heard Mass at a side altar, I in a state of somnambulism all the time. Indeed, so constantly had I seemed to sleep upon my feet since we left the boat, that it is a marvel to me how I picked up the impressions which I have tried to describe to you.

I must say a word about our pretty hotel, which we enter through a glass-door, a hall, a court-yard with flowers and statues; walls and trellis, hung with vines and creepers, through which our windows peep. We have a charming suite of rooms, all decorated with blue and gray, and shaded by those delicate white blinds trimmed with embroidery, which are so exquisitely noticeable in Antwerp. From our windows we can hear the merry singing and strange chatter of the laundresses and kitchen-maids, and often see them cross the court yard in the sun, looking pleasantly fresh and quaint in their round snow-white caps and dark-blue petticoats. Just under our rooms is the apartment of the landlady and her daughters, who, dressed in the most elegant toilettes of cambric, are fond of sitting out at evening in a little veranda hung with pendent flower-baskets, where they sip their coffee and chat over their fancy-work.

On Sunday afternoon we went to see the church of St. Jacques, which is much more richly decorated than the cathedral. Here we first noticed the wonderful carved-wood confessionals which are peculiar to Antwerp, in which the recess on either side for the penitent is formed by a large and life-like figure, either a saint with his or her attributes, or a personification of penance. It is impossible to describe the startling effect of these figures—the almost living expression which the carver has thrown into their meek, or thoughtful, or agonized faces. The rich brown colour of the wood gives them a tone of strange warmth; and often, while looking at them, I have been struck with the thought that never before had I seen human nature mimicked with such fearful fidelity. In another church, St. Paul's, it is something awful to wander among the shadows in one particular part, where there is a great mustering of these confessionals. The strange brown people seem to gather round you and oppress you with the tragedy of their sorrow; but looking more closely, one perceives that among them there are shining and glorified faces; and one feels that indeed the fine old Flemish carvers well understood the meaning and use of confession, placing on one side the penitential kneeling board the anguish of a stricken conscience, and on the other an image of serene peace and heavenly grace.

The altar-piece in St. Jacques is a wonderful piece of stone carving, the tabernacle is covered with ruby velvet curtains, which are looped and held back by little silver cherubs who are flying over it, and fluttering about it. The screens of the choir are of very splendid wood-carving, and the windows are fine and richly coloured. While we lingered and gazed, a friar in a brown habit came out and preached to a congregation which gathered round the pulpit, making a small straggling crowd in the vastness of the church. This was a little afternoon sermon preached in Flemish, not altogether for the poor, as there were some rather distinguished-looking gentlemen among the most earnest of the listeners. There were also soldiers, men in blue blouses, the dear old women with their caps and scarfs, or the long cloak which looks so Irish; many boys, and a number of those delightfully prim quaint little girls; all the children sitting right in front of their elders, and looking up intently at the preacher. It was all a picture—the friar in his brown habit and tonsure; the glow of a burning window between the pillars; the figures clustered below in their various costumes of every hue; the enchanting distances of shadow and colour. I fell again into my waking sleep while listening to the monotonous sound of a language I did not understand, and while I saw everything with open eyes, I also heard the Flemish sermon in excellent English. The sermon over, the congregation dispersed, and music poured down from the organ, which is curiously placed above the entrance to the choir, and is of dark-brown wood carved with wonderful angels and other figures. The people had

now gathered into the choir, and from out a side-door in the distance came a priest in gorgeous robes, bearing the blessed Sacrament, followed by others in splendid vestments; gentlemen carrying long candles like flaming staves; a little boy with a sweet innocent face walking backwards in front, ringing a peal of silver bells. There was Benediction; the priests sat at a magnificent carved reading-desk supported by a gigantic eagle, their sumptuous vestments spread out behind them; while quite near knelt the poor old women in their white caps, in the best places of the choir; making one feel that here, in this palace of God, there is no distinction known between the rich and the poor. A procession was formed, the like of which you have never seen. Six gentlemen carried each a great gold lantern which looked somewhat as the street lamps at home might look if they were taken up, slightly refined in their proportions, and gilded all over. The banners were truly splendid; enormous things hanging every way, and flashing with gold, and purple, and crimson. A wonderful canopy, of a richness I cannot describe, was held over the blessed Sacrament, and a number of gentlemen carrying the staff-like candles, followed the priests and the lanterns. The people rose from their knees and followed the procession with a wrapt and happy air, which seemed to think not of show, but suggested that this was to them a simple expression of devotion to which they were well accustomed, and which satisfied their hearts.

The whole world is alive here at four; and yesterday morning I stole out early by myself, to look at the streets. Imagine the joy of your untravelled Islander at thus exploring alone the labyrinths of the mainland of the world! A market was being held in the Place de Meer; women were sitting at stalls, surrounded by their merchandise; small carts, drawn by dogs, were moving about; there was a great bustle going on. I passed through different streets, and saw the pretty shops opening, with their beautifully embroidered blinds, half let down against the too brilliant sunlight. In the Cathedral I found various Masses going on in nooks among the cool shades and deep-coloured lights. I felt inclined to sit down in a corner, under one of those streams of pale amber light, and to wait there for ever, forgetting to go back into the troublesome world. However, I remembered the *petits pains* and coffee in the *salle-a-manger*, at the hotel, and I changed my mind, and returned to breakfast.

That evening we spent at the house of an English artist, who is at present studying art at the Academy of Antwerp. We entered from the thoroughfare at a closed gateway into a queer green nook, which we could not have expected to meet within ten miles of the city. We threaded a long paved lane, with trees looking over the walls, and then a court, also paved with round stones, with trees and grass growing to one side, and a great gabled roof at the end. Here we were within the precincts of an ancient convent, in

which the few houses on our right had been made, out of the remains of a cloister. This being so, our friend's house was, of course, haunted; and indeed it was, taken for all and all, one of the most curious, and not the least charming dwellings I have seen. The family received us in the court, where they were sitting, enjoying the evening air—the artist, his wife, and two very beautiful children, waited on by a pretty nursemaid. Our hostess, a handsome young Irish lady, gave us tea in her *salle*, which was one of the prettiest rooms I have ever been in. The chief features in the arrangements, which I found peculiar, were the exquisite embroidered blinds; the fire-place, which comes out into the room in a curious way; and two enormous round dishes of china, which stand, each on a *buhl* cabinet, one on either side of the chimney. *Apr**pos* of the latter, our hostess told us that the passion for old china, as an ornament, is quite extraordinary in Antwerp; that, when paying a visit to the drawing-rooms of some of her acquaintance, she must be as careful in her movements as though entering a china shop.

We were invited to visit the artist's studio, which he had made out of a *grénier* at the top of the house; and as we ascended we were bidden to observe the curious narrow winding stair, the tiny landings, or perching places, between the flights, and the queer, crooked rooms and passages which branched off on either side. The studio was a perfect nest of treasures—old pictures, antique wooden chests of wonderful carving, which were stuffed with various properties of art. Out of these receptacles came, among other valuables, a mummy's head; an ancient satin gown of a curious shimmering olive colour, the latter of a make and fashion which suggested that it could only have been worn by the mummy. We also saw many strange old books—an extraordinary Bible, carved wooden mugs and drinking goblets of Flemish design and workmanship. At one end of the room a peacock stood on a perch, with his magnificent tail spread; and a very ancient picture of long narrow form was fitted into the panel of the door—a tall, quaint lady in deep-coloured robes. Altogether this Antwerpian *grénier*-studio is a charmingly fantastic nook; and seen, as we saw it, in a gathering twilight, with strange forms and faces peering at us and retiring into the shadows, rich colours glowing at us and melting away into vague greyness, it was just such a tapestried chamber as one might visit in spirit under the spell of a summer night's dream. Thoroughly dream-like, I thought, must be the life of the artist, wrapped in his work up here, surrounded by ancient peaked roofs, ghostly conventual legends, and with the Cathedral chimes dropping down upon his ear like echoes of wandering music from another world.

I can't help telling you about pretty Irish Mary, whom our hostess brought here as a nursemaid, and whose beauty is so remarkable in Antwerp as to be the cause of real perplexity to her

master and mistress. Mary's features are finer and handsomer than those of any Madonna of Rubens, and her roguish grey eyes, dark hair, and fair dimpled smiling face is so pleasant to look upon that the girl is followed by little crowds of admirers wherever she goes. Moreover, Mary cannot help casting an arch look over her shoulder now and again to see the excitement which she is creating among the foreigners, and this makes matters worse. Sometimes in the evenings one dark figure after another comes through the gateway into the retired court till there is quite a little crowd outside our artist's house, watching for a glimpse of pretty Mary as she passes the window; and our friend is obliged to warn the intruders away. Several suitors have made their proposals to the girl's protectors, and one respectable Antwerp tradesman is anxious to take the pretty Irish nursemaid for a wife. Mary, however, has "a previous engagement in Britain-street," in Dublin, and it never enters into her innocent head to be "off with the old love and on with the new." She laughs at all her triumphs as a good joke, and looks forward to returning to Ireland next summer with her mistress, where we must hope she will find the mysterious person in Britain-street not unworthy of her truth.

Yesterday morning, when out on our rambles, we found the streets in one quarter decorated in the most extraordinary manner, and asking the reason why, we were told that this demonstration was in honour of an old lady who had just completed her hundredth anniversary. Her friends were bringing her to St. Andrew's church, where High Mass was to be sung on the occasion with full orchestral accompaniments. The Rue de Chiffon is a long, narrow street, and yesterday it certainly deserved its name, though in quite an extraordinary sense, for it was fluttering from end to end with brilliant flags and streamers of every colour and description. Wreaths of flowers spanned its width from window to window, bearing a Flemish inscription—"Hail Maria Josepha, worthy woman!" and little pictures of the good lady herself hung against the walls, showing her sitting in her high-backed chair, with her tall white cap, and her mittens, and her apron. Bouquets of flowers were in the windows, and wreaths, coloured cloths, and singing birds were hung forth from the sills. In the shrine at the corner the Holy Mother and her Babe had each got a new silver crown for the occasion. I never saw a street so completely decorated even for the progress of royalty, and the people had evidently taken holiday to enjoy the glory of their aged fellow-citizen, and were standing about in crowds laughing and talking and full of expectation. After finishing our stroll through the streets we came round to the church by another way, but found we were late to see the sight of the day. The old lady was already enthroned in state at the foot of the high altar, surrounded by her family and friends, and so tremendous was the crowd and so dangerous the crushing that after many efforts we were obliged to give up the

hope of getting a peep at her. I confess to erecting myself on a corner of the base of a pillar, and it appeared to me that I had climbed as high as a roof-top; but as there were men on before me standing on the shoulders of other men whose feet were planted a little below me, I was obliged to get down again with my curiosity unsatisfied.

In this church of St. Andrew, is to be found the wonderful carved pulpit of which every one has heard, and which must necessarily strike each new-comer with amazement. You expect to see simply a pulpit, however odd and rich; and when you look from some distance, you behold a strange group of noble-looking people, who strike you as living, though their complexions are of a singular and bronze-like brown. Coming nearer you almost expect to see them move and turn round; but they are so engrossed with an urgent crisis of their own affairs that they do not heed you. Then you stand wonder-struck and apprehend who they are. There is our Lord—I do think the most satisfying representation I have ever seen—mild, majestic, God-like and yet man-like, with hand extended towards Peter and Andrew, who are there and then called from the simple labour of their boat and nets, and invited to become the fishers of men. Peter rushes eagerly forward, while Andrew drops his oar and looks up from his seat in the boat, round which the waves ripple while the leaping fish burst from the abandoned nets. It is a scene that comes home thrillingly to every heart; the call is given for the first time, a call repeated since in every moment that passes to some trembling soul, who hears it as if never uttered before: "Take up thy cross and follow Me!"

Again I was struck here with the conviction that no material was ever so realistic for the purposes of art as this rich brown wood, with its almost human softness and warmth, and the startling vigour and dignity expressed by its hue. But I find that though I have still thrice as much to tell you as I have been able to write down, I must now have done for the present, and try to finish my say by another post.

R. M.

A FLOWER.

A YOUNG rose trembling in sunbeams bright
 That softly glanced through a thorny spray,
 Its petals white as the morning's light,
 And no folded leaf to nurse decay.
 Its petals white, and its heart deep red,
 Where the perfumed breezes sweetly sighed,
 And the soft dews shed their tears o'erhead
 At the robin's plaintive trill beside.

And it brought back one, now parted long,
 In an exile sweet beyond the sea—
 And a dream of song, the whole day long,
 The young rose left from the morn with me.
 With life all white, and heart a-glow
 With love for God and each parted friend,
 The perfumes blow where I see thee go,
 And the Cross's shade is to the end.

A type of thee doth the white rose make,
 The fair young flower—and yet, ah! no;
 Its heart will break in the fierce sun's wake
 And feebly fall to the earth below.
 But thou art strong, and the years are fleet,
 And full of work to be done for God,
 In burning heat, where the trembling feet
 Go bravely on where the Saviour trod.

I remember the day I saw thee last,
 And think of the years that went before;
 And tears fall fast, for the fair time past,
 And the dear friend parted evermore.
 Ah! many a flower since then has died,
 And perished many a promise fair,
 And a blight has sighed o'er the fresh spring-tide
 And hearts are changed by sorrow and care.

The slow years pass—and I bow my head,
 And floating by is a dream of pain—
 For the summers dead, and bright hopes fled
 That never, alas! come back again.
 I bow my head in the fading light,
 For my early friend beyond the sea
 With soul as white as the young rose bright
 That sang of her in the morn to me.

M. My. R

ETHNA'S DOWRY.

I.

IN the pretty drawing-room of a little villa just outside the quaint old Belgian town of Mechlin, two persons were seated, occupied after their peculiar fashions: one working diligently at an intricate lace pattern, whilst the other swung backwards and forwards on his chair, at the same time puffing vigorously at a cigar. They are aunt and nephew. The lady, Madame Janssens, was an Englishwoman, but had married a wealthy Belgian, who, dying some time before my story begins, had left her a good fortune and the pretty villa in which she lived. The young man, her sister's only child, was very dear to her; she worshipped and spoiled him as much as possible. Cecil May was twenty-one, but had as yet done nothing towards making a way for himself in the world. Fatherless, motherless, and almost penniless, he took life very easy, and managed on the whole to enjoy himself pretty well. At seventeen he had wished to become a civil engineer, but his father rebelled. "It is a pauper's life," he said, and taking the boy round London, made him visit the poorest members of that profession. "Put him to business," said some wiseheads, "he is sure to get on at that." And so poor Cecil had to relinquish his ambitious dreams, and settle down to a desk in the city. Three years passed heavily on, and at the time of his father's death he was receiving the magnificent sum of a hundred-and-twenty pounds a year. He was now free to follow what profession he chose, but he had grown careless and almost fearful to begin the long years of waiting which he had been told to expect; so, although he wearied of his life in the city, he cared not to change. What he had was sufficient for his every-day wants, and his good aunt's well-filled purse was ever at his command. She was the only relation he had in the world, and with her he spent his holidays, sometimes in the villa at Mechlin, sometimes travelling through Switzerland or on the Rhine.

He is tall and slight, with blue, sleepy eyes, and fair hair which grows thick and curling over his broad forehead. When thoughtful he contracts his brows and tosses his hair backwards with a rather haughty movement, which has gained for him the name of "proud May."

Puff, puff goes the smoke curling round and round up to the ceiling; click goes the needle through the canvas.

"Well, what must be, must be, I suppose, aunt; but it's a con-founded bore," said Cecil, standing up and throwing down his

cigar, "going to see a brat of a school-girl! The uncle's a fine old beggar, but deucedly poor."

"Who is the child, Cecil?" said Madame Janssens, looking up with a smile.

"Who is she? How should I know? She's old Rudderfield's niece, I believe. Oh! by the way, now I remember, her father is an officer in India, and she was sent home to her uncle to be educated. He sent her to school, first in England, and then here to learn French. Colonel and Mrs. Leslie are coming home soon, and the old boy wants to know what sort the place is, now she's about to leave it."

"Does he not care about the child, then?" said his aunt.

"Oh, yes, but Miss Ethna was wild, and so he shipped her off over here, and could not leave his books to come so far. But come along, Auntie, I dare not show myself within the convent walls alone."

"Very well, I shall go, for I want to see Madame Euphrasie, who is an old friend of mine. I shall be ready in a very short time, remember, so don't keep me waiting."

And so in a few minutes his aunt returned; and, wonderful to relate, Cecil was ready, looking as neat and nice as is possible for a London swell who buys his boots in Bond-street, and his gloves in Piccadilly. And Cecil was mighty particular in these respects.

It was a glorious afternoon in July, and the golden fields gave promise of a rich harvest. Crossing over the canal with its gay barges, and along the cool shady boulevard, they at length arrived at the Convent gates. It is a noble building, nestling down amongst the trees, with vine-covered walls, and golden cross raised far above in the sunshine. A deep moat runs round the grounds like the castles of old, but there is no drawbridge, only a handsome gate and a broad walk up to the door. A pleasant-faced *sœur* showed the visitors up the wide polished oak staircase into a large *salon* with a very slippery parquet. Three high windows are open, and the green *jalousies* drawn down, making it pleasant and cool. These looked out upon a large court with well-kept lawn and gay flower-beds; and children's sweet laughter and merry voices came ringing through the air.

"Hallo," said Cecil, "the *demoiselles* are amusing themselves. I wonder which is Miss Leslie," said he, approaching the window and looking through the *jalousie*. At this instant a wild girl was standing upon a bench addressing a group of her laughing companions. She was a merry-looking child with dark grey eyes, and bright brown hair, which looked golden in the sunlight. A red shawl was draped about her in a martial fashion, and her face, except for her dancing eyes, was grave and serious. "Mes amies," she said, with a majestic waive of her hand, "je vais——" but suddenly a voice was heard calling, "Etna! Etna!" Lightly spring-

ing to the ground, the young girl ran off shouting an "au revoir" to her disappointed audience.

"Well, what do you think of that, aunt? She is a wild one, you like," said Cecil; but, before there was time for further remarks, the door opened, and Ethna, accompanied by a nun (Madame Janssens' friend), entered the room. It was, however, no longer the wild child of the garden, but a demure, well-behaved young lady. The red shawl had been removed, and the blue ribbon of the "Child of Mary" hung neatly over her black dress. And so Cecil told her how her uncle Rudderfield had asked him to pay her this visit, and how he had heard that her parents were soon expected home. And the girl's eyes shone, and sparkled with joy as she talked of seeing them once more. And thus they chatted gaily, and Ethna, forgetting her shyness, told him of her school-life and companions. "Were you giving them a sermon just now, when I saw you on that bench?" said Cecil, laughing. But poor Ethna blushed and toyed nervously with her ribbon. To be seen thus by a stranger! What must he think of her? And the poor girl made a vow to be sedate and ladylike for the future. After this, neither one nor the other knew what to say—Ethna confused and blushing, Cecil sorry that he had vexed her. It was a great relief to both when Madame Janssens rose to depart. "Well, my dear," she said to Ethna, "you must come and spend a day with me. Madame Euphrasie has given me permission to carry you off; so see that you are ready to-morrow by twelve."

Ethna consented, blushing and smiling; and they took their leave.

"I wonder if he will be there," thought Ethna, as she sped along the corridor to the schoolroom. "I fondly hope not."

As soon as the Convent gates were closed upon Cecil and his aunt, the former drew a long breath. "Well, that's over and done! By Jove! those corridors make a fellow shiver, they look so long and silent. But what are you going to do with that child to-morrow?" His aunt made no answer, but laughed quietly to herself as she walked along.

Next day, before their early Belgian dinner was well over, the young man was anxious to be off to the convent. "The child will be waiting," he said; "and, hang it, when there's a thing to be done, better do it at once." And so, thanks to his impatience and his aunt's good-nature, the great clock chimed a quarter past twelve as they drove with their prize away from the convent through the market-place, and past the old cathedral of St. Rombaut, out of the town, along the country road. The sun shone brightly on the merry trio. Ethna was in wild spirits, and she chatted and laughed to Cecil, whose brow relaxed under her influence till his face became radiant as the sky itself. Passing down a cool lane with hanging trees twined with ivy and convolvulus, Ethna's hat is wreathed with leaves by Cecil, and she is

crowned in solemn state queen of the day. Right merrily she exercises her royal power, and rules her subjects, who are only too glad to obey her will. And soon her majesty espies a pretty Flemish cottage far among the fields, and there she desires to go. And so, jumping from the carriage, they wander over the rich pasture-lands through little winding lanes, till they arrive at the cottage. An old woman sits at the door. She is a true Fleming, with brown, hard skin, high cap, short stuff petticoat, and wooden shoes. But not a word of either English or French does the old frau speak, and so they sign and point to their mouths to show they want something to drink, but she does not understand, and looks fiercely at Ethna, who stands laughing as she tries to manufacture some Flemish words out of English and German. At last they are about to go away in despair when a small child of about eight years old comes clanking along in her wooden sabots. She is a comical little sight, in her blue checkered blouse, and black and red woollen cap. This atom, with her dancing black eyes, proves a god-send to them. She goes to the "*classe*," and thus has learned some French. She soon explains what they want, and the frau brightens up, and leads them to a shady part of the garden where benches are placed under a spreading tree, and little Stine brings them fresh milk, walnuts and home-made bread. Then, when they have rested and refreshed themselves slowly, they stroll about the fields. But all too soon the sun sinks to rest; and, the gray twilight coming on, they bid farewell to the kind old frau and merry Stine, and set off for the Convent. Coming along the boulevard, Ethna feels sorry that the bright day is gone, and Cecil tells her in mournful tones that he starts for London next day. Madame Janssens has dropped behind to speak to an old woman. The moon rises gloriously, silvering the Convent in its nest among the trees, and tipping the slight wavelets of the canal. The young people walked along in silence for a few minutes, then Cecil said: "You will forget me, Ethna, when I am gone."

"Oh! no," she replied, "I never shall; you have been so kind! I never forget my friends."

"Well, but will you think of me more than, than — of my aunt, for instance?"

"Oh! I don't know about that," said Ethna, laughing. "I hope I shall not think *too* much about either of you, for I should be getting a severe lecture for being '*distracte*,' and *you* would not be worth a scolding," said she, saucily, "so I *must* forget you. Good-bye, Monsieur Cecil," and making a long sweeping curtsy, the young girl disappeared under the portico.

As Ethna came bounding up the broad staircase with springing step and light heart, a good *sœur* came hurrying towards her, saying that Madame la Supérieure wished to see her instantly. The girl's heart gave a great bound. Why should she be sent for at such a late hour? "Good news from papa and mamma! Oh! they are

coming soon! What joy," she said clapping her hands, and with glad "bon soir, ma sœur," she tripped along the corridor. "Pauvre petite," said the old sister, looking after her, "little she knows of the cares of the world. But they will come time enough!" With flushed face and beating heart, Ethna knocked at the door of the small room occupied by the Superioress. A gentle voice bade her enter, but a terrible fear fell upon her as she saw the grave, sad look on the nun's sweet face. What could it be? Something must be wrong? "Ma mère," she cried, "what is it? My father! my mother! Oh! tell me are they ill! Let me go to them."

"They are not ill, my poor darling," said the kind nun, putting her arms round the trembling girl. "They are not ill, nor suffering. God help you, little one!" And so in low, broken tones, at the foot of the Crucifix, within sight of the suffering Saviour, the poor child was told the sad story, and received her first great cross. In a terrible railway accident had perished the kind, loving father and mother, and Ethna, their heart's darling, was alone, with no devoted hand to shield her, amid the many trials with which her path was strewn. Sharp and sudden was the blow, cruel and bitter the anguish of the poor orphan.

And so the bright happy day came to an end, and who could recognise the merry laughing elf of the morning in the poor crushed flower of the evening? For days the girl lived as in a dream, walking in a dazed restless way about the house. Not one tear did she shed, not one word did she utter; and naught but the pale cheeks and dark-circled eyes told what she suffered. But God is merciful to those who suffer, and ere long the flood-gates were opened, and with long weeping and prayer Ethna grew calmer, and gentle thoughts of the day when she should meet her dear ones came upon her, and earnestly she prayed to become worthy of them.

C. M.

[*To be continued.*]

THE FESTIVAL OF THE BANNERS AT LOURDES, IN 1872.

BY CECILIA MARY CADDELL, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE SNOW-DROP,"
"BLIND AGNESE," &c., &c.

FRANCE was still crushed and writhing beneath her foeman's heel, when a young priest, saying Mass at the grotto of Lourdes, conceived the bold idea of calling all his countrymen and countrywomen hither to implore Mary's pity on their bleeding land. He mentioned it to others, and once spread abroad it was taken up with enthusiasm by all. Laity as well as clergy

seized joyfully upon it. Rich men and nobles gave their gold and silver, and delicately-nurtured ladies spent night and day in embroidering banners, which cities, and towns, and rural parishes unanimously agreed to send with their delegates to Lourdes, to be first laid in homage at Mary's feet and then suspended, like so many victorious trophies, from the vaulted roof of the Church of Massabielle.*

The fêtes that followed extended over many days, but the actual procession of the banners, and their presentation to our Lady, took place upon Sunday, the 6th of October, 1872.

From midnight on the previous Saturday, Masses were being continually said upon thirty-two altars, most of them created expressly for the occasion; and yet such was the crowd of clergy which had flocked hither, that many of them were obliged to forego the happiness of saying Mass themselves, and to be content simply to communicate with the rest of the faithful. The High Mass of Sunday-morning, however, was celebrated on a magnificent altar erected in the vast meadows below Massabielle, for no smaller church could have held the mighty multitude of pilgrims who formed the congregation, and who, after the service was concluded, knelt, as one man, to receive the solemn benediction which the Pope had commissioned the Bishop of Tarbes to pronounce upon their pilgrimage. The presentation of the banners took place in the afternoon. At two o'clock precisely the procession started from the old Church of Lourdes, and almost at the same moment the bishops, eight in number, who graced the festival by their presence, clad in all the insignia of their sacred office, and surrounded by their clergy, left the Church of Massabielle and descended towards the meadows to receive it. Never was a fairer or more imposing spectacle. On one side Massabielle, with its rocks and its wonderful white church, its trees, its meadows, and its flowing river; on the other, Lourdes Castle-crowned and resting proudly on the opposite cliffs, while slowly and in good order hundreds and thousands of pilgrims wound their way down its narrow streets, their banners wrought in the richest gold, flashing like jewels in the sunshine, and strains of music now from one procession, now from the other, meeting, parting, mingling, and receding in mid-air, like the tides of two several seas, until heaven itself seemed lending its harmonies to earth in this concert to their mutual Queen!

The two processions met in the meadows below Lourdes, and then proceeding together to the High Altar, the bishops ranged themselves before it, while the banners, mustering two hundred and fifty strong, defiled slowly past them.

Each banner bore its own inscription, with the name of the city from whence it came inscribed in legible letters on it, but all

* The Church of Massabielle, built at our Lady's express command, stands upon the rock just over the grotto of the vision.

were rich in gold and silver, in shining silks, in magnificent embroidery, in jewellery, and quaint devices, all but those from Metz, Lorraine, and Alsace—the lost children of France! *They* were craped and veiled in black in token of their woe; and when in their turn they were lowered to the bishops, a cry of mingled grief and sympathy, and yet religious resignation, burst forth from every corner of that vast area, densely crowded as it was, and with not one foot of ground unoccupied by a human being. On went the banners, carried by noble ladies, by men of high station in the world, by priests and religious, every one being equally ambitious of the office, until after the lapse of an hour and a half they were at last ranged in a semicircle round the Altar, those of Lorraine, Alsace, and Lille floating in the back ground, while a double group of standards stood erect and stately on either side. But how shall we describe the strange beauty of the scene, when, after the benediction of the banners, the Archbishop of Auch stood up to address the multitude? Behind him was the Altar with its cross erected high, and its circlet of floating standards; beside him the venerable band of bishops, who had given the sanction of their presence to the ceremony; below, on the Altar steps, crowds of white-robed priests upon their knees; and beyond, as far as the eye could reach, from the green meadows of Massabielle to the very foot of the cliffs of Lourdes, thousands and thousands of human beings intent upon his every word and gesture, and prepared as one man to join him in the public act of consecration to God and Mary, which he had come hither to pronounce in their name.

He spoke to them of Mary, and every heart was on fire in an instant. He appealed to her pity for his bleeding country, and a wail, as of Rachel weeping for her children, ran shivering through their serried ranks; and, finally, he pronounced the prayer composed for the occasion, in which France declared herself prostrate (in the persons of her delegates) at Mary's feet, to implore her mediation with her divine Son, and to place in her sacred hands a solemn promise of reparation for the past, and of fealty for the future; and, responding to the bishop's voice, a loud and unanimous "Amen" burst forth from that vast multitude to ratify the deed which restored to their country her ancient and most honored title as eldest daughter of the Church of God. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed almost immediately afterwards; and when, at its conclusion, the bishops stood up in a semicircle to give their episcopal benediction, chaunting it in unison, with cross and hand uplifted high, and the people fell prostrate on their knees in order to receive it, it was impossible not to feel as if France herself were actually in person there, kneeling pardoned and repentant at the feet of her Creator.

The religious ceremonies of the day thus concluded, the bishops and their procession returned to the residence of the Bishop of Tarbes, while that of the banners, after following them for a little

time, turned aside towards the south entrance of the meadows, forming, as they went along, a glorious array of colour against the green foliage of the trees by which the River Gave is girdled. From thence they were borne up the broad, steep road to Massabielle, and round the platform, on which the church is built, and so on up the steps to the church above, where their bearers set them, like so many knightly trophies gleaming in gold and scarlet, around the altar, and against the white marble walls of Mary's chosen temple.

But though the bishops were gone, and the banners had disappeared, the pilgrims lingered in thousands still. They seemed absolutely unable to tear themselves from the sacred spot they had come so far to visit; and almost before they knew it, the sun had set behind the hills, and night had fallen on the valley. It was the signal for a general illumination. The external gallery of the church was instantly marked out by a double line of fire; cliffs, and trees, and winding pathlets, following the example, were soon in a blaze of light; all the pilgrims carried tapers, and as they clustered thickly together, now wandering up and down the hills, now along the broad esplanade below, or down by the winding river, showed like forests of moving fire in the gloom; while Lourdes herself stood out against the deep blue skies—a coronal of light upon her native hills. Later on in the evening the Rosary was said aloud, and like a boom from the distant ocean the responses came, thousands and thousands of voices bearing Mary's name from Massabielle to Lourdes, and from Lourdes back again to Massabielle, in a strange and wonderful harmony of sound, such as those who heard it can never forget, and never can hope to hear again.

The "Magnificat," and the "Parce Domine, parce populo tuo," closed the proceedings of the day, and almost immediately afterwards the pilgrims returned to Lourdes. When they reached the "Place," however, in the centre of the town, they could not resist another pause to say one more "good night" to Mary, and to receive a parting benediction from the venerable Père de Claussade, who was there to bestow it on them. They then retired in religious silence to their several abodes; and in another hour Lourdes, still lighted up, and wreathed in garlands of bright flowers, was wrapt in slumber; strangers and citizens alike reposing calmly and fearlessly beneath the shadow of Mary's protecting presence, in the city which Mary had chosen for her own.

DASH'S TALE.

BY EDWARD HARDING.

JACK JENKINS was a jovial soul—a cheery heart of oak,
 Who cracked with equal zest, a skull, a bottle, or a joke ;
 A marksman too—for though poor Jack was blind as any owl,
 There lived not one in all the land so famed for shooting foul,
 While friends and foes alike declared, with mingled warmth and wit,
 That he but by a hare's-breadth missed the hares he failed to hit.

One morning Jackey sallied forth—the mark for many a scoff—
 And as his dog and he went on, his fowling-piece went off.
 Now Constable II X. was marching up the street,
 For constables—like pendulums—are always on the beat ;
 And Jackey's charge whizzed past his face with such a bang and blaze,
 That on his native flag he fell, like knight of olden days.
 Like knight he fell, like knight arose, with wrath in every limb,
 Enraged to think that anyone should thus make game of him.
 "I'll smash that blunderbuss," he cried, "black sorrow you shall sup ;
 "It knocked me down, and worse—far worse—I'm sure 'twill knock me up."
 "Oh ! Lord," quoth Jack, "such wickedness as there's in them police ;
 "Why there you are,—A Constable ! and wants to break the piece.
 "Give up that gun, or else as sure as I was christened Jack,
 "I'll take the stripes from off your arm, and lay them on your back."
 This sally woke a broadening smile, and soon in highest feather,
 The worthy pair went arm in arm to have a shot together.

That night without his dog or bag, our hero staggered back,
 And some facetious neighbour asked if Dash had got—the sack.
 Quoth Jackey, "No,—he crossed my aim—the night was very dark—
 "But though I blew his trunk to bits, I never touched his bark."
 Next day poor Dash was laid at rest, with many a smothered laugh,
 And o'er his grave some wit inscribed this waggish epitaph :—

BENEATH LIES

DASH,

*Whose fate unnumbered friends bemoan ;**Alas ! that he should leave behind**No relic save*

HIS TALE.

JACK HAZLITT.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

CHAPTER XXII.

SHOWING HOW MR. WOOD AND TWO COMPANIONS ARRIVED IN SAINT LOUIS,
AND HOW THEY MADE ACQUAINTANCE WITH A DELAWARE INDIAN, &c.

TOWARDS the end of August the weather in Missouri, at least near the mouth of the muddy river, is anything but temperate. The sun blazes away, and the waters look blistering in his implacable stare. Notwithstanding the magnificent bay, and the lordly expanse of the Mississippi at St. Louis, even a stranger is so much taken up with his own melting personality, that scenery is a mockery, and even kindness is hardly repaid by gratitude. What is the use of scenery, and to what purpose are people kind, if a man's blood goes on boiling, and grows hotter, until the question, "how long can one stand this?" seems stereotyped in one's mind. St. Louis has its domes and minarets, and tall factory chimneys, and its fair stores embracing with spread-out arms the "father of rivers;" and its steam-boats rise from the waters like palaces, and its ships snug themselves all around like children at a parent's knee; but July and August are not the times to irritate travellers by beauties which mock them. Beauties of the kind should be seen later in the year to be thoroughly appreciated: such is our opinion, and we make the reader our debtor by pausing to give him or her the information.

Well, as we have been saying, it was towards the end of August, and towards the evening of a broiling day, that three gentlemen appeared on the western extremity of that graceful wharf or quay that crescent-like cuts the Mississippi's waters around St. Louis. There was at the time of which we write an office there, which gave information on sundry things regarding locomotion and commerce, and into this office the three gentlemen aforementioned entered, one by one. The business department had been closed, but the department for the accommodation of visitors was quite at the service of the public, and the gentlemen, all of them, therefore entered the waiting-room, and sat down. They were alone, unless an Indian man, who sat on the floor in a corner, and unceremoniously smoked his pipe, and apparently had bid adieu to the outer world for a time.

The gentlemen talked freely, though in a low voice, and seemed deeply interested in the matter which engaged them. They remained a good long time—nearly an hour; and the Indian, all the time, smoked on industriously.

At length the red man rose, and snugged his blanket round his waist and shoulders, preparing to go away.

"You are a Mohican?" one of the gentlemen remarked.

"No," answered the Indian. "All same, man brodder," he continued in that quiet unimpassioned tone, which is so characteristic of the race.

"A Micmac?" demanded another.

"No; no Micmacs down south," answered the Indian.

"Then?" the first gentleman inquired.

"Then?" replied the Indian.

"Ah, well," resumed the red man, "the Delawares are to be found in many a prairie, you know, and fix their wigwams in many a spot. White men are fond of the Delawares."

"You come from the Rocky Mountains," remarked one of the party. He was the eldest, and most powerful, physically, and he spoke with the confidence of a man who knew his ground.

"Sometime, sometime," answered the Indian; and he began to fill his pipe for the road.

The last white speaker looked hard at his companions, and the Indian surveyed the three with his large, lustrous, quiet gaze.

"We want to ask you a few questions," the large gentleman observed. "We are travelling, and we need direction and information. You are a Christian?"

"Oh, yes."

"You go to meeting?"

The Indian shook his head.

"To church?"

"No."

"You bless yourself?" the youngest demanded significantly.

The Indian bowed, but did not speak. His blanket, however, fell from his right shoulder—perhaps by accident—and the cross of a large rosary appeared hanging down over his broad, brown bosom.

How singular! The interrogator dropped a tear! The minds of childhood and manhood shook hands to weep! The reader knows very well that the interlocutor was Jack Hazlitt.

We need not add that he is accompanied by Captain Brackenbridge and Captain Johnston.

"Have you got a minister in your tribe?"

"Ah, yes—him FADER."

"Who is he?" demanded Captain Brackenbridge.

"Him Black Coat."

"Well—but—the Black Coat—who is he?" persisted the captain.

"Well, whiteman call 'im 'day Smay'—Indian call him 'fader.'"

"You call him Father?"

"Yes."

The Captain smiled, and his companions—one of them, at any rate—had the look of a man who pitied the Indian.

The Indian saw it at a glance, and his face darkened. The look was not passion: it was a look of concentrated force—power—a thunder-cloud—and even the defiant seaman did not feel omnipotent in its shadow.

The Indian resumed quietly, and in a voice of wonderful pathos—

"'Im fader love Indians, you see, an' love Indian's children. An' 'im fader sit down in the wigwam, an' read for Indian, an' sing. An' whin Indian be angry 'cause hunting-ground be gone, an' Indian come home, an' no dinner in wigwam, fader shares all wid Indian, an' shows Indian 'im road to de Great Spirit's country, an' shows how HĒ" (the poor savage took out the crucifix)—"how HĒ forgives Indian, an' all."

The thing became solemn.

"Ah! many white men's scalps would hang in Indian's wigwam on'y fader make 'im forgive."

"He shares with the Indian, you say?"

"Yes."

"Ah! then, he has food always?"

"No; not food always. Indian give 'im corn, an' buck, an' buffalo, an' fur, and fader doesn't 'ave ate much. Ah! poor fader no ate. He keep for Indian."

"And he is never hungry?" Brackenbridge again inquired.

"Indian would see little papoose hungry sooner den 'im fader want bread. But a—but a—Indian's child sometime want bread, an' Indian's fader too. White man left Indian little."

"But," Johnston went on, "does Father de Smet be hungry?"

"Oh! Indian; *me*," he said, pointing to his breast, "see fader hungry, an' kill wan dog for 'im dinner."

"He travels with you, then?"

"Always, night an' day—in de snow, an' in de sunshine—in forest, an' in prairie; Indian's fader stays wid Indian."

"By-the-bye!" exclaimed Johnston; "and he gets no pay?"

"No; fader give every ting—day, night, summer, winter. Love he give, an' work; an' Indian's love is all 'im fader ever get—ever. Ah! he likes Indian's love, does fader!"

"Assuredly, yes," said Brackenbridge; "a singular taste, upon my honour—a singular taste."

"De GREAT SPIRIT will take fader; an' Indian an' fader will live in de long summer of God!" said the Indian; "live ever—ever!"

We knew a companion of Father DE SMET, who knew this Indian well, and favoured us with his history. This, by way of sparing the reader's patience, if the author shall ever write a preface for "JACK HAZLITT." In the shadow of the Collosum, one-and-twenty years ago, a kindly, genial, loving, and laborious missionary awakened in our soul an admiration for the noble red man—admiration and pity, which can never depart.

By-the-bye, without falling into the blatant blundering of an anti-Christian writer,* who argues Christianity a failure, because every Christian man does not practise every Christian virtue, we may well remark, that Christian men have, in many cases, very odd standards of judgment, or very odd manners of being Christian. Is it with them, as with Captain Johnston, a "matter of taste" to toil, or not to toil—wear out one's life in weary want, or grub, and hoard, and lay up, as the world tries to do, "much goods for many days?" Alas! it were sad to ignore the only charter of immortality that has ever been written, and which has made the right to glory depend upon the life of love. *The de Smets'* "Bill of Rights," and yours, reader, and mine, are all identical. The writing has undergone no change, and the seal is the same.

Are the DE SMETS to walk upon thorns with bleeding feet, and panting bosom for ever!—and we to breathe the odour of the roses, whose fragrance we tread-out in life's road, and during the enjoyment of to-day to think only of the greater that comes to beg our acceptance to-morrow?

Nay, reader, think no such thing.

We do not mean to say, that you should put on a cowl and cassock, or a Sister of Mercy's veil, or an unbecoming cap, and dowdy shawl, to show your contempt for the world. No; but permit us to say, that a lot of us *do* seem to think that the whole pursuit of rational life is "all the pleasure you can get, and as little of irksome work and sacrifice as you can give." We do not want you to become DE SMETS, or XAVIERS, or LIGUORIS, or VINCENT DE PAULS, but we mean to say their work is *your* work, according to *your* way. You cannot pay for it? Perhaps not; although you may have paid for many things of less value. But you can pray for their work—you can praise their work. You can make the communion of saints a glorious harmony, by making hearts and tongues vibrate on earth, and holy harps in heaven pour forth their melody, while the message of charity presents on high the petition for "the conversion of sinners."

What we mean is this—that we ought, in some fashion, have a share in all the work done in Calvary's shadow. "Where there's it will there's a way!" Try it, reader! *Mi crede*, you will not find a unpleasant!

* Of course, I suppress the name of the book, but I cannot help saying that a more mischievous book for the *silly*, no man ever penned.

So ends this short discourse.

Mr. Wood's passing phase of feeling only ripened his intelligence, and freshened his memory. He now struck out boldly for the real object of the conversation with the Indian.‡

"You pass by Jefferson City?"

"Yes."

"You know the neighbourhood?"

"Oh, yes, Indian know every field."

"Ever meet a person named Hennessy?"

"Big man?"

"Yes; a very tall, powerful man—as tall and powerful as yourself."

The Indian smiled, and looked from the ceiling to the ground, a little proudly.

"Ah! yes, Indian fight fire* for him. He very good to Indian."

"Are you returning?"

"No."

"You come with us?"

"No."

Brackenbridge laid a ten dollar note on the table.

"We will pay you!" he said to the Indian, emphatically.

The Indian pushed the note away.

"Come, good fellow," said Mr. Wood; "come, we will give you twenty dollars—you must come."

"No;" answered the Indian.

"Why, confound you!" burst out Mr. Wood, in his old familiar style. "Confound you!"

The Indian turned and looked him full in the face—a long and terrible look; yet it could not be called rage or fear. It was, as we said above regarding another glance, it was power.

Curiously, in a fold of his blanket—no one could have observed it—the Indian carried a five-chambered revolver. The red man took the weapon out. He merely looked at the capping, and placed the pistol in his pouch again.

"Good bye! white man," he said; "good bye!" and he went his way as quietly and composedly as if his only preoccupation had been the colour of the sky, or the height of the water in the harbour.

Within a quarter of an hour the Indian was at the lodgings of Ned O'Kennedy, under-clerk and guard of the "RESERVE" in the "Eagle Bank" of St. Louis.

"Why, you HAVE made a mess of it, Wood, by your powder-and-ball temper. We might have made something of the Delaware."

"'Tis nothing," remarked Brackenbridge. "Wood knows that Hennessy lives within hail of Jefferson City. He wants no more."

"True," Johnston replied; "but how do you account for the Delaware's stubbornness; it was singular—wasn't it?"

* "Fighting fire" is the term employed to express the efforts made to put out prairie fires and fires in the woods.

"Do not mind," was the reply. "With Indians silence in many cases is an instinct, and it is in many a point of honour."

Now there was heard a ringing of a bell, and a shot from a field-piece of some description.

All three started!

The two captains turned towards Mr. Wood.

"Well, sir," Brackenbridge said, "there is the signal! You try your fortune with the yachtman and Hennessy. We go to prepare your fortune at *Rio*. Of all the projects which, in a half score years, have made me master of a half a million, not one has been so simple, direct, and business-like as this of *La Plata*; it will bring *one million two hundred thousand*! It is the safest—clearest investment we have ever made."

Mr. Wood's eyes flashed. It was the flash of steel—not fire!—*the flash of the eye which glows on gold!*

Mr. Wood was sensible of many feelings, and some of them not comfortable ones; but this last grand "VENTURE" had all the attraction of great peril—of great need of exertion, and great results. It was to be the very last—the very, very last—too, as well as the greatest. In the prosecution of it was to be found all the dazzling romance which would be required to fire even the sluggish nature—and in the success of it the reward of the noblest achievement, and the possession of all that the highest ambition could desire. Beyond!—afterwards!—there was a New World—a world of rare glory—a world where pride could never have a master, or passion a stop or stay. A monarchy seemed quiet and unenjoyable beside the exciting and varying pictures which fancy painted; and in which fear, danger, or responsibility found no place ever, ever more!

As Brackenbridge had said, the possession of Ned O'Kennedy's confidence was a matter of importance—of life and death importance—to more than to Mr. Wood; and John Hennessy's knowledge was equal to O'Kennedy's, if Hennessy's did not exceed it. All the magnificent visions conjured up by the name of the enchanted river *Rio de la Plata*, darkened and disappeared in the presence of the power which the two Irishmen possessed.

Meanwhile Jack Hazlitt is making his way through Saint Louis.

"Surely—surely he shall be mine!—he *shall!*" muttered Jack Hazlitt, as with well-informed and firm step he directed his course towards the house in which his old servant lived. Hazlitt's look was the look of *will* and resolution—will and resolution chiselled in marble, or cast in bronze.

Ned O'Kennedy was reading when the visitor knocked at his door; and as he said "enter," he rose, still holding his book in his hand.

Jack Hazlitt presented himself, and was received with "Welcome, sir," and a ready chair.

It was clear to Hazlitt that the old time of demonstration had passed, and that he had now to deal with a new man. Yet O'Kennedy's brow was bowed lower than Jack Hazlitt's, and had in it the measure of a due respect, though not a profound one. Even this did not escape the new comer, and did not help to reassure him.

Hazlitt commenced to speak of the day of their separation, and the great pain it had given to himself and every one at "The Hall." He had never since felt the same, he said, and he once thought that his foster-brother loved him better than to have remained so long without making the thing up. They might be "rich and happy yet."

Ned O'Kennedy gave an ominous shake of the head.

Oh, Mr. Hazlitt said, every one knew the great change which had taken place in his old friend and foster-brother—(a name constantly repeated by Mr. Hazlitt); but high as his hopes were, he, Mr. Hazlitt, could present him with hopes a thousand times greater, and he could realize them, too—these very hopes. Ned O'Kennedy need not long be a clerk in a bank. He might be a man of estate and power, and "might rival the greatest of the O'Kennedys that had gone before him."

Here a servant knocked at the door, and presented a card. Mr. Ned O'Kennedy disappeared, having first craved pardon.

He remained only one or two minutes away.

One or two minutes oftentimes decide life's interests, and one or two minutes now had their own importance, as we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHOWING HOW MR. NED O'KENNEDY LOST HIS REVOLVER, BUT NOT HIS PRESENCE OF MIND; ALSO THE NEWS MR. WOOD HEARD ON HIS WAY BACK TO NEW YORK.

"WELL," sadly remarked Mr. Hazlitt, "do you surrender old times, Ned, and old friends—I might say, your own flesh and blood—for strangers?"

"No, Mr. Hazlitt; I am nearer to the old times and old friends than you."

"What do you mean?"

"Mr. Hazlitt, old times are old feelings and old joys, and all that *make* them;—old friends are the friends whom you loved for their ways, their principles, and their virtues. I am nearer to them than you."

"How know you that, Ned O'Kennedy? How know you that? Clothes do not change the man, and talk is nothing, and so are

manners. Quite certain, if you give up an old friend he may become even as bad as you think him; but you have been wronging him, badly wronging him, Ned."

"I wish I could believe that you were or could become your mother's son, Mr. Hazlitt; but I cannot."

"You cannot?"

"No."

"And pray, sir, why?"

"Ah, well, Mr. Hazlitt, let us all be free in a free land. Your views and mine differ. Our pursuits differ. Let your old servant take his own old way."

"What is that?"

"The old way? What is the use of saying? There is no use—none."

"There is! there is! It is not yachting. It is not. See here, O'Kennedy, two thousand dollars a year shall be yours—two thousand."

O'Kennedy shook his head.

"What say you, Ned; answer me. Come, what say you?"

"I enjoy something more than I could enjoy money."

"What?"

"Honour, honesty, God," answered Ned O'Kennedy, reverently.

"Mr. Hazlitt, leave me in peace, I pray."

"Come, Ned, we must be friends. Come, three thousand, four thousand—six."

"Not for a million, sir."

"You fool! you coward! Do you think I am to be balked?"

Ned smiled. Ned smiled, and Hazlitt became infuriated.

"Well, my fine moralist," Hazlitt said, with that contemptuous grin and serpent hiss so familiar to him. "Well, my grand Christian, people say you can handle gold not your own, though you are too wise to risk your neck, my man. I have heard it said that the clerk of the "RESERVE" knows how to abstract a bag, or two or three."

"You mean," asked Ned in his turn, though evidently not in such anger as might be expected, "you mean to charge me with robbery?"

"I mean that before a week you will be in chains—and the case is conclusive and mortal. Come, Ned! come! *I can save you.*"

"Fly, and allow the world to say I fled from justice! Me, sir—fly! Oh, no—death first."

Then came that change over Hazlitt's face that represented a soul of agonising malice and death-like resolution. He bit his lips until the blood started from them, and he bent his head, and *hissed*—really hissed.

"Then," he said in a hoarse, horrible whisper, "**YOU SHALL DIE.**"

"And you shall be hanged," added O'Kennedy.

"No," hissed, in poison-like whisper, the reckless assailant. "No," he said; "look here! It is your own revolver. I have got possession of it. Your own balls, and your own caps."

He lowered his voice, and spoke into his old servant's ear the awful sentence of a cool murderer's vengeance.

"I WILL KILL YOU! Kill you! and place your own weapon in your quivering hand, until your dead fingers stiffen! You shall be a *suicide* who committed self-murder to escape the gallows! Come, what says the Christian O'Kennedy to that? What?"

Hazlitt's eyes flashed with the fires of a damned soul's hell.

"What say you?"

"Well, I say," replied Ned O'Kennedy, "I say this——"

Like lightning he descended upon Hazlitt. He caught his right hand as if a powerful vice had grasped it. A moment, and Hazlitt uttered an involuntary cry!

Dislocated at the wrist, his hand hung useless by his side.

Hazlitt's cry seemed to have brought some notice upon them, for the door was now opened, and the majesty of the United States presented itself in the form of a policeman.

"Ho!" the new comer said.

"Ah, nothing. Just this gentleman's wrist has been put out of joint."

"Let me out of this d——d den," cried Hazlitt.

"Stay!" answered the officer. "Mr. O'Kennedy——?" he asked.

"No charge, sir," Ned answered. "No charge. I would thank you to accompany Mr. Wood to a surgeon's; that's all."

And he handed the worthy preserver and vindicator of peace and morality a ten dollar note.

But Hazlitt pitched them all to ——, and made his way from the house "a wiser, if not a better man."

Mr. Wood was still a young man, and vitality works double speed up to one score and-a-half, and sometimes after.

He of course saw a surgeon, and his limb was set, and he modishly placed his wrist in a very handsome mauve silk scarf, and went around for one or two days like a man who had met an accident, or been wounded in a duel, or was hit by chance while out in search of game. In a word, Mr. Jack Hazlitt, or Mr. Wood, was all the better of the freedom taken by his foster-brother, and from time to time he acknowledged the same to himself.

But a concentrated quenchless hatred was burning in Hazlitt's soul. The grand "venture" of La Plata saved Ned O'Kennedy's life—though not his liberty.

He spent just four days and five hours in St. Louis, but saw his yachtman no more. He saw every one else, however; at all events those he wanted to see; and if Ned O'Kennedy escape gaol and gallows, Mr. Jack Hazlitt will not have to blame his industry or the non-elasticity of his conscience.

How many things he found in St. Louis to engage him we

cannot even guess, but one thing our friend the Indian enabled him to know, and that was his aunt in the convent. The Indian fell in with Hazlitt one day, and proposed a visit to the hospital. Hazlitt assented; but the Indian's charity was useless!

The Superioress of the nuns, or the Assistant, we do not care to say which, was Grace O'Brien's sister. She saw her own flesh and blood—talked with him over "the fall he had had;" employed embrocations of various kinds, and supernatural love to make the patient good, happy, and well, but the good nun never guessed that she spoke to her own sister's child—never. And was it not a mercy?

And oh, how much was spoken—spoken by the lips of love, purity, and truth! How many lessons upon the events of human life, called accidents, but which a good God sends as ANGELS, and which lead us, and teach us, and save us, and bestow upon us bliss! "Ah," she said, one day, "my dear sir, this stay in St. Louis may be intended to make you know yourself, God's way, and God's will the better. Allow an old nun—well, yes, and an Irish nun—to say it, these teachings which come so singularly, unbidden, flitting away, and marking the parting of roads for eternity!—ah, sir, there is something awful in them, both in significance and results."

Hazlitt knew her well. She was the image of his mother, and the original of the picture he had seen at New York on the occasion of his first visit to the convent there, but her love and lessons were lost upon him.

Long, long ago the habit of his mind to sneer at sentiment and mock faith had prepared him for the phase of character which from time to time we meet in the bad world of passion, where the highest philosophy is the greatest selfishness, and dignity of character a denial of humanity.

Jack Hazlitt! has he committed the "three crimes of Damascus?" And if so, what next? what next?

He certainly has escaped all priest-craft and Ultramontanism, and has had a "fine liberal education."

Mr. Jack Hazlitt directed his steps towards Washington, for some reason sufficient for himself, and as this was four, or five, or six days after his interview with O'Kennedy, his wrist had been comparatively restored to articulation. He thought of his aunt the evening before, and he asked himself would he go see his mother's sister? But Jack Hazlitt smiled! What was she to him? She was a fossil, an old trumpery, an Ultramontane, dressed-out doll! He smiled at the idea of Mother Mary Vincent being the flesh and blood of such a man as he!

So he departed for Washington.

A wonderful surprise awaited him one day in that city. He was quietly sauntering down by the Capitol when a horse madly dashed by in the direction in which he was going. The furious animal bore a lady, a young lady, on his back, who appeared pale with fright, and likely soon to be flung headlong upon the flagway.

All Hazlitt's old ardour rose, and all the old vanity which passed among the innocent for chivalry, but he could do nothing. His arm was still in the sling, and, besides, no human activity could overtake the fleet quadruped.

There were cries in plenty, though the street was comparatively empty and tranquil; but no one seemed to comprehend how a rescue was practicable.

The rescue came, however, in God's time, as all things that can be called blessings, come.

Two or three hundred yards in front of Hazlitt strode along a tall man, a very tall, powerful man, as tall as Lowry M'Cabe, and a well-dressed young woman by his side. This tall, powerful man turned his head round to see the galloping thoroughbred. The supreme moment had come. The young lady swayed, swayed in deadly peril, from side to side. Her death-knell seemed to have rung when the tall man slipped off the sideway, awaited the approach of the fleet, fiery creature that tore along, and—stopped the animal? not at all; such a thing would have been very unlike the man, and useless or injurious to the lady. No, no; but he put out his right hand, gently caught the lady by the bridle arm, and, raising her off the saddle as one would raise his hat, and placing her on the flags by his young companion at his side, he told her "the wicked villain might go to the d——l now, and he hoped she would not be frightened, poor child."

The young horsewoman became immediately the centre of all kinds of sympathetic demonstrations. In the great republic, as we have more than once remarked before, woman is a crowned queen; she commands without speaking, and service is not only at her bidding, but her wishes are anticipated. The young lady soon found herself in a fine drawing-room, with old and new friends around her, and had the satisfaction to hear that her runaway horse was brought back.

The great tall man proved to be an Irishman on his way to St. Louis, in charge of a young girl, his lady's, ward. He pooh-poohed all the thanks and admiration, and no one would think of offering such a man money as a reward. He waited just long enough to see all things tranquil, and then went his way.

Mr. Wood never lost sight of the tall man, and overtook him at the door of a hotel.

"You are a noble fellow," Mr. Wood remarked.

"Oh yeh, 'twas no great things of an effort; she was as light as a feather, little lady."

"You are an Irishman, I perceive."

"Faith, see here! as I know your ways in this country, I am so; an' I'll save you all kinds of trouble at once by sayin' out o' hand, my name is Lowry M'Cabe; I'm a coachman and groom by thrade, and my master is Judge O'Connor Moran."

"And this young lady?"

"Oh, she is Miss Hammond, and Mrs. O'Connor Moran loves her very much, an' is sending her to school."

"Where?"

"To St. Louis."

"A fine girl, indeed."

"Ah, her mother and father are both dead; her mother was an 'angelic person,' the very word I heard the Judge himself pronounce."

Lowry was quite determined not to abate his master's titles.

"And where is the Judge, your master? In America?"

"Well, his lordship is on his way to the English provinces, an' he came all this round to see Mrs. Browne an' Mr. Browne an' a gentleman named Mr. M'Cann, the finest people in the universal world."

"And who is the Judge's lady?"

"His lady?"

"Yes."

"Oh, she is Lady Euphemia Haydock. So that's all, sir. I must be doing something now. Good-bye, sir. Mrs. Browne's mother, the widow, is coming to New York, and I must be back in no time to look after every one."

Mr. Wood was not thunderstruck. Nothing would surprise him now. If the arrival of his mother had been the only announcement made to him he might have had the fitful feeling which springs up at the touch of a memory, and immediately vanishes away; but the association of O'Connor Moran's name, titles, and position, with the other pieces of news, stung his self-love. One of Hazlitt's misfortunes always was to aim at being everything everywhere; and now this moralist, Moran, who had so often advised him and tried to correct him, and whom he began to hate even for his very virtue, here he was, judge of the land and apparently married to a noble.

Hazlitt stamped, stamped fiercely, and his eyes flashed with rage. The intellect had been subdued, the affections withered, natural love had died in the desert of a conscienceless heart that now accepted no creed unless one that wore the chains of passion.

Verily Mr. Jack Hazlitt has been emancipated!

But then, he mused, when he would have had his *million*, that full million now well nigh counted and in his coffers, what would a miserable colonial judgeship be compared to the position which he would occupy? And assuredly Grace Brackenbridge would compare with this English dame. He wondered was she a Protestant. To be sure she was. Well, all he would give to know! That sublime Papist took a Protestant wife and went "to Church." These grand Christian men are always hypocrites! Confound them!

Mr. Jack Hazlitt would have given a thousand dollars that O'Connor Moran's wife was a Protestant; and why? Alas for

fallen nature ! it is the enjoyment of the infernal to desire the multiplication of iniquity !

Mr. Wood was awakened from his meditations by noticing a letter upon his dressing-table.

The direction was in hand-writing now familiar and dear, but half his interest in the contents had evaporated by the nature of his preceding thoughts.

He broke the seal listlessly, and then found an enclosure that stirred his blood. It was from Captain Brackenbridge, and dated "Buenos Ayres." Many instructions and much information were given, but the electric passage was the following :

"So all is now right. We have shipped eight of *ours*. Whole crew is twenty-one. Johnston commands. You go as passenger. You sail in nineteen days. *Your million is sure !*"

[*To be continued.*]

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

VI. THE CHURCH'S LEGISLATION (*continued*).

THE subject-matter of ecclesiastical legislation, the things with which it is concerned, the extent to which it can go in prescribing or prohibiting those things, all this is to be determined by the Church, not, of course, arbitrarily in the sense of its resting with her to fix for herself what she pleases, but in the sense of her being divinely invested with supreme authority to decide questions regarding her own power, either by formally pronouncing upon them or by her action in framing and promulgating laws. That this is so can be easily shown to any one who has otherwise correct notions about the Church.

In the first place the State, as it is called, the civil Government, or rather the Legislature, claims this prerogative, and does not allow its own competence to be impugned. Our British Legislature, Queen, Lords, and Commons, consider themselves as supreme in this respect. If there is any drawback on this supremacy, any drawback arising out of the Constitution, which may be considered as in some sort above the Legislature, though such drawback is worth very little in ordinary practice, whatever there may be of such a nature involves the idea that what is called the Legislature is not thoroughly complete, that the authority derived originally from the people has not been given by them in its entirety, that some of it still remains in their own hands. I do not wish to digress into a dis-

cussion of the principles affecting civil power here or elsewhere. I am satisfied with the broad doctrine that the State—the one or manifold ruler of a nation—undertakes to guarantee its own power to make those laws which it does make, and assumes to be a competent judge regarding this matter. Without such assertion of itself a state could hardly go on.

To avoid confusion and apparent contradiction later on, I must observe, that I speak of the State, at present, abstracting from the Church and from any collision with the Church; of a State, for instance, in which the Church does not exist, or is, though wrongfully, ignored. I speak of the State considered by itself in its own temporal order, and independently of any concurrent real or pretended sovereign spiritual government. Well, then, I repeat, the State decides for itself concerning its own legitimate authority, and acts accordingly, and this is reasonable and necessary. Now, I go on to say, the Church is in its own order a complete, supreme, independent, ruling power; a perfect legislature appointed by God for a certain purpose, invested by Him immediately with all the attributes of sovereignty in that order, and, as I have said elsewhere, not deriving any part of its authority from any other source. The government of the Catholic Church is not *constitutional* in the sense which human politicians attach to the word. It has, no doubt, a constitution of its own, proceeding from the hand of God, but not including conditions dictated by the people nor liable to be modified by any such conditions. From what I have said just now, and said, not as expressing an opinion, but as stating an undoubted point of Catholic doctrine, it follows that the Church is entitled on as strong grounds as the State, and even on stronger grounds, to decide on the extent of its own legislative power, and to act according to its own decision.

But, here a difficulty presents itself which must be dealt with, and cannot be shirked. The right of the Church and of the State respectively to settle the question of their own authority is plain enough when either has to consider itself alone and its own subjects as such; when one alone is making laws about one set of things, and the other alone about another set of things. But we all know that this perfect distinctness of action does not, and morally speaking cannot, exist throughout all matters of ecclesiastical and lay legislation, though the chief occasion of conflict is to be found, not in the things themselves, but in the aggression of the State and its interference with what is manifestly without its domain; for in strictly sacred concerns it has not the shadow of native right to interfere. I use the phrase *native right* in contradistinction to a right communicated or conceded by the Church. But, to come simply to the point of the difficulty without entering into particular complications, let us suppose a collision between the claims of the Church and the claims of the State, each of which being otherwise supreme in its own order differs from the other as

to the mutual boundaries of the two powers, which is to be preferred? I say, beyond all doubt, the Church is to be preferred: that is to say, the Church is entitled to insist on the authority which it attributes to itself, and the State is not entitled to resist the Church, to enforce its own views against the Church. I am speaking plainly, at any rate, on this subject. It is one regarding which the truth needs to be told, because there is a great principle involved, a principle, we may reasonably fear, not sufficiently understood or recognized by some well-meaning Catholics.*

I will now try to show briefly, but clearly, that my solution is correct. First of all, there must be some right way whereby to determine which Power should yield to the other in cases of collision. This way cannot be physical force—the law of the strongest—though the State is fond of settling matters so. Such is not the will of God. He would not have the decision follow the fortunes of war. The idea is too absurd to be entertained. This way, again, cannot be mere argument, for the process would be endless and inconclusive. This way cannot be the intervention of any third human power, for there is no third power qualified to intervene. This way cannot be compulsory arbitration or compromise, for the same reason, because there is no other party entitled to compel the litigants. I have said *compulsory*, because the two powers may, if they both please, come to an arrangement without sacrificing any radical right.

The only way left is that of authority residing in either of the powers, whose legislative boundaries are in dispute, and to be exercised by that power. Now, I ask, in which of these powers does this authority reside? I say, as I have already said above, *in the Church*. For, in the first place, though the Spiritual and Temporal orders are distinct and, to a considerable extent, independent of each other, still the former is above the latter in dignity and importance, nay more, the latter is to be referred and directed to the former as involving a higher and ulterior end of the same human beings who belong to both. Our principal destiny is the eternal happiness of heaven, which assuredly appertains to the spiritual order. None but infidels can question this position. That power, therefore, which presides on earth in the spiritual order, namely the Church, is entitled to preference in case of a collision of claims. It alone has the right to decide in such a case. Further, that power, namely the Church, has its commission formally and expressly from God Himself, a special and supernatural commission, far more exalted in its character than any

* Whoever wishes to have before him a grand comprehensive view of the position of the Church towards the State, with reference to their respective rights, would do well to read the powerful lecture "On Caesarism and Ultramontanism," delivered by the Archbishop of Westminster, before the "Academia of the Catholic Religion," on Tuesday, the 20th of December, 1873.

possessed by the State. But, what most conclusively completes and clinches the argument is that God has appointed His Church the guardian on earth of His whole Law, Natural and Positive, the supreme expounder of moral right and wrong, and likewise the interpreter of her own charter—her own commission—since all these things belong to that *Divine Religion* with the custody of which she is charged. All this we have already considered, not as anything new, but as a developed setting forth of what we had always known and held in substance, and were bound to hold as sound Catholics.

In truth, no part of what I have just said can be denied without manifestly disfiguring and disjoining our conception of a Divine, complete, consistent Religion, such as genuine Christianity undoubtedly is, and our corresponding conception of the Church wherewith that Religion is indissolubly bound up. Now, if the office of the Church is what I have stated, it is her right and not that of the State to determine the legislative boundaries of the two powers.

This right will be frequently ignored by secular Sovereigns and their Ministers, and not only by Protestants but by Catholics, and very foolishly ignored—foolishly, I say, not only because no legitimate prerogative can be wisely disregarded, but because the end which these statesmen have in view, or which they pretend and ought to have in view, is frustrated rather than served by such means. That end is either the maintenance of civil authority, the strengthening of their governments, the security of their reasonable sway, or, on the other hand, the preservation and promotion of well regulated liberty, genuine liberal institutions, and material prosperity on the part of the people. Now, in all this the Church would sustain them, and all the more effectually in proportion to the amount of her own independence.

The civilization of Europe, so far as it is true civilization, is mainly due to the Church, and her principles are the same now as they were when she did that great work, which her enemies have succeeded in spoiling to no small extent. Her principles are divinely derived and unchangeable. They are inflexible in themselves, but flexible in their application, and fit to meet, and duly deal with, all varieties of human circumstances. The Church has always been the friend at once of legitimate authority and of rational freedom. She has always accommodated her action to the real exigencies of times and places. In the long run, her influence has always been temporally beneficial, is still so, and would have been and would be more so were it not cramped by the mistaken policy of princes.

I know this language will sound like raving in the ears of some; but it is the language of truth supported by history, and whatever discredit it meets with is the effect either of fictitious or falsely coloured facts, or of distorted notions concerning the temporal welfare of men; I say distinctly *temporal*, and am not talking

asceticism. The trite saying—not to be understood quite literally—*Quas Deus vult perdere prius dementat* is, perhaps, nowhere nearer fulfilment than in the case of those who seek to better the condition of society by shackling the Church. I don't pretend, of course, that individual ecclesiastics never make mistakes or commit excesses. They are men, and they go wrong occasionally, and do mischief. But these cases do not interfere appreciably with the wholesome action of the Church, nor do they afford the shadow of a ground for curtailing her prerogatives.

Talking of ecclesiastics, I may advert to an imputation of pride sometimes cast on them. Now what is the foundation for this? Our nature is infected with this vice. We all have the tendency in a greater or less degree, and most of us yield to it now and then, though not always very much. Ecclesiastics, among the rest, sometimes fail in this respect; and it is not to be wondered at if there have been found in their number decidedly proud men. Any degree of pride is more noticed in the clergy than in others, because, considering their sacred profession, it is more out of place. But, that as a class they are specially chargeable with it cannot, I sincerely believe, be maintained with truth. Why, then, I ask again, is the charge made? It is, in my mind, largely owing to their conscientious assertion of the real rights of the Church. Laymen, whether sovereigns or others, are not accused of pride for vindicating their legitimate claims, nay claims that are often not legitimate, while bishops and priests are so accused because they stand by the prerogatives of their order and of the divinely constituted body which they represent.

The leaders of human society—of natural human society, so to speak—the rulers of the State and their supporters view the Church, if it ought to be at all, as a subordinate and dependent institution holding from the government or from the country any little authority it is suffered to possess. If ecclesiastics protest, as they are bound to do, against this view, if they decline to yield their own position, if they refuse to betray the cause of God, if they defend the rights of Christ's kingdom on earth, they are regarded as presumptuous, as insolently setting themselves up against the State, as grasping a power that is not theirs, and even as rebellious subjects. It is scarcely necessary to repeat what, however, must be remembered at every moment, that the Church is essentially independent of the control of the civil government, that it is literally and strictly a distinct external *State* or *Kingdom*, as distinct from every secular State as one nation is from another, with this peculiarity that its individual members are simultaneously also subjects of the temporal rulers of their respective countries. The independence and distinction I speak of do not imply a necessary separation of the Church from the State. On the contrary, it is most desirable they should work in harmony together and help each other. For this purpose they can and have come to understandings, and have

entered into treaties—well known under the name of *Concordats*—in which the Church has shown herself ready to make concessions quite legitimate in themselves, but sometimes perhaps such as would have been better not demanded.

All civil legislation which trenches on the liberty of the Church and violates her independence is unjust, and consequently invalid and of no binding force in conscience. For, no enactment that is not just is in strictness a law at all. It is true that in cases of obscurity or uncertainty the presumption is in favour of the authority of an otherwise legitimate superior, such as an absolute sovereign or a constitutional sovereign with his parliament. But the case I speak of is not one of obscurity or uncertainty. There is, besides, a collision between the two powers, one of which, namely the Church, is, on Catholic principles, entitled to settle the question.

It may be asked whether Catholics are ever at liberty to observe the iniquitous laws of which I have just now spoken. I answer that they are, under certain conditions. First of all, the thing commanded must not be in itself wrong—it must not be forbidden by any precept of God or the Church, or else, in the latter case, there must be permission from some competent ecclesiastical authority. Secondly, there must be no compromise of principle, no giving up of the cause of the Church. Thirdly, there must be no such evil consequences likely to result as would considerably exceed the advantage expected from compliance. The ground on which obedience to an unjust law is allowable under such conditions is obvious. No one blames a waylaid traveller for yielding his purse on the demand of a highwayman, who assuredly has no right to it, and whose order to stand and deliver is clearly of no binding force, nor is the unfortunate wayfarer supposed to acknowledge that it is of any.

I now pass on to speak of the persons who are bound by the Church's laws. The Church legislates for her subjects. Who are the subjects of the Church? Not certainly all men. None but those who belong, in some perfect or imperfect way, to that great body which we call the Church in a more extended sense, and of which I have spoken pretty fully elsewhere. Not, on the other hand, those only who are to all intents and purposes its members. Pius the Ninth, in his now well known private letter to the Emperor of Germany, alluded to his concern with all those who are baptized. His Majesty, as might have been more or less expected, did not recognize the principle involved in this allusion. But the principle is true and certain for all that, and is neither new nor strange to well-informed Catholics. There is but *one baptism*, and that baptism introduces him who receives it validly into the Catholic Church. Every baptized child is a member of the Catholic Church, and however he may later, culpably or inculpably, swerve from his allegiance to its pastors, he remains subject to their authority.

I do not pretend that every act done by a Protestant in contravention of laws which he knows to be enforced in the Catholic Church is an imputable sin. Even though he be not in what is called invincible ignorance, even though he be guilty of grievous neglect in not inquiring into the truth of his own religion—which, by the way, we are to remember is, unlike ours, a religion of inquiry—even although he be violating the obligation to examine the claims of the Catholic Faith, as is often the case, still it does not follow that he is called on in the mean time to observe the precepts of the true Church, not recognized by him as such, for instance to keep its prescribed feasts and fasts. But he is, all the time, really subject to the pastors of the Catholic Church, retaining so much of membership as involves this subjection, though not participating in the advantages which Catholics derive from their more thorough membership. He is in the position of a citizen who has revolted against the legitimate authority of the State to which he belonged, and still belongs so far as remaining amenable to that authority, whatever be the degree of actual guilt in either case, and even supposing that the course pursued is a result of excusable mistake.

This statement may perhaps seem strange to some Protestants. Yet a little reflection will show them that it is only consistent with our well-known belief concerning the institution and nature of the Catholic Church—the one Church which our Lord established for all men, not as a voluntary association, but as His kingdom on earth, which all are bound to enter, and no one who has entered is at liberty to leave, which too is entered by baptism even received in infancy. The Council of Trent most explicitly anathematizes those who should say that baptized persons are free from all the precepts of Holy Church, whether written or otherwise handed down, so as not to be bound to observe them unless they spontaneously submit themselves thereunto; those who should say that baptized infants are not to be computed among the Faithful: those who should say that baptized children are, when they grow up, to be asked whether they wish to ratify the promises made for them in baptism, and that, if they do not so wish, they are to be left to their own discretion in the matter.* I may observe that the actual making of these promises by the sponsors in the name of the children is only a ceremony instituted by the Church to express the obligations entailed by baptism, obligations which exist just as fully without such expression as with it.

People occasionally speak of *the Church of their Baptism*. This phrase is somewhat misleading. It may be understood to imply that this sacrament as received from the hands of a clergyman of any section of Christians establishes a special tie with that section. This would be an absurdly false notion. There is really but one

* Sess. vii. Dec. de Sacram., de Bapt. cann. viii., xiii., xiv.

Church of the Baptism of all who are baptized, and that is the Catholic Church. A Protestant clergyman or a Protestant layman introduces the child whom he validly baptizes as effectually into the Catholic Church as the Pope could, and into no other. I need hardly tell Catholics that the validity of baptism does not depend on the faith or orders of the person baptizing, provided the sacrament is duly administered. If those who are received into the Church from various sects are, in many instances, or even commonly, baptized conditionally, it is always on account of some doubt regarding the fact of previous baptism or the mode of its performance, as there is often reason to apprehend carelessness in this respect.

To conclude what has to be said concerning the persons subject to the Church's laws, I may add, though the statement seems rather superfluous, that no temporal dignity, however exalted, exempts from the obligation of obedience to them. A king, as such, has no prerogative of spiritual independence, any more than he has of spiritual authority.

LAST MOMENTS.

FOLD to the shutters and soften the light,
 Let the Church's powerful prayers be said ;
 For a Christian man is dying to-night—
 Let the death-bed litanies then be read.

Hush ! Let us kneel on the chamber floor,
 For a mighty mystery here doth pass :—
 Here is life behind, there is Death before,
 And Eternity then—and then, alas !

There is weal or woe for the God-made soul,
 And it needs all aid our prayers can give ;
 It shall live as long as the fire-waves roll,
 As long as the Lord Himself shall live !

See ! the shadow is settling across his brow,
 And the damp of Death is upon his hair,
 And the filmed eyes are fixing now
 In a last, immutable, stony stare.

Ah ! if Time were his for an hour or so,
To scan the Past, and to sob salt tears
For the lighter sins of the Long-Ago,
And the greater sins of his later years !

For who can stand in the blaze that beams
From a God whose glory illumines the skies ?
And who can show in His searching gleams,
When the Angels scarce are safe in His eyes ?

Oh ! place the Cross on his heaving breast—
It saved a sinner on Calvary's hill ;
Through it men climb to the mansions blest,
It can bring this soul to those mansions still.

Hold fast thy Cross in thy hour of need,
And cry to Him Who was nailed thereon,
Nor cease to call and beseech and plead
Till thy strength has failed and thy speech is gone.

Then turn thy eyes to that sacred sign,
While we say the words in thy wordless hour :—
Pardon, pardon, O Lord Divine,
By Thy Holy Cross, by Thy saving power !

The priest absolves him ; he heeds no more ;
He clasps Christ's Cross and Christ is his own—
One smile, one sigh, and the strife is o'er—
And the mortal man is immortal grown !

M. J. Mc H.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE FATHER HENRY YOUNG, OF DUBLIN.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER XI.

UP to the age of seventy Father Young continued to work as a parish curate; and each year of his life was marked by that succession of good deeds which in the last chapter of this little work we have endeavoured to give some idea of.

Notwithstanding all his fasts and austerities he was still strong and active at that advanced period of his long life. His fervour was unabated—his energy what it had ever been; but he felt that the last stage of his long career was entered upon. He might have few or many years yet to live, but the end was approaching, and he felt the want of an intermediate resting-place—a haven of repose, such repose, that is, as saints allow themselves before their departure from this world, a moment which he had indeed been preparing for since his earliest days, but the lengthening shadows of which were now falling on his path,

His appointment in the year 1856 to the chaplaincy of St. Joseph's Asylum seemed exactly suited to that need. It did not remove him from his native city, nor from the people he had so long loved and laboured for, but it relieved him from responsibility; it offered him more time for prayer and the work of the confessional, which to the last he persisted in with undiminished assiduity. It was a haven of peace to him—that little chapel attached to a home exactly suited to his ideas of poverty and humility.

This institution had been founded in 1837 for the object of affording shelter and the enjoyment of spiritual advantages to fifty-four aged single women of virtuous and pious character—to some of whom might, no doubt, be applied the lines of Keble:

“ Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily life an angel's theme”—

who had devoted their best years to the service of others, and had sacrificed their own earthly happiness for the welfare and consolation of aged parents or sick relatives. More self-denying, more virtuous, more meritorious lives can hardly be found than those of unmarried women of this class, and few, as a rule, meet with less sympathy and kindness from the generality of the world.

We may well imagine in what light Father Young looked upon

them, and how glad he was to consecrate himself to this obscure work of mercy during the last portion of his life. Not that it engrossed him, or occupied all his time. The chapel of St. Joseph's Asylum soon became the scene of active chapel duties, and was filled with worshippers, attracted by his reputation of holiness, as well as by the pious associations already connected with it. By the special desire of the new chaplain, a little room off the porch of the church had been prepared for him. It was well suited to his pious habits and rigorous austerities. In one of his letters he speaks thus of his cell, as he loved to consider it:—"My abode," he says, "is under the sacred roof of this asylum church; my window is the church-window, so near am I to the temple of the living God. My only excursions are to the churches of the Forty Hours' Adoration, when they are within the suburbs; and on every Friday I go to Marlborough-street to confess to Canon Pope."

What a picture these few simple words present. They remind us of some of the marvellous lives in Rome, where holy people have spent their whole existence in St. Peter's Basilica or at the Gesù, with the same exception of visiting the church, where the blessed Sacrament is for the time being exposed. But the austerity of such a life was far greater in Dublin than at Rome. An artist or a poet might be content to dwell in St. Peter's, and the walks to the churches, and the churches themselves, visited in turn by pious footsteps, might be enjoyed by men of genius, of taste, and of imagination, for the sake of the intrinsic charm, and also the strange loveliness of earth and sky, and the solemn, sacred beauty of the sanctuaries and the ruins which give to the Eternal City its matchless attraction. But the cell of the asylum church—the little chapel itself, rich only in the possession of the Blessed Sacrament—and the walks through the streets and lanes of a northern city to the altars where his Lord awaited his daily visits, offered nothing to please the eye or the heart that did not dwell, like that of our humble saint, on the invisible glories descried by faith alone.

Let us go through his day with him, as described by one who was his constant attendant from the time of his arrival at the asylum until his death. At four o'clock he entered the chapel, and remained there in prayer till six, when the doors were opened to the public. From that moment until he retired late at night to his short rest, he said Mass, recited prayers, catechised children, and sat in the confessional. In fact, he carried on a perpetual mission. Those who had to speak to him had always to speak to him in the church. At two he went to take his sole meal for the day. His weary limbs reposed at night on boards; a bare wooden stool was his pillow. Once a friend tried to persuade him not to spend so many hours in the church in very severe weather when there was no one there; he smiled, and said, "The angels are there."

Besides his numerous other devotions, he recited the Divine Office always on his knees. They had become callous and much enlarged from this practice, and a severe inward complaint was attributed to the same cause. In 1862, when seventy-seven years of age, he had to undergo, on this account, a severe operation. It occupied three hours. When the surgeons arrived, who had to cut open his side, he knelt down and prayed a little while, and then said, "Now, do what you like with me." It was not thought possible he could recover. For eight weeks immovability was prescribed, and no one expected he would live. But he did, and, moreover, regained his strength, and resumed his former manner of life.

Under chloroform, which the doctors insisted on administering to him on this occasion, he manifested what were his habitual thoughts and feelings. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks in these moments of unconsciousness; and Father Young, even whilst the knife was doing its work on his aged frame, burst forth into loud and joyful praises of God, chanting aloud hymns and psalms.

A soreness of the hip came on in consequence of long confinement to one position, and Father Young was ordered to lie on a bed much against his will. A near relative of his, who visited him at that time when his life was despaired of, when he had been anointed, and was in daily expectation of death, thus describes the state in which he found him: "He was lying in a cell off the chapel of St. Joseph's Asylum. Submitting to direction, he was reposing on a bed made of the usual materials, a great luxury for him, who through life had slept on boards, but his bed was very low. He lay on it between the wall and a couple of planks—the whole concern had the appearance of a narrow box on the floor, just large enough to hold his small emaciated frame. Sitting on a low chair, my knees were considerably above his head. He was in great spirits, and told me that he had received Holy Communion every morning, Mass being said in his cell for him. Speaking of his exceeding happiness, he said: 'All being now so nicely arranged, it is time for me to go home.' He meant to his eternal Father. I remarked how much the saints always longed for that home. 'Oh!' he replied, 'we must all be saints. No one can enter heaven unless he be a saint.' This was a sentiment he often expressed, and used it as a warning against rash confidence. Even to his very holy and favourite sister he was wont to say:—'Save your soul you can lose it in a convent as well as in the world.'"

The following letter he wrote to a near and dear relative, on recovering from this long and dangerous illness:—

"St. Joseph's, Friday.

"DEAR —, I am now, thank God, so perfectly recovered, that Dr. M'Swiney of his own accord has allowed me to celebrate on next Sunday,

Patronage of St. Joseph, and on Monday to go off with James to St. Margaret's. Many persons did judge that I would be in eternity before now; but the Lord God has graciously spared me to offer more sacrifices to His honour and glory, beyond the fifty-two years since my ordination, on the 10th of June, 1810, the Festival day of Pentecost of that year. May I in future prove worthy of this honour to make amends for past defects, and may He crown us both with abundant graces here, the true seed of immortal glory hereafter—the ardent desire of your affectionate,

“HENRY YOUNG.”

The desire of living in a religious house, and of practising some of its rules more exactly than even in his cell at St. Joseph's, was probably the reason that Father Young, in 1863, exchanged for a while his solitude in a crowded city for the greater apparent, though scarcely more real retirement of a cloister. The Carmelite Monastery of Mount St. Joseph's, Clondalkin, had the happiness of possessing for a time the holy priest as chaplain.

He was much attached to this Community, which was founded in 1813, and to which was affiliated the one he had himself established so many years before at Harold's Cross. These Carmelite monks had opened a school as a means of support, a work much needed at that period. Their pupils became objects of the greatest interest to the venerable priest during his residence at Clondalkin, and they were in return devoted to him. We need not add, that there, as elsewhere, he took every opportunity of instructing and relieving the poor, and of adorning and improving the church. He never could have spent a day anywhere without doing good.

The American—the Catholic poet we should call him, if we judged only by some of his writings—Longfellow, exhorts men to be heroes “in the world's wide field of battle.” No soldier in the fight, no sentinel at his post, was ever more brave and faithful than Father Henry; and if we were asked what appears to us the greatest peculiarity of his life as we study its course, we should be inclined to say its consistency, and consistency in a Christian means heroic virtue that never falters or fails.

Those who call to mind Father Young in the Conventual Church of Clondalkin describe him as very feeble in appearance when he began his exhortations, but gradually animating as he entered on his subject, and becoming at last, both in voice and gesture, earnest and vehement. When he spoke of the goodness of God and the joys of heaven, his countenance lighted up, and his frame seemed to thrill with joyful exaltation. He preached continually on the three theological virtues, and by every variety of illustrations brought them home to the perceptions and feelings of the pupils whom he addressed every Sunday.

During his residence in the monastery, it was his delight to practise every minute particular of the religious rule. It must have been touching to see this aged priest, from his deep love of obedience, of humiliation, of child-like and holy simplicity, handing

his letters to the prior, to be opened before he would read them, and asking his permission to walk in the grounds or go to town, which he did once a week for confession. On these occasions he went in the market-car with the Brother Procurator, and recited the Rosary on his way there and back.

But after a time he came to the conclusion that to live in a religious house outside Dublin circumscribed too much the sphere of the work yet allotted to him, and that he had to live and die a missionary priest, and fulfil his own particular vocation, as far and as long as his strength would permit. So he wrote to the ecclesiastical authorities, that his heart was at St. Joseph's, and asked to be re-instated there. His request was instantly complied with, and in November, 1863, he parted with the religious and the pupils, all of whom he was much attached to, and who loved and valued him in return with a more than common affection; and he made his way back to the little cell, the coffin-like bed, the single meal, the pious inmates, and the little church in the heart of Dublin.

Not long before his brother James had died; and this loss, notwithstanding all his detachment, all his hopes of a speedy re-union, had drawn from him a burst of passionate human grief. When he saw the playmate of his childhood and the companion of his labours laid in the grave, Father Henry wept long and bitterly. The tenderness of heart of this austere and saintly man revealed itself in various ways. After he had left the monastery, fearing perhaps that his departure might be ascribed to a want of affection for its inmates, he often wrote to the prior, dwelling on the happiness he had enjoyed under their roof, and his gratitude to all the community. In one letter he says: "I received too much care and attention, which I can never sufficiently repay;" in another, "I was most happy in your holy and excellent monastery, too much attention was shown me by your religious." And again he says, "I love your monastery and your religious, who were too kind to me; nor would I have left you if I could have fulfilled there *all, all* the clerical duties I practise in the Asylum Church, but which clashed with your choir and school duties. I was happy, and too much cared for whilst I was with you."

In some of these letters to Prior Dominick he dwells on the subject of daily communion, and strongly recommends it, especially in the case of religious persons. We extract the following passages: "'I am the living bread,' these and like words from Jesus Himself prove His ardent desire that we should frequently partake of this Divine Food; one communion is a preparation for another. We take daily common bread; why not take daily the spiritual bread of the soul? The primitive Christians, all priests, and very many nuns communicate daily. As corporal food causes an infant to grow into a man, so daily spiritual nourishment will raise religious persons to the height of perfection." And he quotes St. Gregory and St. Bernard in support of his opinion.

The heroic act of charity in favour of the holy souls in purgatory was one of his favourite themes. He often reminds his correspondents of "the great indulgences granted to those who make the whole oblation of their Masses, communions, prayers, good works, and respective occupations in favour of those suffering souls."* Another of his pious solicitudes was to impress upon all those he could influence the importance of catechetical instruction, in order, he used to say, "to encourage close application to the most necessary of all sciences, that of salvation." This leads us to speak of a work he undertook with great zeal, and gave up with perfect willingness, when advised to do so.

Father James Young had translated Bellarmine's Catechism for publication. He had it revised by some clerical friends, but died before it was put in print. Father Henry was very anxious to complete his brother's work. Writing on the subject to a friend he says: "I hold the manuscript of Cardinal Bellarmine's Catechism translated by my late brother James (and also the Italian book), which I wish to show you, that you may give a second revision and correction to it before sending it to press. After which I will show it to the Rev. Canon Pope, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, who I hope will obtain Dr. Cullen's sanction for its publication." Father James had translated literally; Father Henry very much developed and amplified this translation, and when he sent his manuscript for revision, his friend thought it quite unnecessary to publish a catechism, and returned it back to him, saying that Father James had had his full reward for his good intentions and labours; that Father Henry's manuscript was not Father James's at all, and that its publication would not realise his brother's desire; that it would also be too heavy a task for him to finish, and that he advised him not to think any more about it."

We find from Father Henry's letter written on this occasion that though the advice thus given was founded on error, at any rate in one respect, as he seems to have completed his work with the exception of two pages, that no religious could have more submissively interrupted his labour and resigned his intention than the holy priest who had snatched many hours from his multifarious occupations, or his short rest to accomplish what he considered as a little tribute to his beloved brother's memory. No thought seems to cross his mind that his own judgment, as to the utility of his work, might be more correct than that of his adviser.

We subjoin this evidence of a sacrifice which those can best appreciate who have been engaged in any labour of this kind, especially if it was connected with some beloved departed one.

* In connexion with this passage, we venture to call the notice of our readers to the association connected with the religious order of "the Helpers of the Holy Souls," a branch of which is now established at 23, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, London.

"DEAR —, On the return of my parcel, I stopped my pen, a couple of pages of my manuscript remaining. I determined to forward it to —, and wrote a letter to him resigning the work . . . I sent him also the entire of James MS., so that I have now nothing whatever of Bellarmine's printed or written. I told him to burn my own MS. according to his will, for I do not wish to oppose any advice given me. . . . As it is not God's will that I should prosecute what James undertook, I willingly resign it. — I remain, dear —, your affectionate,
"HENRY YOUNG."

Having had occasion to call on a reverend friend, with reference to the above-mentioned work, Father Young was much disturbed by his meeting him at the gate and testifying by his manner all the respect he felt for him. When luncheon was placed before him, he said, "such fine things are suitable for fine people not for a poor wretch like me." He liked to describe himself under that name—poor wretch or poor me were his expressions on the rare occasions when he did speak of himself. It gave him positive pain to be treated with honour or consideration. He wrote as follows to one who had addressed him as "Very Reverend Father":—

"DEAR REV. —, In immediate answer to your kind letter just received, I disapprove of that strange title 'Very Reverend,' which has not been conferred on me by any lawful authority. I don't deserve it, and glory in the simple word Reverend, as every priest should do." [And then he gives another proof of his humility by offering to undertake himself the work of transcribing a manuscript which his correspondent wished to have copied.] "I do not know of any person who would copy the manuscript, for I am a kind of stranger here, though appointed five years ago. I shall willingly do so myself, but gradually and scrupulously; for copying any work imprints the subject more on the mind than hasty reading. Indeed I am so very busy with my church duties that I have little or no spare time, but still we find time when we have a mind to steal it from other occupations, for the Wise Man saith, 'Omnia tempus habent.'"

In the next chapter we shall give some further details as to the spirit with which Father Henry performed all his actions, illustrating the various points of his character by anecdotes related of him, and passages from his letters. That marvellous life of his was a hidden one. The voice of the people proclaimed him, however, a saint, long before the close of his earthly career. We have before us a passage which it is difficult to transcribe without emotion. "Often the cabmen of Dublin would leap from their boxes and entreat him to allow them to drive him to his destination, that thus a blessing might rest upon them and their vehicles. Coalporters and draymen would stop their carts and kneel down in the street, as he went on his way, blessing and blessed."

We cannot help being struck with the fact, that one held in veneration by the poor, was utterly unknown to many of the wealthy and influential inhabitants of his native city, and the words of our Lord rise in the mind, "I thank thee, O Father of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto little ones."

CHAPTER XII.

WE have by this time traced imperfectly, but on the whole we hope not inaccurately, the successive phases in Father Young's long career, and arrived, as far as this outline of it goes, nearly to its close. We now revert to the study of his character, which though in one sense simple in the extreme, is one that might be easily in some respects misunderstood.

It is said that amongst those who knew little of him, and little of the characteristic peculiarities of sanctity in general, there have been some who held somewhat cheap this holy man, whom the poor, whose instincts are the truest on such a point, revered as a saint. To such persons he seemed a strange being, eccentric, and rude in his plainness, and in some respects weak and fanatical.

Such judgments have been often passed on persons who have been subsequently raised on the altars of the Church. Witness St. Philip Neri, the Apostle of Rome, who loved to astonish by his apparent folly those who approached him out of curiosity, who played the fool in order that men should not detect his sanctity, and loved to disappoint the expectations which made the great ones of the world seek him out, in order to look upon a real, living saint, as they would have gone to see a famous conjurer or a skilful actor.

Witness Saint Theresa, who when she went to Madrid, and was visited by all the great ladies of the court, full of eager excitement at the idea of conversing with the wonderful woman they had heard so much of, received them very civilly and talked of the rain and the fine weather, as the French express it, the handsome streets of Madrid, and such like topics. We may imagine the disappointment of her visitors, who had looked if not to her performing a miracle or going into an ecstasy in their presence, at any rate to her uttering some sayings of the highest spirituality. Indeed we read that they withdrew with the impression that she was a very good sort of woman doubtless, but by no means a saint.

Of this school was Father Young. We have already spoken of his aversion to the society of worldly persons, especially those of high rank. A much loved friend of the writer of this sketch, an Irish lady of high birth indeed, but not of the world in the unchristian sense of the word—one devoted to every Catholic work of religion and charity both in England and Ireland—could not resist the desire some years ago of asking to see the humble priest whose sanctity she had heard of, and whose prayers she wished to obtain. Hers was no vain curiosity, but a sincere devotion towards God's servants evinced on all occasions. She went accordingly to St. Joseph's Asylum, sought out the holy man, and took him by sur-

prise; but when he heard the high sounding title of his visitor, he simply turned his back upon her, and walked out of the room. She could not but feel rather mortified at such a reception, or rather at such a rebuff; but in her humility she went silently away, probably offering up this little humiliation as a set off against the spiritual benefits she had hoped to gain from Father Young's words and prayers. Some one asked him why he had thus repulsed this lady. When he understood who she was, he quietly said, "She is a friend of the poor; I often pray for her."

This little story seems an instance of the way in which saints deal, unconsciously as it were, with the souls they come in contact with, often doing them more good at a distance than by personal communication—often pleading at the throne of grace and obtaining blessings for those they do not appear to value on earth.

Father Young's total absence of human respect was of course one of his marked qualifications, not only as in the instance already quoted when it was one of his own brothers who was his guest, but also on other occasions he had no difficulty in setting before a visitor his own habitual fare, a plate of stirabout and a little weak tea.

A friend once begged him to invite to breakfast a fashionable young man. The only addition made to the ordinary meal in honour of the stranger was a plate of radishes in the centre of the table. Father Henry hospitably pressed the disconcerted youth to eat, and, without taking any notice of his rueful countenance, began a long speech on the wholesome properties of radishes.

It never occurred to him even to think of what people would say when anything he considered right was to be done. We venture to transcribe from a letter before us the amusing description given by a near relative of Father Henry's of their journey on a mail-car.

"We were both on a visit to Father James Young, the parish priest, at St. Margaret's. An outside mail-car passed by the Presbytery on its way to Dublin. Finding as the car came up just two places vacant, Father Henry and I took possession of them. We were no sooner seated than, either ignorant of conventional proprieties, or in no way swayed by them, he began saying the Rosary in a tone audible to the whole party. I who had seen more of the world, and been from my heart I regret to say, once a worldlying myself, would willingly on that occasion have been spared joining aloud in the prayers, not that I had any objection myself to the Rosary, for I was in the habit of saying the Litany of the Blessed Virgin whenever starting on a journey, a practice to which pious persons ascribe many a hair-breadth escape from dangers in travelling, but I was somewhat startled at the idea of praying aloud in a mail-car, without knowing who were our fellow travellers, or to what religion they belonged. But there was no help for it. Of course I had to answer, nay, to co-operate effectually in the recital, by beginning each alternate decade. Well, we came to the fifth mystery. I confess I felt relieved, but only for an instant; for Father Henry, as soon as the Five Joyful Mysteries were finished, began the Five Sorrowful ones, and to them succeeded the Five Glorious; and then, *da capo*, mystery after mystery, till we arrived at Dublin, a journey of more than an hour."

We cannot help suspecting Father Young of a little secret amusement at the embarrassment of his pious relative, and of satisfaction at the thought that his patient acceptance of it was adding to the merit of his prayers. It was a trait of character quite worthy of St. Philip Neri.

As we have noticed instances of Father Young's somewhat severe dealings with persons of an humble class of life who promoted immoral amusements, of rope dancers cut short in their evolutions, threatened *auto da fes* of pipes used at dance-houses, of war waged against immodest wax figures in the streets, we must not omit an anecdote which showed that this severity extended to all classes of society.

A lady well known to the good father invited him in a luckless or a happy hour, as people may consider it, to her house. It so happened that a few days before the one on which he paid her this visit she had purchased * * * * from the extreme beauty of the head, and, being an accomplished artist, she designed to use it as a model; however, in Father Young's eyes this painting was not an edifying addition to a Christian lady's drawingroom. It was one of the first things that caught his attention when he entered the room. He said nothing, but went up to the chimney-piece and silently heated the poker in the fire. Before his hostess could see what he was about, the hot poker had been dexterously thrust into one of the goddess's eyes. "I have given a finishing touch to Venus," he quietly remarked as he returned to the fireside. "Don't you think it is a great improvement?" The lady silently accepted the rebuke. She probably never bought another such picture, and, if possible, conceived a double veneration for Father Henry.

We have already spoken of Father Young's zeal as to all outward marks of reverence for the sign of our redemption, and especially for the solemn and devout making of the sign of the cross, which he used to term bearing about us the marks of our Lord Jesus Christ. He could not endure to see persons performing this act of devotion in a secret, hurried, irreverent or imperfect manner. He strongly objected to the habit some people have of substituting, as he expressed it, an inverted **I** for the sign of the cross, or of making it in a way that seemed intended to escape observation.

It is in such points as these that a person's character may often be traced. To stand up for God and our religion on all occasions is a lesson more difficult to practise than is at first sight imagined. There is many a man who finds it more difficult to make the sign of the cross openly at a dinner table than he would to march to the scaffold and die for his faith. God is so visible in the midst of persecutions, Heaven so distinctly discerned at the approach of death, the soul so buoyed by the keen air of the heights it has reached, that human weakness disappears and grace has fair play. But in the hours of social converse, in the ordinary intercourse of

life, sometimes even in the domestic circle, it is more difficult to be brave; a stare or a smile makes cowards of us, and the courage that would have grappled with a foe sinks in the presence of a worldly friend.

O'Connell always made a bold, large sign of the cross at all times when a Catholic is called on to profess his faith in this manner. Men of his stamp are said to be needed now. They might be known by that mark.

Father de Ravignan, the valiant apostle of modern France, who ascended for the first time the pulpit of Notre Dame at a time when a preacher was actually congratulated for his courage if, in the presence of an audience congregated within those sacred walls to hear words of mere human eloquence, he dared to utter the name of Jesus. Father de Ravignan began his first conference by that famous sign of the cross of his, which was a sermon in itself. "Il a déjà prêché," some one said, as that silent protest against infidelity thrilled the heart of many a man who had forgotten he once believed.

The same spirit which swayed the first orator in Christendom worked in our humble saint, as daily and at all times and in all places he urged this point—a vital one he thought it—on the old and on the young, on the priests and on the people. We give the following account of his manner of inculcating this his favourite lesson. It is illustrative of the holy old man's teachings and of the feeling with which he was wont to be approached, not only by poor children but by devout young persons of all classes. The young lady who writes as follows was thirteen years of age at the time referred to:—

"One bitter cold evening in the beginning of December, 1867, my sister and I entered the little Church of St. Joseph, in Portland-row, with the intention of obtaining Father Young's blessing before leaving for the first time our home and our dear green isle. We were going to spend some years at a convent-school in France. With sad hearts we paused at the door, and groped cautiously towards the old confessional in the corner where the saintly old man passed so much of his time. But no; we were to be disappointed. No light shone at the window of the confessional, and we were leaving the church when a harsh grating cough sounded in the distance. A door leading from the old women's Asylum into the church opened, and a feeble old man shuffled out. His head was bowed down, and in one hand he held a long candle and a couple of books. With all the speed he was capable of, he was hastening into his confessional, when a woman from the Asylum laid an imploring hand on him, and entreated him not to spend the *entire* night there in the cold. All his efforts to get free were in vain, and he promised he would not spend the *whole* night in the cold church; and 'Father Young, dear,' added she, 'won't you come and take a bit of dinner?' 'No, no,' was the answer, 'I have my dinner with me;' and in proof of his assertion he took out of his pocket a couple of biscuits. My sister and I then approached, and said 'Your Reverence, won't you give us your blessing?' holding up at the same time our rosary beads. 'No, no,' he answered, 'I don't bless anything; I'm only an old man, and my superiors have taken away the power from me to bless anything.' But my sister was not to be denied, and boldly laying her hand on the door of his confessional to prevent him from closing it, she again begged

for his blessing. 'Well! God bless you, God bless you, children,' he said, and was disappearing when he perceived me making the sign of the cross. Immediately he turned on me saying, 'Is that the way you bless yourself? bless yourself like this,' and with great reverence he made the sign of the cross in a manner I could never forget. 'Now do it again till I see how you do it,' and he did not leave us until I had made it reverently enough to satisfy him.* Dear saintly old man, it was the last time we were to see him on this earth. He had passed away to his reward ere we returned; but he remains impressed on my memory as I often saw him on the Sundays at Catechism—his long white hair falling down on each side of his worn face, sitting surrounded by children who nestled beside him with the greatest confidence. He used to give out the hymn before and after Catechism in his old cracked voice, so well known to his little flock. Once when prizes were being distributed to the Catechism class, a certain Ned Murphy was called for as entitled to a reward for regular attendance. But no Ned Murphy appeared, he had not been seen or heard of for three weeks. 'He must be sick, poor child,' Father Young ejaculated; 'I must go to him myself and take him his prize.'

In the confessional the good Father had a peculiar gift for inspiring his penitent with a sense of God's presence. He was His representative in the truest sense, because he impressed on all who confessed to him that it was with their Father in Heaven they were dealing in the Sacrament of Penance. It was remarked by a person who knew him at the time, that when he heard confessions at Harold's Cross in the little sacristy behind the altar, he used to accompany each penitent as he left, to the front of the altar and kneel there a moment before returning to his post. This gives an idea of the constant intercourse with our Lord which drew down such marvellous blessings on his ministrations.

Although his voice was unmelodious, even harsh, he read aloud in a way which irresistibly impressed his hearers. The Imitation of Christ, and Challoner's Meditations were his favourite books. People noticed that those harsh tones of his became sweet when he uttered words in praise of Jesus and Mary, especially when he read those words in the former book, which were the keynote, so to speak, of all his teachings, "To be with Jesus is a sweet Paradise, to be without Jesus is a grievous hell." The same change of accent was likewise noticed when after having spoken of the Blessed Virgin as God's Mother, he always added the words, "and our Mother also."

A short sentence uttered in his peculiar manner was as good as a sermon. One evening he was preaching, and became so absorbed in contemplation that he lost the thread of his discourse and was at a loss how to proceed. After a pause, he said in a broken voice, "Our Blessed Lord fell under the Cross," and descended from the pulpit.

* His particularity with respect to every detail of authoritative teaching was at all times evinced. One of his penitents, in reciting the Confiteor, said, "the Holy Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul." He at once stopped her with the warning, "Be careful never to add to or subtract from the words of the Catechism; the form there used is, Holy Apostles, *Peter and Paul*. It needs no further expression than '*Holy Apostle*' to indicate a saint."

His sermons would sometimes provoke smiles as well as tears. In either case they left an impression on the minds of his hearers. A nun gives the following *résumé* of his opening instruction when he gave a retreat at her convent:—

“Yes, sisters, by the end of these eight days you must all be saints. Saint did I say? No, not saints only, but angels. Yes, angels. No, not angels only but gods. Yes, you are all to be gods! Yes, sisters, all of you gods! But no that is not enough. There is no plurality in God, therefore you shall all be God all lost, all immersed, all in God! ’Tis a great work, sisters, a great work to climb up this high hill of perfection in eight days. Well, sisters, we must try. You remember reading when you were children the story of ‘Jack and the Bean Stalk.’ Well, sisters, you must be like Jack. You must take the seven-leagued boots and climb up this high hill. But what are those boots, sisters? They are prayer and mortification. Yes, sisters, if we put on those boots, they will assuredly bring us up to the top of the hill.”

With all his austerity Father Henry had a keen sense of humour, and, like the generality of his countrymen, was never at a loss for an answer. Dr. Laphen, parish priest of St. Paul’s, said to him one day in jest, “Well, Father Henry, you are an enviable man, for no matter to what patriarchal age you live, you are sure in the end to die Young.” “Your case is still more extraordinary,” Father Henry replied; “for no matter what trials you meet with, we all know that you will die laughing (Laphen).” When pressed to dine out towards the end of his life, he excused himself, saying, “I am old, though all do call me Young, and Young I shall continue to be ‘*usque ad mortem meam*.’”

He had considerable aptitude in finding a way out of a difficulty, and showed a readiness of resource on such occasions which would have surprised those who supposed his habitual silence and reserve to proceed from a want of intellectual ability. Those who closely watched him knew his habit of stopping short after beginning a sentence, and checking himself if he was speaking on any subject with more than usual animation. One who knew him well recollects his asking her one day some questions about relations he had been intimate with in his youth, and apparently taking pleasure in the conversation; but he suddenly changed the subject as if fearing to indulge even in that innocent curiosity. Another intimate friend relates how touching was the glow of affection which for a moment lighted up his face as she spoke of his sisters and brothers, and the soft tone in which he repeated and, as it were, dwelt upon their names. Few persons can practise the constant command of the tongue, which in imitation of some of the saints the holy priest observed. He took literally to heart the warning that for every idle word men will have to give an account; and his self-examination and self-restraint on this point were not the least wonderful traits in his character. But notwithstanding this constant reticence, or perhaps on account of it, no one was quicker in doing or saying the right thing when an emergency occurred. For instance, once

that Dr. Blake was going to plead the cause of some charity in one of the churches of Dublin, and a great crowd had assembled to listen to the eminent preacher, a Quaker gentleman took his seat in the midst of the congregation, and made himself conspicuous by keeping his hat on his head, in accordance with his own religious ideas but to the great disedification of his neighbours. When Dr. Blake went into the sacristy after the sermon, he declared that nothing should induce him to give Benediction if that individual was suffered to exhibit such disrespect in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. The adjustment of this difficulty was no easy matter. On the one hand the Quaker was certain to resent any interference with his right to wear his hat if he pleased, and there was danger of the congregation becoming excited and resorting to rough means if its attention was drawn to the state of the case. Neither, on the other hand, did the priests wish to offend the Quaker, who was a good employer and a very charitable man. Father Young, who had been quietly standing by whilst the debate was going on, rubbed his hands and said with a smile, "Leave it to me." He then took one of the plates used for collecting alms, and approaching the Quaker he said in a very courteous manner, "Sir, the clergy would consider it a great kindness on your part if you would on this occasion act as their collector." The member of the Society of Friends, pleased with the compliment, followed Father Young, who stationed him at the door of the church, and said he trusted to him to collect abundant alms from the people as they went out. The good Quaker performed this task very successfully, and never guessed the real reason why this post of honor had been assigned to him. This instance of Father Henry's shrewdness and presence of mind was often quoted by Dr. Blake.

We have already mentioned that the income Father Young had become possessed of at his father's death had been at once apportioned to different charities. All that he received as alms for Masses went to the poor. He says of them himself; "They are like water poured into a sieve; what I get I give at once. I may say that I am the poorest priest in the diocese." The poorest and the richest. He could not bear to have money by him; and if some one had not seen that he was provided with the necessities of life, he would often have been without them. Four shillings and a penny was the amount of cash in his possession when he died. But he was rich in one sense. He had always money to give away; and it would be impossible to estimate what he distributed to the poor. Persons felt that their alms were doubly blessed when they passed through his hands. There were two citizens of Dublin who for years gave him a sovereign a day to spend in charity. A participation in his prayers at the altar, and in his "intentions" in the holy sacrifice of the Mass, was always sought for with the greatest eagerness and confidence.

Father Young had been requested by his superiors to be less profuse in his donations to street-beggars, and he wished to obey their injunctions; but it really went to his heart to say "No," when the ragged applicants dogged his footsteps with cries for alms. So he bethought himself of a contrivance worthy of that passionate lover of the poor—the "dear St. Elizabeth." Here and there he would deposit on a wall a few pence; and when a beggar pursued him with the cry, "And sure, your reverence won't be after giving me nothing," he turned round and said, "No, I will not give you anything, but, perhaps, if you were to look in such or such a place, God might let you find something." We could fancy that sweetest and most fragrant of the nurslings of the vernal skies—that brown and golden flower which starts out of the hard wall and fringes it with beauty, springing up in such spots as a memorial of the alms left in the hands of Providence by the holy old man.

"Our St. Joseph," was the name given to him by a Community of Carmelite Nuns, for whom he said Mass at one time on every Wednesday. Towards St. Joseph, indeed, he cherished always the tenderest devotion; but the favourite saint of his heart was St. Mary Magdalene. We could guess the reason of this preference even without having been told that he used often to ejaculate, "She loved our Lord so much!"

We have said, with what a smile of joy he was wont to say, when he heard of the death of a child, "Safe in heaven." A young girl of great innocence and piety was found dead with her prayer-book in her hand. Preaching on the blessedness of such an end, he exclaimed, his face beaming with joy, and with a most expressive gesture, "This young girl's death is a triumph. She fought well the battle of life, and died with the sword in her hand."

[*To be continued.*]

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"MOON-STRUCK, Dick?" said Philip Engelby to his friend, as they met in Birdcage Walk, on a night when the summer moon shed a flood of silvery light over the Park, while the Palace of St. James lay deep in shadow.

Dick was slowly passing up and down, his eyes fixed on that same shadowy pile.

Philip drew Dick's arm within his own. "Poor fellow," he said; "so the pang has come to you at last. I thought you would get off scot free, you seemed to take life so easily, and now it seemeth unto me the disease is worse with you than with many of us."

"I would rather have known it, and suffered," said Dick in a grave tone, that Philip hardly ever remembered hearing him use, "than to have gone on as I was, a mere dangler and court fool. It hath made a man of me, and all unworthy as I am, perchance my faithful devotion may win a reward at last. For this I wait, and long, and hope. I can be as patient as Jacob if need be. Tell me, Phil," asked he eagerly, "dost think there is *any* hope for me?"

"My dear fellow," responded Philip, with real kindness, "I should say not; but woman is such a perfect enigma one can never tell. If I have read Margery aright, none but a Papist will ever win her favour. She is a *devote*—a fanatic."

Dick pulled away his arm abruptly.

"She is an angel," he cried; "I was baptized a Catholic, as well you know. I remember me yet of the Ave Maria I muttered at my mother's knee. Of late I have lived without religion; for all this turmoil and din of tongues, men calling on God to sanction their own hates and enable them to work out their own ambition, is abhorrent to me. These persecutions—these changes of faith, that a man may wear a crown, or get a fat place about court, is not akin to that faith my mother preached to me. If Margery should be mine, I would say to her, as Ruth to Naomi, 'thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

"You mean you'll turn Papist?" said Phil, in astonishment.

"Even so."

"Dick, you are mad, verily distraught. Some one ought to tend you in your sickness. Turn Papist, man, for the sake of a girl!" and then Philip laughed bitterly.

Dick turned away, and began to walk in the opposite direction; but Philip pursued him, and put his hand on his shoulder. The other impatiently shook him off.

"Pshaw! Dick, don't be a fool. Haven't I been through it all myself?"

"No," cried Dick, indignantly, turning upon him; "you never knew what it was to love, or you could not jest, and sneer, and doubt, as you do now."

Philip's tone suddenly changed. He again drew his friend's arm within his own.

"I am to blame, Dick; I crave pardon. Believe me, 'tis my own suffering that makes me bitter. Now, tell me, can I do aught for you with this lady of your thoughts?"

"Yes," said Dick, eagerly; "give me speech of her without eavesdroppers. I can never see her save when a dozen eyes are watching us. Methinks she knows—she must know—the secret of my devotion; but never have I had an opportunity of whispering it to her."

"I'll manage it," cried Phil. "Come to the Palace to-morrow night, or rather to-night. I believe it hath long since chimed midnight. If the weather holds as it surely will, the Duchess goeth into the gardens, the company break up into groups, and it will go hard if I cannot manage to gain speech for you with her. And now let us go to our lodgings," and so saying he led Dick through a gate standing nearly in the same position as the one now admitting from Bird Cage Walk to St. James'-street. They then paused before the porch of the Palace. "Seest thou that light, Dick," said Phil, pointing to a dim twinkle in a small window on the third floor. "There is the Jesuit plotter keeping his vigil. Mayhap what mischief he breweth now."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Dick, stoutly. "The man is as good and honest a one as I ever saw. He practises what he preaches, which is a good deal more than the parsons and bishops do, who wink at royal crimes and hang on to the great. This man cringes to no one, curries favour with none. And if these priests are what I have been taught to believe, how is it that women like unto my lady fair, to the Howard damsels, the Duchess herself, and a host more, are the result of their teaching. I am told these creatures are ruled by priests, brought up by them and under their control, and I find, as the fruits of it, the modesty and purity that one might otherwise believe to have fled from earth. I find the true wife and the obedient child. I see them

kind to the suffering, and forgetful of self, and I turn to our Protestant women—*laugh!* it sickens me. Here we are, I see. Good night, Phil,” and Dick dashed up the street in which he lodged.

Philip looked after him. “They’ll not have much trouble with him, poor fellow. Twixt love and controversy, poor Dick’s head will not keep steady on his shoulders. Well, there’s no help for it; if he will run his head against a wall, he must, and there’s an end on’t.”

CHAPTER XL

THE day, as Philip had foretold, proved fine, and the company who assembled in the Palace wandered into the gardens.

Philip hastened to the side of Marguerite. She was looking *distracted*, for her idol Lady Diana was absent, and Philip was welcomed with a smile. She was beginning to look in the face the prospect of marrying him. He was rapidly rising in favour with Lord Edenhall, and the idea of uniting the wealth and title of her family was a pleasing one to Marguerite.

She was certain she should never love any one as she loved her idolized friend, and she looked on marriage as a necessity of life which she must adopt. Poor Marguerite! religion was losing its hold on her; the pride and self-will of her character, which had given so much anxiety to the nuns of the Visitation, developed themselves.

The idea of renouncing her religion was abhorrent to her. She could not make herself disbelieve—faith burned too brightly in her soul; for often, how often that light burns on when the oil of charity has wasted away, and the thick smoke of worldliness has done its best to smother the flame. Marguerite believed; occasionally she went to confession; she had a great reverence for Père de la Colombière, but as yet even his voice could not persuade her to moderate her attachment for Lady Diana or approach Holy Communion. On this point she was obdurate, and thus her soul, deprived of all inward peace, sought eagerly after sympathy and distraction.

Philip was welcomed, as we have said, and he presently began, with an amused smile, “Fairest coz, I would engage you in a state plot.”

“And endanger my neck,” said Marguerite, laughing.

“Not so, for the court I speak of is the court of love, and there the only penalties are arrows. I mean, to speak plainly, that I want to give Dick Lindsay a chance of pleading his cause with your sister. I have promised him I would seek an occasion.”

“Dick Lindsay,” said Marguerite, scornfully; but as the remembrance he was Lady Diana’s brother flashed on her mind, the lines

of her face softened. "Nay, Philip, this is folly," she continued, "you know May will not listen to him."

"But he wants to plead his own cause; 'tis hard to linger on unheard. A man will not believe that his own eloquence can be resisted. See, there he is, sauntering about most disconsolate. Poor Dick! verily he weareth his heart on his sleeve. Be merciful, Marguerite."

"Go and look for May," said his cousin, with a smile. "Tell her she will find me in the summer-house by the fountain. Then you and Dick must enter while I am conferring with her, and some way or other *we* must contrive to get out of the way."

Philip obeyed his orders, and found May and Alethea Howard side by side not far from the Duchess. May instantly rose at her sister's summons, and hastened to the summer-house. "See, darling," said Marguerite, as she entered, "how I have torn this lace. I am ashamed to go about in such a fashion. Can't you manage with your deft fingers to settle it for me?"

May immediately set about the task, and the trifling injury was almost repaired when Philip and Dick entered.

"Oh, May," cried Marguerite, springing up, "wait here one moment for me. I want particularly to present you to Lady Travers; 'tis my father's wish we treat her with respect, and I see her passing even now; tarry one instant, and you shall fasten on the rest of the lace for me. Philip Engelby, your escort, sir. I commend my sister to your good offices, Master Lindsay," and in an instant the two were gone, leaving May bewildered, blushing, and embarrassed.

Desperation gave Dick courage. Time was precious, and this was his only chance. "Lady Margery," he faltered, "pardon me, this is my doing—'tis a *ruse* practised on you out of compassion for me. Fairest lady, you must surely have seen the state of my heart. I know my own unworthiness, but I crave some hope from you—my life's-blood should be shed willingly if you need it."

Although she trembled and flushed painfully, May was calm and dignified. "I thank you, sir, for the honour you proffer me," she said with gentleness, "but I pray you dismiss the thought—it is impossible!"

"Oh, pardon me!" said Dick, and a look of veritable anguish was on his face, "pardon the question—doth another possess this heart, or can time, patience, all you will, win you? I am not of your faith, I know; but I intend so to become, if you bid me. If indeed that heart of yours be free, let me, at least, try by faithful devotion to win it."

May hesitated for a moment, then she spoke with firmness: "My heart is *not* free—it is bestowed, and that for aye."

Dick bowed his head like a man who receives sentence of death, and he said in a changed voice: "I will not detain you, Lady Mar-

gery; let me lead you to your sister." May took a great and sudden resolution.

"Master Lindsay, you spoke erewhile of faith; deem you so lightly of it that you would change a real conviction for the sake of a woman's smile?"

"No," he answered, "but your faith wins monstrously on one who, like myself, hath been tossed on a weary sea of doubt and contempt. I have had no more religion than a dog—I can see none in the prattling of these parsons, or the fulminations of my lord of London. Willingly would I have followed you as a little child, to learn the faith that shines in your eyes and in those of your royal mistress."

May raised those sweet, dove-like eyes, and for the first time fixed them on Dick. "Richard Lindsay," she said, "I will be true with you, I will trust you. My heart is given to God; I can love none but Him. If it be His will, I would fain be hidden in a cloister, but even if not, I have no place for an earthly affection." As she spoke these words she looked so spiritualized, so rapt from the things of earth, that Dick gazed at her in astonished reverence. He muttered to himself when she had finished, "A cloister, a living tomb."

"No," said May, firmly, "believe it not. Look at the world around you—see how fairly it shines on me, yet it hath no charms. A voice sweeter than those of earth calleth me away. A joy which none can know save to whom it is given allures my heart. Then will you not believe there is some mystery in this—will you not credit that this faith which draws me from all you hold dear has a depth you have never seen? Promise me to seek it, promise me to search into it, to see for yourself if my words be truth."

"I will promise," said Dick, looking at her with adoration. "Think not too harshly of me if I say I cling to the link that will thus bind me to you. I will follow you as my beacon star."

A wan smile broke over his face. "I must fasten your glove in my helmet as the Knights of the Table Round, and go forth on my quest of the San Greal."

May clasped her hands. "Ah! in very truth," she said, "set forth on that quest, and the quaint old story shall turn into reality. You shall find the San Greal; and when the seeker found it, says the legend, he was fully repaid, and the beacon star melted away into the light of day."

As she spoke these last words she glided by him and vanished into the crowd.

Dick soon after made his escape from the gardens, and from that day forth the whole tenor of his life was changed.

[*To be continued.*]

SALEM.

BY JULIA M. O'RYAN

IN the deep quiet of a fair domain,
 Bought with a hidden hoard like Timon's trove
 In solitude, but used, not scorned, I dwell.
 And dwelling in the fulness of content,
 I would have company. Come hither, friends,
 Friends dear and near, who have been, are my friends ;
 Friends dear, but distant, who will be my friends
 When I am friend to none ; ye too, ye friends
 Whom having called so once, I cannot now
 Call by another name, be welcome too.
 Full space and free is there within my home,
 Where will ye find a fairer ?

On a slope
 That marks the meeting of two sheltering hills,
 My reed-roofed dwelling stands. 'Tween west and south
 It holds a double aspect, as a maid
 Divided 'twixt two suitors, choosing not
 To look on either fully. From its face
 Fair windows open on a lawn that lies
 Like life with its capricious ups and downs,
 And lights and shades before it. And beneath
 A sunny river, like a child at play,
 Runs through a little labyrinth of isles :
 Now, slow and silent, under shelving banks,
 Moves stealthily upon its secret way ;
 Now from behind a leafy covert peeps
 Glistening in glee ; on the expectant eye
 Now flashes out ; 'neath over-arching boughs
 Escaping hides again ; then rushing forth
 Runs round a rocky knoll to rest within
 The outstretched arms of an embosomed bay.

Beyond my open door no bright parterre
 Annoys the change-loving, rest-seeking eye.
 No proud exotics, filling pleasant nooks,
 Usurp the homely earth. No carriage-way
 Gives entrance to the coldly-curious crowd.
 On inch and upland grows the fresh green grass ;
 On inch and upland grow the shady trees.
 And just a single pathway—wide enough
 For hand-in-hand companions, not too wide

For one to walk alone—goes through the grass ;
 Hither and thither threads the airy glades ;
 And down the slope and over moss-grown planks,
 Hid by the hazels, leads from isle to isle,
 And round the small smooth strands, and with a step
 Across the fretted channel to a seat
 That, turning from the valley, looks along
 The vague, wide, moving, melancholy sea
 To the clear sky beyond.

From out of doors
 My house looks low, but entering you stand
 Under a lofty ceiling. It is plain ;
 But not ignoble. On its reeded roof,
 Smooth, brown, and pipy, showeth to my eyes
 Something of Arcady : the pigeon seems
 At home upon it, and the wise-like crow
 Builds in the tree above. Around the porch
 Flower sweet roses, roses red and white*—
 Red for the joys Life tried and turned to pain,
 White for the hopes unharmed—and graven deep
 Upon the twisted pillars is set down
 The name and posy of a Poet's home :
 SALEM, for here is Peace.

O 'doleful days !
 O spirit-strivings of my pilgrimage !
 Be ye forgotten in the happy hour
 That brought me hither. 'Twas a morn in June.
 Weary of watching, sick with sleeplessness,
 I rose to seek an easier resting-place.
 The city slept ; and in the quiet streets
 Birds only were abroad. From spot to spot
 The rook sailed slowly. On the shining eaves
 The sparrow perched and chirped : it seemed to me
 That the brisk breath of the free morning air
 Entered with his bold notes. The memories
 Of early morning walks : the slanting sun

* " Between the city (Bethlehem) and the church is the field *floridus*—that is to say, the field flourished. Forasmuch as a fair maiden was blamed with a wrong and was slandered, for which cause she was doomed to death, and to be burned, on that place to which she was led. As the fire began to burn about her, she made her prayer to our Lord that as certainly as she was not guilty of that sin He would help her, and make it to be known of all men of His merciful grace. And when she had thus said, she entered into the fire ; and anon was the fire quenched and out ; and the brands that were burning became red rose-trees, and the brands that were not kindled became white rose trees, full of roses. And these were the first rose-trees, both red and white, that ever any man saw."—*Sir John Mandeville*.

Adown the grey walls of the winding lane,
 The beech-boughs over-hanging to the hand,
 The green-sown fields, the river of my thoughts
 (Where'er my life may lie); all these came too
 Over the hills as with the rising light
 Coming from far away. I found myself,
 As though to meet them and my youth again,
 Walking beside a strange sweet-singing stream.
 A strange and ~~solemn~~ way. The changing road
 Wound upward through a deep, ~~strait~~, stern defile,
 Too strait, too stern to pass, but that above
 Cleaving to the sheer edge the russet flower
 Of Recollection* showed that overhead
 The sun shone always, and that underneath
 The cheerful voice of waters called me on,
 Running the way I went. I reached the end :
 And there before me lay my long-sought home.
 Strangely familiar, as the wondrous face
 A new-born babe shows to its parents' eyes,
 Was its sweet aspect. In surprise I stood,
 As in surprise the little valley smiled.
 My heart held towards it; then, it was so fair,
 I did not dare to deem it to be mine :
 But "farewell, dream!" I said; and with a sigh,
 I turned upon my way.

But it was hard
 To leave all this behind, and very still
 I stood to hearken, if no word to me
 Came in the whisperings of the coming wind.
 If 'twas my voice that murmured "Turn again!"
 (And not an echo from the old-time's tale)
 It sounded strange. And then I pleased myself
 With fancying of joy-bells soft and sweet,
 But with a lessening distance growing loud,
 To welcome my return.

Yet once again
 Came the long restless night, the wakeful morn.
 Upon the stirless city dropped the rook.
 The small birds came again: again they flew
 With omen that allured my following.
 And the same singing waters' solemn way
 Again I overpassed. I found again
 The strait defile, the beetling entrance-gorge

* Wallflower, sacred to friendship.

With flowers at the summit—near the light ;
 The opening valley ; the outlying hills ;
 The reaches of the river, and the sun
 Shining upon the islands. Heart of grace
 Taking with very dread of tarrying
 To set my little means by such an end,
 I entered and possessed it. Here my life,
 Although its burthen be of work, not play,
 Goes with the river singing, full of joy.
 Here evening wraps me round, and I lie down
 In sweet security. And here the morn
 Comes with a smile to wake me ; and my heart
 Takes thankful, as for bread, the daily boon
 Of dwelling in my happy, happy home.
 Glory to Him who gave it ! and to them—
 Poor tender, trustful, patient, pilgrim souls—
 Who, through this world wayfaring, worn and faint,
 Seek such a home and have not found it, Peace !

NEW BOOKS.

I. Eldergowan ; and other Tales. By ROSA MULHOLLAND. Illustrated. Marcus Ward and Co., London and Belfast, 1874.—Since we noticed about six months ago the appearance of "The Little Flower Seekers," the author of that charming book has attained a quite enviable popularity. We are glad to find that the writer, whose exquisite fancy and pure English so many appreciative readers are now prepared to enjoy, does not intend to reserve the efforts of her genius for the production of even the daintiest Christmas books. She offers us for midsummer recreation a very pretty volume, containing a triad of tales, which will pleasantly while away for grown up people some odd half hours ; and, in family circles where reading aloud is practised, will be welcomed as just the book to amuse the younger members, and at the same time interest the elder. The story of "Little Peg O'Shaughnessy" will probably be the favourite. It is written in a lively style. There is plenty of incident. The sketching of people and scenery is done with a quick and practised hand. The troubles that befall little Peg and her friends during the Christmas merry-making at Ballyhuckamore, are of the hardy real order, which, in stories as well as in common life, are so much easier to dwell upon than those of the sickly convulsive kind that abound in books of light literature, and render their perusal both nauseous and noxious.

The shortest of the three stories "Mrs. Archie" would, if dramatised, make an excellent comedy ! The antiquated family of the Mac Arthurs in their home in the Glens of Antrim ; the scuffling between Aunt Penelope and Aunt Mac Alister ; the arrival of the fashionable bride and the subsequent discovery of the impostor (the last scene being less mercifully managed, however) could be adapted for the stage with the best effect.

"Eldergowan," the first story in order, occupies twice as much space as the other two put together. It is written with great care ; much art is shown in the

way in which scenery and the varied aspects of nature are made, with a light touch here and there, to take the tone and colour of the narrator's varying mood; for the story is told by the heroine of the tale, and as the young lady is sufficiently candid and rather given to introspection of her own humours, motives, and anomalous condition, we are allowed freely to follow the changes from petulance to passion, from exuberant delight to morbid depression. There is not much of a plot. And it is all the better so. For, stirring events or mysterious complications would harmonize not at all with the tone of colour and feeling pervading the composition. "Eldergowan," though it lacks the humorous fancy of "Mrs. Archie" and the healthy life of "Little Peg," is an excellent example of artistic work. It is perfect in its way.

The volume is brought out in handsome style; is elegantly bound; and certainly may be considered a marvel of cheapness. The illuminated title-page is all that could be desired; but we cannot admire the other illustrations, or see that they add in any way to the attractiveness of the book. In the letterpress some glaring printer's errors occur, which we are sure so extremely fastidious a writer as Miss Mulholland would never have overlooked if the proofs received the author's corrections.

2. *May Papers.* By EDWARD IGNATIUS PURBRICK, S. J. London: Burns and Oates.—We regretted much that we were unable to call the attention of our readers at the beginning of May to a "Month of Mary" which our advertising columns announced. But we advise them, even now that May is over, to procure at once Father Purbrick's beautiful work. It consists of meditations and instructions on the various titles of our Lady in the Litany of Loretto. It is written in a very engaging style, with much freshness, unction, simplicity, and withal elegance. Though specially adapted for young people, all ages will find in these pages much to instruct, interest, and edify.

3. *Dame Dolores, the Wise Nun of Eastonmere, and Other Stories.* By the author of "TYBORNE," "IRISH HOMES AND IRISH HEARTS," &c. London: Burns and Oates.—This handsome volume contains four stories, of which the longest is "Known too Late." We suspect that it is not by accident but by a wise discretion that the Author places first a much shorter story, that which gives its name to the volume. A very charming story this indeed is, and one which cannot fail to impress the reader deeply with a sense of the holiness of suffering. Dame Dolores went very near realising that strange ideal of happiness which Father Colombière expresses in his notes of his Thirty Days' Retreat. "In the ardent desire which God gives me to love Him alone and to preserve my heart free from all attachment to creatures, perpetual imprisonment upon some false accusation would seem to me an incomparable blessing; and I do not think, by God's grace, I should ever grow weary of it." "True to the end" is an Irish tale, illustrating under quite a different form the same lesson of fidelity to duty under extreme difficulties. "Olive's Rescue," the shortest of the four, completes this pleasant and useful volume.

4. *The Paradise of God.* BY A FATHER OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.—June is the Month of the Sacred Heart. Those who wish for a new work on that Devotion will do well to procure that of which we have given the title. It consists of short studies on the virtues of the Heart of our Divine Lord, in which the most practical and useful lessons are urged with clearness and force and sufficient novelty of form. Religious literature in the English language is receiving many valuable additions from the American press, but few more excellent in their kind than this little volume and the two that we noticed recently, *The Happiness of Heaven*, and *God Our Father*. We notice that American books of devotion are brought out more elegantly than most works of their class at home. Our public insists too rigidly on economy, eschewing large print and wide spaces, not at all favouring the once fashionable style of "a rivulet of type through a meadow of margin." Our public is not quite right on this point.

HOGAN, THE SCULPTOR.

"IRELAND gave me birth," said Barry, "but never would have given me bread." So little was it thought, one hundred years ago, or thereabout, that native talent was likely to produce a noticeable work of art, that when Barry exhibited in Dublin his picture of "St. Patrick baptising the King of Cashel," it was not for a moment supposed, by a crowd of admiring spectators, that a young Irishman might be the painter. Timidly venturing to announce himself, he was met with so contemptuous a sneer that he burst into tears, and rushed out of the room, in which was being held the first exhibition of the Society, then recently established, for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce in Ireland. Barry's genius was of a kind that no discouragement could crush. He was resolved to sacrifice everything in the pursuit of what others, as well as his father, considered wild and unprofitable nonsense. Despairing, and with good reason, of finding appreciation and reward in his own distracted land, where the arts of peace had not for centuries flourished, he left this "miserable isle" in early manhood, and having settled in London after a period of study on the Continent, made himself known before long as a courageous art critic, and an illustrious member of the British School of Painting.

Nearly sixty years after Barry left Ireland without much hope of visiting its shores again, and possibly without much regret, another young enthusiast went forth in search of higher culture than could be obtained at home, but with no reproachful or final adieu to the country of his birth. The general state of affairs had improved in the interval: the country had begun to recover from the pitiable condition to which it had been reduced, and a taste for art had shown itself, though in a fitful way. There was, at any rate, sufficient hope to animate the courage of a young man of original genius, whose ambition it was to become not only a sculptor, but so distinguished a sculptor that his own people should take pride in his excellence—should entrust him with great works, and associate his name with national and noble monuments. Hogan was twenty-three years of age when he left Ireland for Rome. Six years later he revisited his country, bringing with him works which, having gained him great credit in Rome, now obtained him the applause of all lovers of art in Ireland, and procured him commissions to undertake important works for Cork and Dublin. Thenceforth he was characterised as "the Irish Sculptor;" not merely because he was born in the land, and was the first Irishman who had greatly distinguished himself in that noble art, but principally because his best works were executed for Ire-

land, to beautify her churches, personify her nationality, and perpetuate in marble the form and the features of her leaders, her poets, her men of learning, and her men of worth.

Barry, in all probability, could never have gone to Italy to study as a painter without the generous assistance of Edmund Burke, who allowed him an annuity for the three years he was thus engaged. On the other hand, Hogan owed the opportunity of improving himself in Rome to the zealous exertions of a few friends, who stirred up men of taste, brought the matter under the notice of one or two public societies, and by dint of untiring perseverance succeeded in collecting subscriptions enough to keep the wolf from the student's door while he pursued his vocation in the capital of art itself.

Just fifty years have passed over since young Hogan was sent to Rome. An idea of the progress we have made since then may be formed if we fancy for a moment that a youthful genius like Barry, hungering and thirsting after excellence, or an enthusiastic student like Hogan, dreaming of the delight of being one day an honour to his country, should come before the public, and the project of sending him to some great centre of art be started. It requires no stretch of the imagination to fancy the applause that would greet the young man's efforts, the encouragement his aspirations would receive, the glow of nationality that would be enkindled, the liberal subscriptions that might possibly be offered. At any rate, some very eloquent speeches would be pronounced, and the young aspirant would be told to recollect what his countrymen have already accomplished. He would, if a painter, be reminded of Barry's renown, of Maclise's good fortune, of Mulready's success: of Danby's and Elmore's reputation, of the admiration elicited by every production of Burton's exquisite pencil. Or, if not painting, but the severer art of sculpture had fired the enthusiasm of the young artist, he would be excited to the pitch of "fine frenzy," by allusion to the honours Rome conferred on Hogan, and the tribute, in the form of overwhelming commissions, which the three kingdoms bestow on Foley.

Having thus advanced from blank incredulity in the likelihood of the country producing anything of acknowledged excellence in the higher walks of art, to a jealous eagerness to claim, as national property, the talent which owes most of the fostering and patronage it receives to other nations, it is not unnatural to hope that another half-century may find us still farther advanced, perhaps with a distinct school of our own to boast of. There is nothing unreasonable in such an expectation; for art, in whatever form, and at whatever time it flourished in Ireland, invariably displayed a marked originality. In architecture, we can point to our stone-roofed oratories and our Round Towers. In ornamental design, we have the *opus Hibernicum*. Our illuminated manuscripts of the sixth century are unique in style as well as unsurpassed in beauty.

Every one knows that our music is original, characteristic, and inimitable.

If ever we have a School of Art, it is certain we shall be no way loth to talk about it. In other words we shall want to have a history of its origin, development, and, let us hope, ultimate perfection. Meanwhile, the more knowledge and taste we acquire the more value we shall set on these remarkable men, Barry and Hogan; and that not merely for the works they produced, but also for the good example of their lives. Not that they were faultless—Barry in fact bristled with faults; but they possessed, each of them, in an eminent degree, the qualities which ought to accompany, direct, and control genius—qualities, too, with which we as a people are not usually credited. Their enthusiasm, for example, was by no means of a fitful, evanescent order: it had the solid strength of a principle, and was kept at a white heat for the length of a life-time. Untiring industry and intense mental application characterised the painter and the sculptor, who took good care each of them that study should keep pace with work. In fact, they held the same opinion as that enunciated by a great thinker of our own day who has defined genius to be *an infinite capacity for taking pains*. "If I should chance to have genius or any thing else," wrote Barry in his youth, "it is so much the better; but my hopes are grounded upon an intense, unwearied application, of which I am not sparing." Hogan expressed the same idea when he said—"Labour is the only price of solid fame; whatever a man's force of genius may be there is no easy way of becoming a great artist." They were temperate in their habits, strictly accurate in money dealings, and independent to a degree that is at least uncommon. It was said of Barry, who lived in penury that he might paint in peace, that he was never known to borrow money nor to want it. And when Hogan's friends, wishing in his later years to lessen the strain of severe work, and enable him with more ease to educate his children, suggested that a government pension might be obtained for him, he would not listen to the proposal. "I want nothing," he proudly said, "but work." Both these men were sincere Catholics. Among Barry's disagreeable peculiarities his contemporaries reckoned his "bigoted attachment to the doctrines of the Church of Rome." Hogan was not so belligerent as Barry, who had a taste for theological studies and did not shrink from controversy; but he had a proud way of professing the faith, especially when he was likely to lose by the avowal.

Several, and tolerably full biographical sketches of Barry are to be found in most libraries; and as a member of the social circle that included Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and Goldsmith, his name is familiar to all acquainted with the literature of the latter part of the eighteenth century. There is much less known of Hogan, though his story is well calculated to interest his own countrymen in every part of the world, and to stimulate young men of genius to a

hearty and honourable emulation. Not long after his death a biographical notice, founded on original materials obligingly entrusted to the writer by Mr. Hogan's family, appeared in the *Irish Quarterly Review*. From this memoir, long since out of print, we shall take (having, it may be well to observe, an unquestionable right to do so) all that may be required for the following brief sketch of the sculptor's career.

The first twenty-three years of John Hogan's life were passed in the south of Ireland, principally in Cork, whither his father removed with his family from Tallow in the County Waterford soon after the birth, in 1800, of this his eldest and afterwards distinguished son. The elder Hogan, a very worthy man and a builder by trade, was descended from an old Tipperary tribe mentioned in the "Annals of the Four Masters." He had married a young lady of much superior position to his own, Miss Frances Cox of Dunmanway, great grand-daughter of Sir Richard Cox, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in the reign of William and Mary, and Lord Chancellor under Queen Anne. She had met the young man at the table of her guardian, whose mansion was at the time undergoing alterations. Her fortune of £2000 was withheld by the indignant family, and her husband appears to have been too proud to urge his claim to the money. The home of the Hogan family in Cove-street, Cork, though somewhat humble, was a refined and happy one. The children grew up with a taste for intellectual cultivation, and the family affections were cherished with remarkable warmth and constancy. At fourteen years of age the eldest son, John, who had been for six years at Mr. Cangle's school in Tallow, and became a proficient, not in classics, but in the study of history and mathematics, was brought home, and placed in the office of Mr. Michael Foote, an attorney. Legal business, however, was not congenial to the lad's disposition, and much of his time was spent cutting figures in wood, drawing fancy sketches, and copying any architectural designs that came in his way. His brother Richard, whose tastes were also artistic, encouraged him in his stolen studies, and so likewise did Dr. Coghlan, an eccentric but able physician, who having on one occasion surprised the idle apprentice making sketches at his desk, praised his efforts and rewarded him with a bright crown piece. Subsequent visits to the office on the part of the good doctor had the same pleasurable result to the bright spirit chained to the desk.

Before long, however, he was set free by a happy accident. Certain plans and specifications required to be copied for a contractor's office within a limited term, and no one was found in Cork ready to undertake the task. The self-taught artist was thought of, and he was pressed to do the work. Day and night he laboured; had the copy ready by the appointed hour, and received the highest encomiums from his employers for his quickness and proficiency in outline drawing. Immediately he was removed

from the attorney's office to the workshop of Messrs. Deane and Co., to be employed as draughtsman and carver of models. His mind had been bent on architecture; he did not think of being a sculptor, until Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Deane placed the chisel in his hands; but from that day forward neither he himself nor any one else had a doubt of his vocation.

With extraordinary industry he employed himself during the next few years in mastering the principles of his art, and practising every kind of drawing and carving. He attended diligently Dr. Woodroffe's anatomical lectures, thus laying the foundation of his subsequent success in modelling. While so engaged he carved a human skeleton in wood, life size; an achievement that excited the astonishment of his fellow-students, and was turned to account by the doctor, who long afterwards used the figure in demonstrating to his pupils. All the time that remained after business hours in his employer's workshop, and many stolen hours of the night, were spent in severe study, and careful practice of the hand. In the year 1818, the young artist and his band of sympathising friends were thrown into a state of delightful excitement by the arrival in Cork of a selection of fine casts from the antique, which had been taken under the superintendence of Canova, and sent as a present to the Prince Regent by His Holiness Pius VII., as a mark of gratitude for the services rendered by the English Government in the removal from the Louvre, and restoration to their places in Italian churches and galleries, of the works of art plundered by the First Napoleon. Through the interest of some energetic friend—the Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Ennismore, or perhaps John Wilson Croker—these casts were obtained for Cork, and consigned to a society lately established for the encouragement of talent in that city. The gallery, or rather loft, in which the casts were placed became the centre of attraction to young Hogan, and the scene of his labours. He copied everything, from masks to life-size figures; chiselling in stone, cutting in timber or drawing in chalk.

Mr. Paulett Carey, a writer on art, and zealous encourager of genius, visiting the gallery on one occasion, had his attention attracted by a small figure of a Torso, carved with remarkable skill in pine timber and bearing marks of recent workmanship, which had fallen under one of the benches. In answer to his inquiries he was told the history of the talented young man, who so assiduously studied among the casts, and was directed to an adjacent apartment, where he found the sculptor surrounded by the works of his chisel in every variety of taste, and every stage of progress. Mr. Carey's experienced judgment enabled him to recognise the genius thus struggling towards development. His determination to help was as fixed as his appreciation was just. With a view of obtaining subscriptions to enable the young sculptor to go to Rome, he began to write letters to the newspapers, and to interest

private friends and patrons of art in the enterprise he had taken so kindly to heart. The result of this gentleman's exertions was the collection of a sum of money sufficient, if managed with severe economy, to keep the young man in Rome for two or three years, and allow him to pursue the study of the higher branches of his art without interruption. To this fund Lord de Tabley, then Sir John Fleming Leicester, contributed twenty-five pounds, giving at the same time a commission for a statue in marble. The Royal Dublin Society, restricted from granting premiums to an artist not a student of the Dublin Academy, voted twenty-five pounds for the purchase of some figures the young artist had carved in wood. The Royal Irish Institution gave one hundred pounds.

With the least possible delay all necessary preparations were made, and the young sculptor left his happy, pious home, to enter, for the first time, the great world of life and art. In Dublin and London he was kindly received, got plenty of advice, and also some letters of introduction. Everything was new to him, and he walked at the rate of twenty miles a day, seeking out whatever was specially interesting to him in his professional capacity. He was not pleased with Paris, the streets were so narrow and so dirty, and one ran such a risk of being run over by the coaches driven quite close to the shops! However, he saw "pictures that are originals indeed, and in a gallery as long as the Parade of Cork!" On the Italian part of the road he lingered a while, especially before the gates of Gioberti in Florence; and finally arrived in Rome on Palm Sunday, 1824.

Hogan began forthwith to work in right earnest; attending the schools of St. Luke, studying in the halls of the Vatican and the Capitol, and modelling in the life academies of the French and English artists. He could not begin at once to model the figure for Sir John Leicester, for he was not able to hire a studio, and pay, as was required, a year's rent in hand. His pension was barely sufficient to support nature, and he had to study economy with hardly less attention than sculpture. It would need, he wrote home, at least one hundred a year to study as he liked. With that he could take a studio, pay living models, cut marble, model in clay, cast in plaster, and at last arrive at excellence. But such a sum was not forthcoming from the old land. Doubtless, poverty saved him from many temptations, as likewise did the isolation in which he found himself in Rome. The Duchess of Devonshire, to whom he had an introduction from Sir Thomas Lawrence, died before he could present his letter. His best friend at this time was Signor Gentili, afterwards the priest and preacher so idolised in Dublin, but then practising law in the Eternal City. He taught Italian to Hogan, who was anxious to learn the language perfectly, but who was so infatuated with his art, that, coming home one day, after a study in the Vatican Museum, and finding Signor Gentili in the midst of his

books awaiting him, he sprang at the table, seized the books, and flung them out of the window. "There is nothing in the world but art," he cried; "so here goes!" However, master and pupil always continued great friends. The English and Scottish artists living in Rome Hogan found less congenial. They were too fond of sneering at the Catholic religion, talking of the misgovernment of Catholic countries, and so on. The every-day life of Rome presented enough to interest the solitary student, and when he could get out for a ramble over the Campagna, or among the hills, he was supremely happy. He may have lived in what would be considered no better than a garret elsewhere, for he had his lodging in the *Vicolo dei Greci*, off the *Corso*, for two and a-half crowns a month. But there was a beautiful garden at the rear; the rich *Pergolese* grapes he and the birds were welcome to taste; branches bearing ripe figs reached up to his window, and of these he ate full many a score; the air meanwhile being full of the odour of ripening oranges and lemons.

After some time the artist's prospects began to brighten, or at any rate he took more courage. A studio offered for sale in a good situation, and this he secured at a very reasonable rate. It was expected that Rome would be crowded with English nobility during the approaching winter, and he thought it would be well to model a figure in plaster, and have something to show by the time these patrons of art should arrive. The subject chosen was a shepherd boy recumbent, with a pipe in one hand and a goat by his side. A stout Sabine lad was the model; employed for fifty hours, remunerated when the work was done with five crowns, and refreshed with a draught of wine. Twelve scudi were paid to a *formatore* to cast it in *gesso*. Cammuccini, Gibson, and all the English artists in Rome went to see the group, and pronounced it to be very like nature, and modelled with a good deal of spirit, breadth, and force. The next undertaking was a *basso-relievo* of the "Dead Christ laid at the foot of the Cross;" which work he hoped to be enabled to cut in marble and send home to Cork as a proof to his friends that their encouragement had not been abused or misapplied. Then, having begun to consider what subject he should choose for the figure he was commissioned to execute for Sir John Leicester, he decided on adopting an idea from Gesner's idyll, "The Death of Abel," and modelled the figure known as "Eve startled at the sight of Death." The English artists congratulated the young sculptor on the purity of sentiment and gracefulness of outline exhibited in the model; and Albighini and Rinaldi expressed their astonishment at the mastership of the chisel he displayed when, shortly afterwards, he cut the figure in marble. The block he had purchased was unusually hard and perfect, and he worked on it with great care and caution; doubtless pleasing his fancy the while with the thought of the pleasure his work would give his generous patron when it should be sent him from Rome. But just as it was receiv-

ing the final touches of the chisel the news of Lord de Tabley's death was brought to the artist, who, with his usual delicacy of feeling, considered it would be "wrong and unmanly" to put in a claim on his successor for the acceptance of the statue "which his lordship had ordered for his advancement." Mr. Carey, however, was too watchful of his young friend's interests to be dictated to by such over-refinement. The work was paid for and sent home. For a number of years the case in which the statue was packed remained unopened. At the Manchester Exhibition of Art Treasures, 1857, the "Eve" was seen for the first time.

Soon after the completion of Lord de Tabley's commission Mr. Hogan, calculating on receiving a considerable remittance from Cork, purchased a block and set a *scarpellino* to rough out the "Shepherd Boy," while he himself continued his studies at the English Life Academy, and began to model what he called "an active, light, and strong figure of a fawn." This was the afterwards well-known "Drunken Fawn," one of the most remarkable of Mr. Hogan's works, and worthy of the highest praise for originality of design and masterly execution. Cammuccini and the other Italian artists were delighted with it, and gave the sculptor, ungrudgingly, a meed of praise that acted, he said, in the same manner as the sound of a trumpet to the ears of a war horse. Thorwaldsen likewise went to see the "Fawn," and pronounced the figure worthy of an Athenian studio. "Ah!" said he, striking the artist familiarly on the shoulder, "you are a real sculptor—*Avele fatto un miracolo!*" Greatly as the Danish sculptor admired the "Fawn," he was still more pleased with a second figure of the "Dead Christ" modelled not long afterwards, and pronounced by that very high authority the Irish artist's *capo d'opera*. The form, proportion, dignity of character and expression were universally admired; the head has been pronounced one of the finest known in sculpture. Of the pathetic and religious character of the composition an idea may be formed from the avowal of the artist, who, writing home to his father, said that although it was his own work he had been once or twice deeply affected by it himself. All he wanted now was an order from Cork to execute the figure in marble. He would be content, he declared, to live on macaroni al sugo and polenta, so that he could purchase a fine block, and return with flying colours to Ireland to exhibit a work he need not be ashamed of.

Encouragement sufficient to enable him to proceed having been received from home, the "Dead Christ" was finished, and Mr. Hogan resolved to visit his own country. Having packed up his marble figure of the "Dead Christ," his cast of the "Drunken Fawn," some busts and a few studies in plaster, and having seen the brig containing the cases safe down the Tiber, he stowed into a soldier's knapsack his small stock of wearing apparel, a guide book, note book, and passport, and set out by the cheapest route on his homeward journey: leaving, not without regret, the charmed

precincts of *Vecchia Roma*, where he acknowledges "a frank and familiar intercourse with professors of all nations opens a man's eyes," and where "there is felt a certain stimulus in the air which makes a person think and fare like an artist."

Mr. Hogan received a gratifying reception on his arrival in Dublin in the month of November, 1829. The members of the Royal Irish Institution placed their board-room at his disposal for the exhibition of his works. The Royal Dublin Society awarded him a gold medal. He was warmly received by the Dublin artists; and visitors of every degree hastened to admire the "Dead Christ" and wonder at the "Fawn." The Archbishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, was anxious to purchase the "Dead Christ" for the Cathedral, but there was probably a difficulty in setting on foot a subscription for the purpose. The Carmelite community offered £400 for the figure, and though the sum was considerably below the value of the work the offer was accepted. The money was paid at once, and the statue placed beneath the high altar in the Clarendon-street Church. Before leaving Ireland Mr. Hogan received the earnestly desired commission to execute a figure of the "Dead Christ" in marble for Cork, and an order for a group for Francis-street Church in Dublin.

On his return to Italy he repaired to Carrara, and remained two months in the neighbourhood of the quarries, in search of a spotless block for the "Dead Christ." He completed an entirely new cast for this work, making several important alterations in details, and considerably improving the design. Immediately on his arrival in Rome, he commenced the group for Francis-street Church. This was the *Pieta*, of which a cast now occupies the place over the high altar. In Rome, it was thought a matter of certainty that this work had only to be seen in Ireland to obtain him a commission to do it in marble. The artist himself cherished hopes on this score that turned out sadly delusive. We had not made such progress in Ireland as to expend £1,000 on a work of the kind, and it would have cost no less a sum to finish it in marble. The original cast continued for many years to occupy the most prominent position in Mr. Hogan's Roman studio. The classic character of the composition always obtained for it enthusiastic admiration. An outline engraving appeared in the *Ape Italiana*, and a highly appreciative description of the composition may be found in Count Hawks le Grice's "Walks through the Studii of the Sculptors at Rome."

In 1837, Mr. Hogan received a commission for a monumental group to the memory of the illustrious Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, having carried off the palm from ten competitors. The genius displayed in the design and execution of this group obtained for the sculptor the honour of being elected a member of the Society of the Virtuosi of the Pantheon. This, the greatest distinction an artist can enjoy, was never dreamt of nor sought

for by Mr. Hogan. Great, therefore, was his surprise and joy when the Secretary of the Society, an Archbishop, announced to him, by letter, that he had been unanimously elected. His diploma was presented to him by Signor Fabris, the personal friend of Gregory XVI., and afterwards Director of the Vatican and of the Museum of the Capitol. The uniform worn by the members is a splendid one. On the buttons are represented the compass, chisel, and pencil, with the motto, "*Florent in Domo Domini*," and the wearer is entitled to carry "a true Toledo, silver mounted." No British subject had ever been enrolled among the members of this select society. Our countryman became a member under equally flattering circumstances of the Academy of St. Luke.

The Doyle Monument was brought to Ireland by Mr. Hogan in 1840, and exhibited for some months in the Royal Exchange. Crowds of people went to see the work, and gazed with a feeling akin to veneration on the majestic figure of the bishop, and the pathetic, yet dignified form of Hibernia.* The artist himself was rather overwhelmed by the personal attentions he received. Invitations to viceregal banquets, and the continual re-appearance of "couriers booted and spurred, sweating with despatch from the Castle," together with similar attentions bestowed on him by other distinguished and influential parties, nearly exhausted his patience and good humour. He used to complain of all it cost him on these occasions for car-hire and other expenses, and would characteristically express a wish that they would send him, instead of a polite invitation, a ready boiled or roasted turkey, which he might eat at home in peace with a pleasant friend or two. One thing, however, did afford him some consolation, and that was, the pleasure and pride he felt in appearing on these festive occasions in the full uniform of the Virtuosi of the Pantheon. No other British subject, he knew very well, could do so. Unfortunately, the admiration bestowed on his work, and the magnificent hospitality ex-

* A writer in the "*Pallade*," a Roman journal dedicated to the Arts, enters into a minute description of the group. Among other things, he says:—"In this work the sculptor has represented Ireland, by personification, in an attitude of submission, as one patiently supporting the burden of the unjust and oppressive laws which had been imposed upon her. She is plunged in profound and yet dignified melancholy, but her countenance, bent towards the earth closely, indicates an inward feeling of doubtful hope, blended with gratification arising from the knowledge that one of her own beloved children has undertaken with strenuous and powerful efforts the assertion of her cause before the empire. The bishop, in a posture expressive of tenderness and emotion, his left hand approaching her back below the left shoulder, and his right raised in dignified and earnest supplication, with his face to heaven, stands by the drooping figure of his country, as it were, to raise her from the anguish and distress in which for so many ages she had groaned: his confidence fixed above—thither he addresses the fervent aspiration of his soul for the welfare of his beloved Ireland. Such is the philosophical conception of the work—a conception, which has an intimate connexion with the history of that fertile and unhappy land so long the victim of political and religious dissensions."

tended to himself, were no compensation to the artist for the want of prompt and sufficient payment. Mr. Hogan considered himself extremely ill-used by the Doyle Committee. He had at one time to apply to the Roman banker, Torlonia, for money to go on with the work, no remittances having been forwarded from Ireland; and some years after the commission was given, more than £400 remained still due to the sculptor. However, before his departure for Rome, he received another commission, and under circumstances both complimentary and satisfactory.

Captain Drummond, Under-Secretary for Ireland, having died in the spring of the same year (1840), it was resolved to raise a subscription for the erection of a monument to the man whose loss was justly regarded as a public calamity, and whose love for Ireland had exhibited something of romance in its tenderness and tenacity. It was not forgotten, that when on his death-bed he was asked where he wished to be laid to rest—in Scotland his native country, or in Ireland—his immediate answer was, "In Ireland, the land of my adoption. I have loved her well, and served her faithfully, and lost my life in her service." The erection of a colossal statue was decided on, and it was resolved to give the commission, without competition, to the sculptor of the Doyle Monument. The terms offered were liberal: £500 in hand; £200 to be paid in Rome when the work was modelled and cast; £500 on the arrival of the statue in Dublin, the artist not to be at any expense in the matter of freight, insurance, pedestal. The terms were kept to the letter; Lord Morpeth proving on this occasion, and not for the last time, a good friend to Mr. Hogan. The statue was finished early in the year 1843, but was detained till spring in the Roman studio, where it created somewhat of a sensation on account of the spirit of the execution, and the sentiment which it breathes.*

At this period Mr. Hogan had several important works on hands. Among others Lord Cloncurry's "Hibernia;" a statue for Cork of one of his own earliest and best friends, Mr. Crawford, on which, as he said himself, he poured out all his soul; and the colossal figure of O'Connell, ordered by the Repeal Association. When the model for the Liberator's statue was completed, the artist made a journey to the marble quarries, or caves, of Saravezza, distant about two hundred and fifty miles from Rome, and spent a considerable time searching for a faultless block for the gigantic figure.

The block he selected was of an immense *grossezza*, and proved immaculate indeed. The moment he saw it on the mountain side

* "When I went to Ireland, in 1852," writes Miss Martineau, "one of my first objects in Dublin was to see the statue of my poor old friend in the Royal Exchange. It was a far more pathetic sight than I had imagined. It was the same face—but I should hardly have known it without looking for it—so worn, almost haggard in comparison with what it had been! It justified his closing words, 'I die for Ireland.'"

he was able to perceive within the rough contour of the huge mass his intended colossal figure, concealed from all eyes but his own, in the vast block just hewn from the bowels of the mountain. When *purgato*, that is to say, cleaned from the worthless portions, it was shipped for Rome. The immense mass was dragged from the Ripa Grande, on the Tiber, through the city by a long train of oxen; and representations were made to Mr. Hogan about the danger of injuring the streets by dragging over them so weighty a mass. An addition had to be made to the studio in preparation for the reception of the block, which was got in through a breach made on the occasion in the outer wall of the building. A correspondent of the *Art Journal*, writing home in terms of the highest admiration of the Hibernia then completed, and of the O'Connell in progress, remarked that the marble in which the latter figure was being cut was, for its size, of a most remarkable quality: "Its colour beautiful and without a speck, and so hard that, as they chisel it, it rings like a bell."

Though Mr. Hogan not infrequently visited Ireland, Rome was his home from 1824 to 1848. These twenty-four years were the busiest and the happiest of his life. During the greatest part of the time his studio was in the Vicolo di S. Giacomo, a small street running from the Corso to the Ripetta under the walls of the Great Hospital of S. Giacomo. It had been part of Canova's studio, vacated a short time before Mr. Hogan's arrival in Rome by the death of the great Italian. As the original casts of their works are always preserved by sculptors, their studios are generally places of considerable interest. In Rome they are the common resort of all travellers, literary people and persons of taste. If the artist himself be not occupied with his living models or sitters, he generally receives his visitors and accompanies them, or at least gives them perfect liberty to inspect his works. The Irish sculptor was himself a striking figure in the studio. His tall, lithe, powerful frame, and his noble head and eagle look were eminently characteristic. He was full of gesture and vivacity, yet withal was simple in manner and direct in speech. Among the visitors at Mr. Hogan's studio were often to be seen a group of Irish students from the Franciscan College of St. Isidoro, or from the Augustinian House of Santa Maria in Posterula; or of Irish Dominicans from San Clemente. Students from the Irish College of St. Agatha would sometimes drop into their countryman's studio to see some work in progress; the majestic figure of Dr. Doyle, or O'Connell, or Davis, or Drummond; the monumental effigy of Dr. Brinkley, or Peter Purcell, or Father M'Namara; the portrait busts of Father Mathew, Father Prout, or some other distinguished countryman. No one visiting Mr. Hogan's studio could fail to observe that the subjects that had most attraction for him in the ideal order were the group of the "Pieta," the form of the "Dead Christ," and the personification of his country in the figure of "Hibernia."

His brother artists, as we have said, were to be met with from time to time in the Irish sculptor's studio. Among the Italians of the same profession he had many friends, notably, besides those already mentioned, Tadolini, and Rinaldi, and Tenerani whom the Italians called the Goliath of sculptors. But most of all he valued the friendship of Giovanni Benzoni. With Gibson, Wyatt, Macdonnel, and Theed Mr. Hogan was on friendly terms. The greatest of them all, Thorwaldsen, had, as already stated, the highest opinion of our countryman. When about to return to Denmark he took leave of Mr. Hogan, embracing him warmly. "My son," said he, "you are the best sculptor I leave after me in Rome."

Mr. Hogan, who was always a hard-working man, was to be found every morning in his studio at five o'clock if there was light, and generally during the summer still earlier, and his *siesta* was never a long one. The men employed by him to rough out his works in marble were frequently assisted by him in the operation of "taking the points," which, according to the old system still used in Italy, and unaided by mechanism, required the nicest accuracy; and when the block of marble was reduced by them to a tolerable approximation to his model, he was in the constant habit of taking the chisel into his own hands, and bringing out himself all the fine developments of muscle, and all the critical details of the drapery, without waiting to content himself with giving merely the last touches. In this way he took upon him a great deal of additional labour—labour which few sculptors have the mechanical skill to undertake. Many sculptors are utterly unable to handle their own works except in the plastic clay in which the model is first produced, and for every subsequent operation are obliged to depend on the skill and expertness of tradesmen. But it was not so with Mr. Hogan. He was generally his own *formatore*, making the waste-mold for the clay and casting the plaster model; and also, as we have said, when there was difficulty or nicety he took upon himself the harder manual labour of the *scarpellino*. Thus to his own hands are to be attributed the delicate softness of the flesh and the peculiar grace of many a fold in his works in the rigid marble. It is said of Michael Angelo that he chiselled a statue out of a block of marble without the preliminary step of modelling it, and Mr. Hogan has often been known to deviate boldly from his model in transferring the work to marble; a thing which would be impossible unless he held the chisel in his own hand, and which must have required great skill in guiding it, and no little courage in attempting an alteration in such a material.

After his marriage in 1838 to an Italian lady, Mr. Hogan, to whom the dissipated style of life in which artists frequently indulge had always been distasteful, became more and more domestic in his habits, seldom going abroad for amusement except when accompanied by

his family. In many things he had become a perfect Italian, and few Italians were more abstemious. About seven or eight o'clock in the morning he might be usually met at the large *café* near the Church of San Carlo in the Corso. Here he came to sip a *tazza* of coffee, which, with about two mouthfuls of bread, constitutes the Roman breakfast, and to read *Galignani*, where he met an occasional paragraph of Irish news. In the evening he never exceeded a glass or two of sober *orvieto*, or of the bitter infusion the Germans call beer. Sometimes he walked in the evening with his family on the Corso, and sometimes he took them out for a holiday to Albano or some of the picturesque towns beyond the Campagna. He was hospitable to friends, and very frequently had young English or Irish artists at his table. For many years before he left Rome he occupied a spacious house in the Via del Babuino, one of the three great streets which diverge from the Piazza del Popolo, the other extremity of that street being in the fashionable thoroughfare of the Piazza di Spagna.

But the "continual round of peace" which, to use his own words, Mr. Hogan enjoyed at this time, was brought, as well as his twenty-four years' residence in Rome, to a disastrous termination. The revolution of 1848 shattered the peace of that happy household as it shook the foundations of the Eternal City itself. The general despondency which followed the siege of Rome affected the artist's mind with perhaps too deep a gloom, and he resolved to return to Ireland. He had many times expressed a wish to have his children educated in the country of his birth; yet, were it not for the evil times that had fallen on Italy, he might have long hesitated to break up his home in a country to whose climate and manners he had long been naturalized; in which it is easier than elsewhere to support a family upon limited means; and where, as in matters of art the mind naturally turns to Rome, patronage would have more surely found him. It was indeed an evil day when Hogan stowed away among the casts of his works such articles of property as he did not care to remove, and giving the key of his studio to his good friend Benzoni, turned his back on that beloved second home, and led his wife and young Italian children to his distant motherland.

The next ten years of the artist's life were saddened by many trials and disappointments. He had left the terrors of the revolution behind him in Italy only to encounter the horrors of the famine time at home. There was little artistic work to be done, and that little was in some remarkable instances not given to Mr. Hogan, but intrusted to incompetent hands. We need only refer in this place to the Moore Testimonial, which remains a memorial of the injustice done to an eminent artist, and can be regarded in no other light than as a national disgrace. The rejection of Mr. Hogan's models for the Moore Testimonial gave him a severe shock, and brought on

a dangerous attack of illness. He could only account for the injury done to him on this and some other occasions by supposing that he must have had secret enemies bent on his ruin. He had lived so long out of Ireland that he forgot how often our unfortunate propensity for jobbing in committee leads to unjust and atrocious proceedings. Nor did he remember the prevailing ignorance of artistic matters that accounted, as nothing else could account, for the want of consideration too often shown him by would-be patrons as well as by public bodies. It is also true that there was felt to be a certain prestige about getting a work done in Rome which did not attach to the execution of a similar work at home; and that some who would have been willing to give him a commission in Italy did not care to employ him in Dublin. Most of all was he irritated by a misapprehension which prevailed in some quarters as to the cause of his leaving Rome. It was erroneously supposed that because he had left Italy during the revolutionary period his departure must have been attributable to political reasons. This injurious suspicion, Mr. Hogan fancied, made him be regarded with a certain coldness on some occasions when he fully expected to meet with a cordial reception.

Certainly to the artist's nature, sensitive to the verge of irritability, nothing could be more ungenial than the atmosphere in which during these years he was obliged to live. He had a host of small annoyances to bear beside the serious troubles that made his latter years unhappy. No doubt a little more patience with a people uneducated in art, and somewhat more tolerance for professional inferiority, would have tended to make his own life less uncomfortable. When a member of a committee wanted to have spectacles put on a statue, the artist might as well have laughed as have become enraged; but when one of his exquisitely chiselled figures, to remove the hue of antiquity it had already assumed was scoured with freestone as a preparation for its appearance at an exhibition, we cannot blame him for fretting at an example of the way in which ignorance can inflict an injury as well as malignity. Unfortunately, instances were not wanting in his experience of hardship and injustice for which no plea of ignorance could be alleged. The owner of one of his *alto-relievos*, it is said, allowed the work to be copied three times for the profit of another sculptor; and all his attempts to obtain a settlement of the balance due for the "Dead Christ" in St. Finbar's Church in Cork proved unsuccessful.*

* We believe that since Mr. Hogan's death his family have received a considerable part, if not the whole, of the sum due for this work. At one time it was suggested that the sculptor should try to get possession of this statue, which would be certain to find a purchaser in America, if not in Ireland. But he said, "No, I will not have the curses of the people, accustomed to pray before that statue, on my head; let it remain where it is." And, indeed, a most prayer-in-

Happily Mr. Hogan's devotion to art did not unfit him for the practical business of life. Though generous in affording help to others he was never recklessly extravagant, nor even careless in the expenditure of money. His frugality and good sense enabled him to support his numerous family in comfort and respectability. He was admirable as the head of a family, and the strength of the domestic affections ensured him an amount of happiness which consoled him for the disappointments he met with in other spheres. All his interests centred in his children; he could not bear to be long away from them. He seldom accepted an invitation to spend the evening out, and when he did he was all impatience to get home again. It was his custom to gather his children round him in the evening, and while they were engaged in their studies he would read some amusing book, now and then translating a passage into Italian for his wife. At nine o'clock the household retired to rest, unless on festival days, when the family devotions would be somewhat lengthened. During the school holidays he always occupied himself in the studio, teaching his sons to draw from the round.

After a time the deep gloom that had overshadowed the country began to clear away, and Mr. Hogan's prospects also became brighter. His old friend Dr. Mulloch, Bishop of Newfoundland, gave him a commission to execute important works for the Cathedral of St. John's. He received several orders from private individuals. It was decided that the statue of O'Connell for Limerick should be given to him; and he was requested to prepare a model for a statue of Father Mathew about to be erected in Cork. There was a good deal of talk just then of a monument to Goldsmith for Dublin and a statue of Sarsfield for Limerick; and there was little reason to doubt that Mr. Hogan would have had these works entrusted to him. The idea delighted him. He was fond of counting over with his friends the cities, towns, churches, and convents in Ireland which possessed works of his, and he now hoped that the list would be increased. In fact, he believed that what he had foreseen nearly thirty years before as the result of Catholic Emancipation was about to be accomplished, and that at last the arts would be "pushed on gloriously in Ireland." He was satisfied that if his life were lengthened a few years he should be able to leave his family in easy circumstances. In Rome his studio remained undisturbed, filled with casts of his works. His dream

spiring and beautiful object it is in St. Finbar's Church; excellently placed, and to be seen by all and at all times. For some reason or another the "Dead Christ" in Clarendon-street Church, Dublin, is never to be seen on week days. One can fancy the perplexity of a stranger searching in all directions for the marble figure which he had been informed occupied a conspicuous position in the church, and his astonishment when told that "the holy jewel of a statue was always boxed up except on Sundays!"

was to return to the genial land where he had lived and laboured for so many years, and near his dear friend Benzoni, and with his eldest son, whom he was educating as a sculptor, beside him, to resume a life of peaceful study and noble productiveness.*

But this was a dream not destined to be realised. His health declined, and for a year before his death he was often restless at night and unfit for work by day. When unable to sleep, it was his habit to light a lamp and read a chapter of his favourite book "The Imitation of Christ." Sometimes he would arise, take a light and go down to his studio; to recall, perhaps, the inspirations that had once informed the shapeless mass, or to refresh the weary spirit with a vision of what yet might be accomplished. On one of these occasions he was found kneeling in prayer before his own figure of the Dead Saviour—the same work which, twenty years before, he had told his father was greatly admired by the artists in Rome, and, though his own work, had sometimes affected himself. On the Sunday preceding his death he left his bed and stole down to the studio. He looked round on his unfinished works, and pausing in front of a work in marble which was being executed at the cost of a private gentleman for the then recently erected Church of St. Saviour in Dublin, he said to his son and to his assistant, "Finish it well, boys; I shall never handle the chisel more!"

When he lay down again he directed a search to be made for an engraving of Thorwaldsen's statue of the Redeemer, which those about him had not been aware that he possessed. This he had pinned to the wall in such a way that his eyes could conveniently turn to it; and he seemed never tired of gazing upon a figure which he said would in itself have been enough to immortalize a sculptor; the gently outstretched arms and whole attitude so well expressed the idea, *Venite ad me omnes!* From time to time he spoke with the friends who were round his bed of times long gone by, and of the loved ones who had preceded him to life eternal. He talked of the father he had idolized, of the pious mother who had made his youthful days so happy, of the only brother who had died early, and of the sister who had devoted her life to God. He spoke of them as if they were not far from him. And then he would pray for his children, and taking his wife's hand assure her that he would watch over her—most certainly watch over her. For some hours before his death he seemed insensible, except that when they read the prayers for the dying he audibly made the

* Lady Morgan, a very sincere friend of Mr. Hogan, who presented to her a cast of the Shepherd Boy, left by her will a sum of £100 for a monument to Carolan, the Irish Bard, to be executed by "Hogan the Younger." This work, a prominent feature of which is a portrait bust in high relief of the Harper, is, we understand, now on the way from Rome; and will before long occupy its destined position in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Judging from a photograph taken of the monument, we have no doubt it will be considered highly creditable to the young sculptor.

responses; and for a long time the only words he uttered were—"beautiful! how beautiful!"

On the 27th March, 1858, the sculptor breathed his last in the fifty-eighth year of his age. Three days after his death his remains were carried to Glasnevin Cemetery in a hearse open at the sides, so that as the procession passed through the city it was observed that on the coffin lay the hat and sword, scabbard and sword-belt worn by the Virtuosi of the Pantheon—the insignia of the honours he had won and worn with pride in the city of arts. His four sons followed, and a long train of men distinguished in every calling—members of the bar and the press and the medical profession; literary men and artists; representatives of the secular clergy, the Friars Preachers, and the Jesuit Fathers. As the procession approached Trinity College the students, wearing academic cap and gown, and headed by two of the Fellows, issued two by two from the inner entrance, and lifting their caps as they passed the hearse, took up their position, and headed the procession in its passage through the city. As the *Europe Artiste* said:—"Genius had its triumph even in the vain, shallow city of Dublin; and the funeral car of Hogan, the great sculptor, who died poor as he had lived, was yet followed to the grave by a file of private carriages long enough to cover two of the Boulevards of Paris."

The committee of the Glasnevin Cemetery had offered a plot of ground in any part of the cemetery that might be chosen for the sculptor's grave; and in the old "O'Connell Circle" he was laid to rest, in a spot now covered by a plain slab, on which the single word HOGAN is inscribed.

A hope has more than once been expressed to see a monument raised over the remains of so distinguished an Irishman. Departed genius may be honoured, we think, in other ways than in the erection of monumental structures; and Hogan's fame would hardly be much extended by the erection of a pile of masonry in Glasnevin, where mediocrity is wont to lie buried beneath a mountain of granite, and "mute inglorious" citizens are sometimes, and with too sharp an irony, distinguished by "a loud epitaph upon their marble." Perhaps at no distant day a statue of Moore cast in bronze from Hogan's model, so memorably rejected, may be erected in our capital. Perhaps that beautiful statue of Davis may also be cast in bronze, and set up in one of our provincial cities. Perhaps the *Pieta* may in course of time be executed in marble and placed in one of the beautiful churches erected within the last half century in Catholic Ireland. Meanwhile we would venture to suggest to the directors of the National Gallery in Dublin, the propriety of making some effort to secure one of Hogan's works, or a series of casts of his works, for that institution. Assuredly some tribute should in our generation be paid to the memory of a man of singular moral worth, gifted with undoubted genius, and inspired with that elevated and sustained enthusiasm without which art is lowered to handicraft and literature degraded to a trade.

S. A.

WAITING.

WEARY, weary were the watching moments,
But for the steadfast stars that shine o'er head ;
Weary, weary were this constant struggling,
If hope were dead.

Noble labour is its own sure guerdon :
For labour is the chisel of the soul
With which she cuts the tedious painful pathway
That finds her goal.

These are my dark days, my days of waiting,
My hours of creeping progress and slow gain ;
Afterwards will come the glorious toiling
To heal this pain.

Oh ! for the power to speak the pent-up feelings
That rend the heart with struggles to be free—
Whose echoings deep might fill man's inmost being
With melody.

Oh ! for the power to prompt a noble action,
To wake the slumbering angel in some heart,
To soothe and glad awhile the care-crushed spirit
With hallowed art.

Have patience, craving soul, and God will send thee
Whatever share of usefulness is thine ;
And if it seemeth little to thy longing,
Dare not repine.

For every soul that longs is not the chosen
To whom He giveth helm and spear of might ;
And every flower that bloometh in the shadow
Bears not the light.

So wreath thy cross with roses in the springtide,
And keep thy heart in peace, whate'er befall ;
The deed is but the will when God hath spoken,
And Love is all.

A. D.

ETHNA'S DOWRY.

II.

SIX months have passed away ; Summer has deepened into Autumn, and Autumn into Winter. Time has done much towards softening Ethna's great grief, but still she feels an aching void in her heart, which can never be filled. She still remains at the Pensionnat, for she is alone in the world, poor child, and knows not where to find a friend in all the great, wide world that lies beyond the convent walls. Oh ! how brightly had her young imagination painted those unknown regions. How she had longed for the day when she might take flight from the dull monotony of the school-room, to the gay life of which her elder companions talked in such glowing language. But now all was changed. The poor young heart felt crushed, and wished only for peace and rest, such as was to be found in the quiet garden, or, better still, at the foot of the altar in the little convent chapel. But this peace is to be of short duration, and Ethna's dreams of quiet and seclusion are cast to the winds. One day she was surprised and saddened on receiving a telegram, which ran thus .—

"GABRIEL RUDDERFIELD, 82, *Museum-street*, London, to MISS LESLIE, &c.

"Come to me at once. I am your guardian. I expect you day after to-morrow at latest."

Here was a surprise, not unmixed with pleasure. After all, it was something to have a guardian, and an uncle—not to be quite alone in the world. Poor Ethna ! she had almost forgotten the queer old uncle, who, meeting her at the train by which she had come to London from her school in the country, had packed her off at once on board the steamer for Antwerp.

"Oh ! why did he not continue to forget me, as he has done for so long," she said ; "I would far rather stay here."

But, as he said, he was her guardian, and as such she was obliged to obey him at once. At eighteen, thoughts of change, and a journey to London are ever agreeable ; and so Ethna's spirits rose, and her step grew lighter as she made her preparations. But sad and sorrowful are her thoughts as she takes farewell of the kind nuns, and gives her last long look at the dear old convent where she had spent so many happy days. Still more lonely and deserted does she feel as the "Baron Osy" steams up to St. Katherine's Wharf. Kindly greetings are exchanged on every side. Mothers rush gladly forward to clasp their expectant children in their arms. Brothers meet brothers ; friends greet each other warmly. But

no loving face smiles a welcome to the poor little school girl. All are bright, laughing, and happy but Ethna, who is tossed about, and pushed and jostled by the busy, careless crowd. At last the poor child secures her small trunk, and gets it hoisted on a cab. Telling the man where to go, she jumps in, and flinging herself on her knees sobs bitterly. Dreary and dirty look the London streets, as the poor little traveller drives along. A small, drizzling rain and foggy sky do not enhance the beauty of the great metropolis; and Ethna, looking out of her cab window, through a mist of tears, shivered, as she looked at the great dark houses and deserted street. Suddenly the cab stops with a jerk, and Ethna looks out wildly.

Where is she? "Why does he stop here?" she says, nervously. "There must be some mistake!"

"82, Museum-street you told me, miss," said the cabman.

"Yes! yes! that is—it can't," stammered poor Ethna, looking up at the dirty, dingy old house, with its dreary-looking shop windows, full of strange gloomy pictures. After renewed peals at the bell, the door was at last opened a little, and an old woman's head was stuck out.

"What do yez want ringin' fur, at this time o' night?" said she, furiously.

"Is this Mr. Rudderfield's?" said Ethna's sweet voice; "I am afraid it's a mistake."

"Sorra mistake at all, miss darlin', shure; and maybe ye're the young lady frum furrin parts. Come in, honey—come in. Shure it's the black hole o' Calcutta to bring the likes o' ye to." And so mumbling and grumbling to herself, old Biddy hobbled along the dark passage, up a narrow, creaky staircase. Stopping on the first landing, she gave a sharp, loud rap with her knuckles on a green baize-covered door. Without waiting for an answer, she pushed it open, and walked in, dragging Ethna after her. The room was almost in complete darkness. A small, shaded lamp, on a round table by the fire, cast a pale, sickly light over the dingy carpet, and dusty window-curtains. No one was visible, and Ethna gave a sigh of relief as she sank down upon the nearest chair. But presently Biddy's shrill voice was heard saying:—"Here's yer niece from over the says; maybe ye'd stan' up, an' give her a word o' welcome."

At these words an old man rose slowly from the depths of a large arm-chair, and came towards her. It was her uncle. A thin, spare man, with snow-white hair, small grey eyes, and hard set lips. He was dressed in an old-fashioned cut-away coat, and had a large square-shaped bow at his neck.

"So you've come," said he, coldly, taking her hand for an instant, and letting it drop again; "you will soon be glad to go again, mark my words. This is no home for a young thing like you."

"But you sent for me, uncle. You told me to come," said Ethna, tears springing to her eyes at this ungracious reception.

"I did, I did," muttered he; "more fool I. But go, go! I would be alone. Let her have a fire in her room for to-night. Biddy, but only for to-night; remember, fires are very expensive, very."

"Oh, no! please, don't," said Ethna, fairly breaking down and sobbing aloud, "I don't want one at all."

"Very well, very well; put it out, Biddy. Good night, good night," and with the wave of the hand he dismissed her.

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried the weeping girl, "if I could only go to you."

"Hush, alanna machree! cheer up, it's only his way; don't be mindin' him. Och, ye ould omaudhaun ye, but it's ye've got the cowl'd, hard heart," said old Biddy, shaking her fist at the closed door. "Come along, honey, an' I'll get a nice cup o' tea an' a couple o' neggs." Thus the kind-hearted old woman soothed and comforted the poor child, coaxing her to eat and drink, and even making her laugh through her tears at the queer stories she told.

Days passed over and still niece and uncle remained strangers one to the other. He appeared to have forgotten her very existence, and Ethna cared not to force herself upon him, so kept completely to her own room. It was small and dingy, with very little superfluous furniture, and seemed sad and gloomy at first to the poor girl, but soon her deft little fingers and good taste made it snug and pretty. White curtains replaced the old red merino ones; bright pictures of little real value, but cherished for the sake of the donors, hung upon the walls; even the old travel-stained trunk was utilised, and with the assistance of a gay chintz cover, made a very nice couch. A few evergreens, ranged along the window-sill, partly hid the dismal view of the grimy chimney-pots and stable-roofs which stretched out below. A couple of shelves were soon filled with her favourite books, and then Ethna sat down to think. Three weeks had gone over, and as yet she had done nothing to please the poor old man, her uncle. Ethna had a loving, unselfish little heart, and it pained her to think of how lonely and miserable he might be in his dingy, dark room.

"I will go and talk to him," she said to herself; "perhaps I might cheer him up. But no; he hates, and would only repulse me."

As she stood deliberating, a knock at the door startled her; she opened it, and found herself face to face with her uncle.

"Humph, how are you?" said he, staring about him; "what have you done to the room, child?"

"Oh! come in, uncle; I am so glad to see you," said Ethna, trying not to feel afraid of him. "Isn't my room looking nice?"

"Aye, aye; nice, indeed; bright, and lightsome, and cheerful. It's long since I've seen a room like this—long, long, lassie—

long." And the old voice trembled; then turning suddenly he left the room. But after this he would come in and out, as Ethna sat at her work; and he seemed to grow less gloomy as he watched her bright, young face, and came to know her sweet ways. "Child," said he, one day, "why don't you sing and play as your mother used to do in the days gone by?"

"Uncle," she exclaimed, in astonishment, "how can I play? What should I play upon?"

But the old man's thoughts seemed far away, he appeared to have forgotten her presence. Presently he rose up and left her. Feeling lonely and dispirited, Ethna took up her hat and cloak, and putting them on hastily, ran down stairs, and out of the house. "Play!" she says, bitterly, "upon my old trunk, or rickety table! What a hateful place London is?" Now she is out, where shall she go? The noisy roar of Oxford-street frightens her, and mocking eyes look curiously into her sorrowful young face as she hurries along. There before her stands the big, solemn Museum, and in there she goes. Sitting down upon a seat in a quiet corner, she indulges in a wild burst of grief. Calming down presently, she begins to think. One thing is clear, leave her uncle she must. Why should she burden the old man? He was poor, and could not afford to keep her, so work she must for herself. What could she do, though? Teach—that was the one thing for a young lady to do. She would go back to Belgium, the nuns might help her, or her kind friend Madame Janssens. But who was this coming along with a big book under his arm? Could it be! Yes, it was Cecil May. "Ethna!" and the two grasped each other warmly by the hand. What pleasure to meet an old friend. Ethna's sorrows were forgotten, her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks flushed, as they chatted and laughed over their Belgian holiday. How Ethna hated the guardians as they went round clanking their keys. Four o'clock was about to strike, and all must turn out of the Museum. Men and women, young and old, hurried along through the ponderous doors, and many a head was turned to look at the pretty, happy face, as Cecil promised to pay her a visit in her dingy home over the picture-shop. How different everything looked as she skipped across the road and rang the bell. Why, the street was quite bright, and the houses looked gay and cheerful.

"What's came to the child," said Biddy to herself; "shure it's her that looks purty enthirely."

Running up stairs quickly to her little room, Ethna comes suddenly to a stand-still on the threshold. She rubs her eyes again and again. What does she see? Is she awake? There in one corner of her poor little chamber stands a beautiful cottage piano. "The dear old fellow," she exclaims; and with one bound she is up the stairs, through the old baize-covered door, and flings her arms round the old man's neck.

"Tut, tut, child! don't strangle me for nothing; go and leave me in peace."

And so Ethna, smiling to herself, goes from his presence, and soon the grand strains of "Chopins' Funeral March," come swelling through the old house.

Ethna is beside herself with joy. "He cannot be as poor as I thought," she said; "I won't go yet." And then she fell to longing for Cecil to come; she wanted to show him her treasure, to have some one to sympathize with her in her happiness. The morning seemed long, and the afternoon tedious in spite of the piano. But darkness coming on she gave up expecting him, and sat playing sad, wild melodies. The poor old uncle crept in silently, and sat listening greedily. What a soul for music had this apparently cold-hearted man. Ethna played on dreamily for some time, when a sharp rap at the door, and Biddy's shrill voice is heard announcing, "Misther May." Flushing brightly, the young girl rushes forward, holding out both her hands to greet him, whilst her uncle looks darkly at the intruder. "What does that young whippersnapper want here," he grumbles to himself. But Ethna takes no notice of his black looks, and Cecil's frank manner disarms his wrath, so he subsides quietly into his corner.

So you have not forgotten me, Ethna, after all," says Cecil, maliciously. "What a wicked little thing you were that night upon the boulevard? But now we must be great friends."

"Oh, yes," cried Ethna, "great friends—just like brother and sister. I never had a brother, you know."

And so these foolish young people vowed eternal friendship, and became very gay and happy over it.

III.

TIMES changed now for Ethna in the gloomy old house, and from sadness and sorrow she passed to great joy and happiness. All day she worked, and read, and sang, and played, and wished the time away till evening came, bringing with it her dear friend Cecil and her crusty old uncle. Cecil came in like a bright sunbeam, bringing with him some pleasant story and little bits of gossip, that made Ethna laugh merrily as she poured out the tea and buttered the toast. He was wonderfully improved, this young man, since the first day we saw him in his aunt's drawing-room in Malines. He was still in the dull, dreary city, but he was something of an artist, and having sold one small sketch, had great hopes of success in that way. And so in the evenings, after the din and noise of the city, it was pleasant to sit in Ethna's pretty

room, listening to her sweet chatter, as he busied himself with his pencil. The poor child came to look upon him as a genius, and was ever planning a great future for him. Very indignant was she when Cecil would tell her, with rather a crestfallen look, that *Piccadilly* and the *Stiletto* had sent back his last sketch.

"Never mind, Cecil," she would say, "they are stupid, and are sure not to succeed. The old editors don't know a good drawing when they see it." And Cecil was consoled when he looked at her pretty, indignant face. Nevertheless he sighed wearily on his way home, thinking it hard a fellow couldn't get on, no matter how he worked. Often would he talk to Ethna of his great desire to get on and make money; but she would shake her little head wisely, saying, "Don't wish for riches, Cecil; they are very dangerous for young people. Only look at my poor old uncle, he might well complain at his age to be so poor; but, Cecil, I must earn money for him; I must go away."

"You, Ethna!" exclaimed Cecil; "you work!—oh! that must not, cannot be allowed."

"Yes, Cecil," said she, firmly; "it must be. I used to think poverty was nothing when one had friends, and felt one's self beloved, but I was selfish, and thought but of myself then."

"No, no, Ethna," said Cecil, quickly; "what does it matter; every one loves you—you are so good, so——"

"Yes, yes," said Ethna, laughing, but with tears in her eyes; "stop, sir, or you will make me vain."

"Oh! Ethna, I wish I was not such a good-for-nothing fellow. I wish I was worthy of you!" said the poor fellow, earnestly. "If I might only hope." Seizing her hand, he kissed it passionately, and dashed out of the room.

"Poor fellow! poor Cecil," said Ethna softly to herself; then flinging herself on her knees, she sobbed aloud. He loved her, she knew it, she felt it. But what was the use of it. They were both poor, hopelessly poor, so that they never expect to be able to marry. Was this what their friendship had come to! Poor fellow, she loved him, but he must never know it—never suspect it. Poverty! oh, wretched horrid word, what misery it caused in the world. And yet for herself she cared not, but Cecil, he should be great and rich. With her he could never get on, she should ever be a drag upon him. "Yes, it must be done," she said as she paced rapidly up and down her room. "I must leave this at once. Oh! why were we so foolish! What is this love that it should change us so! My God, help me to bear it, help me to crush this love out of my heart! teach him to forget me and be happy." Such were Ethna's thoughts and prayers as she felt the greatness of her love, and at the same time learned how useless it was. Her misery was very great as she began to consider that perhaps Cecil did not after all love her as she thought, that perhaps seeing love in her eyes, he had left her because he could not love her in return. Great fear came upon

her, and she grew angry with herself, and with him by turns. What agony the poor child suffered, now weeping bitterly, now praying God to help her. At last, completely worn out, she laid herself upon her bed and fell into an uneasy sleep, from which she was soon rudely awakened. A shriek, wild and piercing, rang through the house, and Biddy, with a scared look of terror in her eyes, rushed in screaming, "The maister's dead, the maister's dead." Springing quickly to her feet, Ethna bounded up the narrow staircase to her uncle's room. There lay the poor old man, not dead, but struck down by paralysis. Here was a fresh trial for the poor girl; but her noble heart shrank not from the duty which was thrust upon her. Stay she must now, at all risks; meet Cecil, and let him read her foolish love in her tell-tale face. If he comes, she thought, it would be wrong not to see him, and she feared, yet hoped, he would come. But Cecil came not. A small bouquet of pure white flowers, with a tiny centre of forget-me-nots, came one day with those words on a slip of paper—"Forgive me, and think kindly of me." Crushing it in her hand, Ethna thought to crush all love for the writer out of her heart. Bravely and nobly she did her part to the poor, helpless, old man, her uncle. Weary days and nights did she pass at his bedside, watching and tending as a loving daughter might have done. On the fourteenth day after the stroke, Biddy came to her young mistress, wringing her hands. Not one farthing had they in the house, bills were coming in, and creditors were clamouring for their due. In the darkened room, by the bedside of the insensible old man, knelt poor Ethna. A sea of sorrow had come upon her, and the young heart felt bursting with wild grief. An awful horror had come upon her that those men would turn them out of the house; and what would then become of the poor sufferer? "Oh! Cecil, why are not you here to help and guide me?" she said. Suddenly a bright thought struck her; there was the piano! That was worth money. It would save them. But when that was done and the creditors satisfied, Ethna found herself with one pound to pay the doctor and provide food for the old woman and herself. And so the poor child, leaving her uncle to the care of the faithful Biddy, trudged round the shops begging for work. Late and early she stitched and hemmed till her eyes grew dim, and her cheeks pale. At length her strength completely failed her, and she sat weak and exhausted in an arm-chair near the window. Her work had fallen from her hands, and she was thinking sad, bitter thoughts, when her uncle's voice broke upon her ear, and startled her out of her reverie. Could she believe her ears? At last, after more than a fortnight's silence, she hears the familiar voice speaking to her. "Ethna," it said, plaintively, "Ethna, are you there?"

"Yes, uncle," she replied, rising and going towards the bed.

"What are you doing, child?"

"I am sewing, uncle."

"Put it away, you worry me with it; all day and all night, when I could not speak, I have seen you sewing. Put it away."

"Doing as he desired, she knelt down, and taking his poor wan hand between her own, she asked him gently how he felt.

"Very well, very well," said he, crossly, and turned his head away quickly.

Thinking him asleep, the young girl dropped his hand, and was about to steal back to her seat at the window. But he turned round sharply, looking at her with his small grey eyes.

"Ethna, do you want money?"

The girl's heart stood still. What could she say so as not to alarm him? She could not even hint at what she had suffered in her dire distress. "Not now, uncle," she said, gently.

"Take my purse," he said; "it is locked up in that small iron box. Here is the key round my neck."

Opening the box as desired, Ethna took out a long old-fashioned purse of silk and beads. It was heavy, and filled with pieces of bright gold. The poor child's colour came and went by turns. What sufferings would not this have prevented had she known where it was kept! She felt bitter and angry towards this man who caused her to suffer so much agony, which one sign of the hand could have saved.

"Come here, Ethna," he said, feebly. "Kneel down beside me, little one, and tell me you forgive me. You have suffered, child, but not as I have suffered. Lying here tongue-tied, I watched you night and day. I saw your tears, and heard your prayers, and each sigh from you was a wound to my selfish heart."

"Hush, uncle," said Ethna, fairly weeping; "it does not matter now, but if I had only known——"

"Don't weep, darling," he said, stroking her hair; "rejoice, for you have touched and softened a hardened heart. I had lost all faith in man, Ethna. I believed that there was no more virtue or love in the world, and you have shown me that there is. God forgive me! my life has been a selfish one. I was once rich, courted, and honoured, and, like most young men, I enjoyed myself to the full. I loved dearly, and with all my heart, a young girl, fair to see, but, alas! changeable as the wind. A richer man sought her, and she left me; and so I came to hate my fellows, and pretending that I had become poor, I retired to this dingy old house, and lived a sad, lonely life. My so-called friends dropped off one by one, soon, and even passed me in the streets. I grew sour and morose, and when you came to me I was the most unhappy old man on God's earth. I tried you with poverty, and found you loving and kind. I wanted you to love me, little one, and I made you unhappy. Forgive me, darling! I am rich; all I have will be yours."

He turned to look at her, but the poor child, worn out with weakness and emotion, had fainted. Coming in gently to the sick

room, Biddy was surprised to find uncle and niece locked in each other's arms. They had both been weeping, but were smiling now.

"Misther May wants to spake to ye, alanna," said she, in a whisper.

The colour fled from Ethna's face, and she answered quickly: "Tell him I can't see him—say I am engaged."

"No, no, child," said her uncle; "go speak to the boy. Tell him I am better, and should like to talk to him."

Trembling violently, Ethna left the sick room, and sat down helplessly on the staircase, her heart beating wildly. Why had he come? If he wished to forget her, why not stay away? If she could only meet him firmly, without agitation or show of feeling. But she trembled as she thought of betraying her weakness. At last she opened the door boldly, walking into the room quietly and gently. Her face was deadly pale, with dark circles round the eyes, and her brown hair was tossed about in pretty disorder. Cecil sat at the window, his face buried in his hands. So quietly did she come in that he did not hear her, until, close beside him, she said in a loud voice, "Cecil!"

"Ethna!" he cried, starting up and taking her hand, "forgive me, but I could stay away no longer. Oh! my darling, do you love me? I am poor, Ethna; but give me the hope of winning you one day, and I care not!"

"Cecil," said Ethna, looking up shyly through her tears, "I love you. But why did you leave me? Why did you not trust me? What cared I for poverty? Did you think me so mean a thing as to wish for riches?"

"No, my darling," said Cecil, smiling, "I knew and thought you all that is good and noble. But I thought 'perhaps she does not yet love me; better to leave her, and go work and toil.' But, oh! dearest, I could do nothing—I was miserable. I longed for riches and grew envious; but it was for you, my Ethna—my wife!"

And so they talked on in the dusk of the evening, Cecil building pretty rose-covered cottages in the air, Ethna laughing merrily at the bright picture. What a surprise it would be to him when he found that she was rich instead of poor.

"But he is so proud," she said to herself, "I am afraid to tell him; he might refuse to take me after all."

At last she started up quickly, exclaiming, "Oh! Cecil, we have forgotten my poor uncle. Come and see him."

And so, hand in hand, they went happily into the sick room.

"Mr. Rudderfield," said Cecil, "I have come to ask you to give me Ethna for my wife. I am poor, but I can work, and she is brave. Say I may have her."

"Uncle," said Ethna, "he wishes to marry me for love only: don't refuse him."

With tears in his eyes, the old man bade God bless them, and enable them to serve Him more generously than he had done.

Nothing was said of Ethna's fortune, as she wished to break the news gently to Cecil, and prove to her uncle what a good, unselfish fellow her lover was. Next morning, the young girl, sitting at her work, singing gaily the while, was suddenly interrupted by Cecil bursting into the room with a look of wild delight in his eyes, and a bright colour in his cheeks.

"Congratulate me, my darling," he said, throwing himself on the ground at her feet. "I am the happiest fellow alive! By Jove! who'd have thought it!"

"But Cecil," said Ethna, "what is it? Have you gone quite mad? Tell me what has happened."

"Well, dearest, I have got a first-rate appointment in Paris that will bring me in a fair income in less than two years. You know Martyn, my governor in the city, Ethna? Well, he did it all. Goodness! how I hated his place, and it has been the making of me after all! He's a regular brick, my darling! Said no end of kind things for me, and puffed away about my cleverness. Aren't you glad, dearest?" said he, looking up at Ethna, who wore a serious look upon her sweet face.

"Would you not like to live in Paris?" added he quickly. "Say so, and—and I'll give it up. Ethna, I will indeed."

"O you foolish boy," said she, laughing, "of course I am delighted, but I do not know much about business. I am very glad for your sake!"

"And I for yours, my little one," said he, fervently.

"Cecil," said she, slowly, "would not a little capital be of some use to you in this new situation?"

"Of course, little wisehead. But lots of fellows get on without it, and so shall I, please God."

So Ethna said no more, but went to her uncle's room to tell him the news, and ask him how he should like to leave his dark, dingy old room for a nice bright one in Paris. But the old man shook his head, saying,

"My time is short, dear child. Do not think of me."

A few weeks after this, Ethna and Cecil were married quietly in the old church in Soho. The poor old man, weak and feeble as he was, seemed to gain fresh strength as he watched their happiness, but it was only a flickering of the faint life that remained to him; and ere a month from their wedding day, he died blessing them with his last breath for their kind and loving tenderness to him. With gentle reverence Ethna laid the cross upon his breast, weeping softly as she gave one last look at the poor worn face.

When the will was opened a few days after, it was found that everything was left to Cecil May. This was Ethna's doing.

"What a strange fancy of the old man's," said Cecil, putting his arm round his wife, and drawing her towards him, "to live in an old tumbled-down place like this, and he so rich! But it was lucky for me, my darling, that he kept it secret, for I should never have dared to ask you to marry me had I known it."

"Thank God you did not," said Ethna, fervently, "or I don't know what should have become of me."

C. M.

THE SPRING BIRDS.

THE glad spring birds are singing, singing ;
 See them, hear them, far and near!
 So sweetly on the still air flinging
 Bursts of music low and clear ;
 Skylark, blackbird, linnet grey,
 Swallow, thrush, and goldfinch gay.
 List, their voices float along—
 While their soul is in their song—
 Through bright meadows, where the flowers
 Crimson blush 'mid summer hours,
 By the lake that pensive lies
 Dreaming 'neath the quiet skies—
 Over rivers in full glee
 Rushing onward to the sea,—
 Lost in gossamer cloudlets white,
 Half a shadow, half sunbeam bright,—
 High and low in the trembling air,
 Hear their voices everywhere.
 And groweth your heart not young to-day,
 With the joyous song-birds on the way ?
 And smile not friendship, and hope, and truth,
 As once they smiled in your trusting youth
 When life had never a dream of pain,
 Joyous and bright as the bird's glad strain ?

But hark ! those low notes, streaming, streaming—
 Three full words with mournful air ;
 Upon yon chestnut, blossom-beaming,
 Mark you not the robin there ?
 Has his voice for you no sound
 More than birds that sing around ?—

Does it bear no mystic spell,
And no tale of far years tell—
While the dead and parted throng
Who with you once heard his song?
Do you think of weed-grown graves—
And the parting, moaning waves—
And the farewell on the shore,
And the voice you'll hear no more?
Does he call back childhood's playing
And the young heart's fervent praying?
Speaks his strain of dark to-morrow
Weakness, sin, and change and sorrow,
Of cold hands empty and healthless years,
And Death's pale shadow and trembling fears?
Ah! o'er my yearning heart dream-haunted,
Steal *Misereres* softly chaunted,
As the robin wakes for me this hour
Memory's chords with their tender power.

M. MY. R.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE FATHER HENRY YOUNG, OF DUBLIN.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE more we look into the letters and papers which from time to time have been placed in our hands since we began this little work, the more its subject rises before us as an illustration of what constitutes the strong tie between the Irish poor and that most devotedly loved, and most continually attacked class of men, the Irish Catholic clergy. What is the cause of that persistent love, and that incessant animosity? May it not be summed up in a brief sentence: they are faithful shepherds; they are the friends as well as the pastors of a people, more ready perhaps than any other in the world to respond to affection, more careless of material benefits when dissevered from sympathy, and who seem to exemplify in a peculiar manner the words of our Lord, "Not by bread alone doth man live, but by every word which proceedeth from the mouth of God."

Father Young was pre-eminently one of those faithful shepherds. Whatever was for the advantage of the poor committed to his charge was dearer to him than life. But it was not only the interests of those directly under his care, which touched him. Any event which promised spiritual blessings to any portion of Christ's flock made his heart overflow with joy. In 1856, Father Cooke, Provincial of the Order of Oblates of Mary Immaculate, obtained permission from the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin to erect a house of that order at Inchicore, near that city. A large number of priests were assembled on that day at the Augustinian Convent in St. John's Lane, amongst whom was Father Young. Dinner had just commenced when Father Cooke mentioned the favour he had obtained. A general murmur of congratulation ensued, but Father Young was not content with this kind of demonstration, and clapping his hands several times to secure a hearing, exclaimed, "It is the work of God! It is the work of God! Let us go to the church, and sing the *Te Deum*!" Father Cooke felt somewhat distressed at this suggestion, fearing that it might annoy the pious but less ascetic members of the company, who would, no doubt, think that the *Te Deum* might as well be sung after dinner as at that moment. Every one looked up, but no one rose. Father Henry Young, however, was not to be baffled. He again clapped his hands, and said in a louder voice, "Let us thank God for this His work. Let us go to the church, and sing the *Te Deum*!" Then the Augustinian Bishop, Dr. O'Connor, rose up, and, followed by the entire company, led the way to the church, where they solemnly chaunted St. Ambrose's glorious hymn. The dinner was left to take its chance and to grow cold, but the holy old man's desire was thus fulfilled, and an instantaneous tribute of praise paid to our blessed Lord for an event which secured to the poor new friends and teachers. We may add here that those amongst whom these servants of His were about to labour showed their full sense of the blessing bestowed upon them. A number of workmen employed in the construction of a railway lived at Inchicore, the place where the Oblate Fathers were about to fix their abode. There was no chapel for a considerable distance from that locality, and they proposed to begin by building a wooden church. To accomplish this, a meeting was held on the first Sunday after they came there, and a collection made for the purchase of the requisite materials. It was in the middle of summer, and the railway workmen, many of whom were highly skilled, entered eagerly into the undertaking, and after their usual days' labour, worked so zealously during the long hours of light, morning and evening, that, on the following Sunday, a large substantial church was built, floored, roofed in, and Mass was said in it on that very day. Such are the gifts which St. Patrick's children are wont to offer to our blessed Lord.

This leads us to go back to a much earlier date, and speak of one of the many similar efforts in which Father Young himself was concerned. At Kinsealy, a very poor place, with no chapel, he happened to lose his way in the dark, one winter evening. Seeing a light at some distance, he directed his steps towards it, and finding that it proceeded from a very poor hut, he looked in through a small aperture in the door, and saw the owner with his wife and children kneeling on the clay floor before a picture of the Crucifixion, which formed, no doubt, their domestic altar. They were saying the rosary with the greatest fervour, their faces lighted up by the glow of the peat fire. This was a sight sure to gladden Father Henry's eyes and heart. He gazed upon it with silent joy, and then the thought arose in his mind that God's blessing must rest upon this place. He consecrated it, as it were, in that hour to Him whom those devout souls were so fervently worshipping. They, too, were amongst the number of unconscious founders of great works. They little knew, that little group of simple peasants, saying their prayers in the stillness of the night, that at their door stood one of God's saints watching through the narrow chink their upturned faces and their clasped hands. They little knew that, ere long, the thought which was filling the mind of that silent watcher would grow into a purpose strong to raise in that very place where they were kneeling a sanctuary for the Crucified Lord, on whom their eyes were fixed with such loving devotion. But so it was. Father Henry resolved, then and there, that not another day should elapse before he began to appeal to one person for stones, to another for lime, to another for slates, to others for that priceless gift—the poor labourer's leisure hours—his scarce and precious free time. The appeal was more than commonly successful. The building rose and rapidly progressed. As soon as the walls were raised somewhat from the earth, Father Henry constructed a little shed within them and there took up his abode. In vain was he implored not to risk his life by remaining in that damp enclosure, but to dwell in some neighbouring cottage. He had, no doubt, made a bargain with Providence as to the completion of that church, and abided by his pledge. It was finished in an incredibly short space of time, and Father Henry, whom his crowded congregation venerated by this time as a saint, said Mass in it with a joy that had only one slight drawback—there had not been money enough to buy glass windows. However, he appeared at the altar one day with his face beaming with delight, and said, "Let us kneel down and thank God. We shall have no longer blind windows—a friend has given us some of beautiful stained glass."

As long as he was able to walk, Father Young used to attend the devotions of the Forty Hours in the churches of Dublin. Wherever the Blessed Sacrament was solemnly exposed, there was he seen, his grey head bowed down before the altar in intense adoration. When he could no longer reach other churches he

spent all the hours not devoted to the confessional in prayer on the steps of the altar of the little sanctuary of St. Joseph's Asylum, and sometimes he took his nightly rest on those altar steps.

No particulars have reached us of the inner life of this holy priest. We know what were his works; his course of ceaseless prayer, his night watches, his austerities, his passionate zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls; but we do not know whether his secret soul was flooded with habitual consolations, or tried by inward desolation; whether his union with God was sensible and full of rapture, or maintained alone by a bare and heroic faith. Many who have watched him whilst saying Mass, attest that his face would become bright and beaming as he ministered at the altar. When he gazed on the Tabernacle, or on a Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, joy shone in his countenance. He was often seen to pass his hand over his face—a gesture which was familiar to St. Philip Neri, the great apostle of Rome. There are servants of God whose souls have been, in a sense, manifested to us by the commands of their superiors; but some of God's hidden saints go through the journey of life, as it were, alone and in silence. It is only by their acts, and a few words here and there, that we, so to say, catch the scent of their particular spirit.

There is scarcely a virtue of which we do not find evidence in Father Young. In charity, in mortification, in the love of poverty, he equalled some of the most devoted and austere saints. He has been compared in these respects not only to the Curé d'Ars, but to the great canonized saint, St. Peter of Alcantara. Especially his humility was such that he never spoke of himself—and that was seldom enough—without the most unmistakable contempt. Some years before his death, when Dr. Gentili was preaching a course of sermons in the Church of St. Augustine, some one remarked in Father Young's hearing that his discourses were effecting a remarkable work of conversion in the neighbourhood. He said, with great earnestness, "I am sure it is so, for I feel that even I myself am being converted."

But of all his characteristics, Christian simplicity, that rarest and most perfect fruit of complete detachment from the world, was perhaps the most remarkable. It would be a great mistake to suppose this holy man was simple in any but the Gospel sense of the word. He was singularly prudent in his dealings with those with whom prudence was requisite. He wrote letters of direction to priests, and even to a bishop, which manifested extraordinary wisdom and common sense. But he was as guileless as a child, and what the Holy Father said at the canonization of the Venerable Charles de Sezes, might in a measure be said also of Father Henry Young: "When I consider the life led by this holy servant of God, I see that if we apply to him the words addressed by our Lord to the centurion, 'I have not found such great faith in all

Israel,' we may also say of him with truth, 'I have not found anywhere such great simplicity.' "

One of the oldest and most intimate clerical friends of Father Young speaks as follows of his humility—"I always admired how Father Young ignored all his personal worth. He really despised himself as though he were a most contemptible being. He thought he was nothing, and that he was good for nothing, continually speaking of himself as 'poor wretched me.' " Another priest writes—"How entirely and sincerely he despised himself! Those who knew him best were most struck by his entire and sincere contempt of himself, and the great wisdom and considerateness of his advice to others." He always rejected or shrank from the popular veneration he received. When visiting colleges or religious houses, it was the custom of the students to kneel down for his blessing. On these occasions he always gave an exhortation, impressively pointing out the distinction between the contempt due to sinful man and the respect due to the supernatural dignity and graces of the priest of God. This he also did when complying with the oft-repeated solicitations for prayers and blessings.

A religious who knew him for many years thus writes—"I think Father Young had a remarkable grace for hiding his great spiritual gifts and talents under an abstracted and occasionally somewhat rough exterior. His look certainly was as 'one hidden and despised.' " Though not destitute of talents, he cared little to cultivate what might attract the world and its honour. The grand precepts of the Gospel were his constant study.

This prevailing spirit of self-contempt is evinced in all his letters. "I have received two invitations, one to Milltown Park, the other to Clongowes Wood College; but my backwardness and unsuitable manners make me unworthy to accept of either. Besides, I am the only priest of St. Joseph's Chapel; I do not wish that it should be without Mass and the other devotions, while health permits." Father William Young, the Apostle of Cornwall, the almost equally holy and austere brother of Father Henry, thought that he carried his self-abasement to excess; and a letter exists, addressed by him to Father Henry, in which, having enumerated his brother's many good works, he reproves him for unduly ignoring the gifts of God.

Obedience has been defined as the deepest test of humility and the highest proof of perfection. Father Young often expatiated on this virtue. One of his favourite texts was, "Obedience is better than sacrifice," and he gave a perfect example of what he preached in this respect. He always sought the sanction of his archbishop for all his public devotions, from the greatest to the least. He writes on one occasion: "If I do not get the approbation of my archbishop, I am only weaving cobwebs; whilst acting in accordance with the will of my prelate I am doing God's adorable will." We shall not be wearying our readers by giving some extracts of the letters in which the humble servant of God applies for permis-

sions, and submits his will to his superior as to devotions practised for nearly half a century. "My reason" (he writes) "for this final application to his Grace is that I perform many church devotions in uncertainty as to Dr. Cullen's approbation, and therefore in uncertainty as to God's will and the Divine blessing." Again, writing to the archbishop, he says—"I do humbly ask permission to write my questions as briefly as I can; your secretary, Dr. Murray, need not reply except as regards what you object to. What you sanction and permit I will continue to practise, for what your Grace will allow I shall consider as the permission and blessing of Almighty God." Then enumerating all the devotions he practises, he asks separately permission to continue each one of them. As to Benediction, he says—"If you would know my private wish, I should like to give it every day in the year; but I do not expect this ample indulgence, being content with your will and leave."

In one of his letters on the subject of his church devotions he says—"I cannot live much longer, for I am ailing a little. May God's holy will be done." And in reference to the permission for continuing to say a second Mass at the Asylum, he adds—"To tell you my feeling, I would rather lose a hundred pounds or more than forfeit my second Mass on Sundays."

A superficial glance at the character and life of Father Henry would lead some persons to think that he was a very saintly person indeed—very austere—very severe; at best, what is implied by the expression, a rough diamond. But a minute study of that life, joined to the intense affection he inspired in his friends and in the poor, conveys to us a different impression. It seems to us that his heart was so tender, and his sensibilities so keen, that he made the feeling a holocaust, as it were, on the altar of his heart. We need but recall his diligent quest for prayers in every sacred spot and poor haunt of his native city, whilst his mother was lying on her death-bed—his tender parting with his brother James, when they turned again and again to take a last farewell of each other—the agony of grief which convulsed his heart, so long schooled to self-restraint, at the beloved brother's funeral, and such little traits as the following, which we give in Father Shelley's own words:—

"I had been appointed to take charge of Father Young's mission at St. Joseph's, at the time of his severe illness, some years before his death, and I left him in March, 1867, to return to my own mission at Baldoyle, which ill-health had compelled me to give up for a time. The Cardinal Archbishop had agreed to this arrangement provided Father Henry Young felt strong enough to resume the sole charge of his duties. I went with another priest to ask him. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, but we found him in bed. The moment the question was put to him, he said "Yes," and we went away. The next day he was grieved at my departure, and went about, saying to every one he met, 'They have taken him away whilst I was asleep.' Ever after he showed

me the greatest affection, and embraced me whenever I went to see him. Sometimes he visited me. On one such occasion he found I was away at a Retreat. He followed me to Maynooth; but when he arrived there, all the priests flocked to him to confession, and he became so exhausted that I was obliged to accompany him back to Dublin."

In his extreme old age he visited, for the last time, a certain religious house, when he was so frail and feeble as scarcely to be able to walk without support. Before leaving the convent he knelt down in the garden oratory, and, surrounded by the community, recited the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The spirit and fervour with which he offered that prayer will never be forgotten by those who heard him. One of the religious, who had been acquainted with his family many years before, spoke to him of them, mentioning them individually. Contrary to his usual custom, he seemed to dwell in loving memory on each dear name, softly repeating, "Oh! yes; Joanna, William, James," &c., and smiled brightly as he alluded to one of his religious brothers who was still alive.

Amongst those who read these pages, there will be many and many a one who will doubtless feel that we are right in saying that this austere servant of God had in him a deep well-spring of tenderness which flowed into many a secret channel unnoticed by the world. He was often seen carefully folding up in paper some old handkerchief, some broken rosary, some torn picture left in the church by the poor of his flock, and he never rested until he had found out the owner and restored the trifling, but possibly deeply valued possession. It is in these ways that natural disposition is evinced. We do not quote, as a proof of tenderness of heart, acts of heroic charity—these are the glorious fruits of a heavenly grace; but the minute acts of kindness which spring up like flowerets on the road-side of life. They betoken the existence in the soul, not so much of a virtue as of a gift of tenderness, which, when joined to sanctity, is irresistible in its influence.

It was, no doubt, that tenderness towards the sinner which he united with the deepest sense of the horror of sin, that gave him so strange a power over persons of bad character. Once in a house where he found many of these poor creatures, and spoke to them of God's justice and God's mercy, they all fell on their knees at once, and were converted from that hour.

His gentleness under provocation was not less wonderful than his thoughtfulness for others. Any thing that gave him an opportunity of practising poverty more perfectly was never unacceptable to the holy man. We are not, therefore, surprised at the equanimity with which he endured the most inconvenient losses. One day at Harold's-cross, he was accosted by a man who told him a lamentable story of his distress; Father Young listened with his usual kindness, and promised him aid; the man poured forth profuse thanks, and walked away. Immediately after he had disappeared,

the good priest found that his old silver watch had disappeared also. Those he was walking with were loud in their indignation. He only said, "I cannot imagine how he took it. Don't you think he was very ingenious?"

Father Young never lost an opportunity of practically reproofing in persons of every condition undue luxury, which he considered not only repugnant to the Christian spirit of moderation and self-denial, but also as the fruitful source of debts, which entailed wrong on those to whom they were due, and misery on those involved in them. A person in not very affluent circumstances, who was extremely anxious to obtain Father Young's patronage, and was far from understanding his spirit, succeeded in persuading him to dine with him. On entering the diningroom the holy priest found that a costly entertainment had been prepared. Turning abruptly from the table, he said, "This is no place for me; I will not stay to witness such useless extravagance." And greatly to his host's dismay and mortification, he hurried from the house.

We find him—that holy, austere man—appreciating intensely the beauties of nature. In the summer he sometimes used to sit in a hay field, silently enjoying the sights and sounds around him. His delight was to please little children and make them smile. A friend of his had a little daughter whom he used to surprise as she sat in her high-backed chair, concealing himself behind it whilst he rocked her backwards and forwards, and enjoying her amazement and laughter.

We read that Father Young was seen one day standing before a beautiful painting of St. Francis and St. Dominick embracing each other. He remained a long time in mute contemplation, gazing on this picture, and then burst forth into a glowing description of the beauty of holiness, so wonderfully manifested in the religious orders of the Church, and the glorious unity of their aims in the midst of the variety of their works and of their devotions. That perfect religious at heart, that earnest missionary priest, that zealous apostle, that devoted friend of God's servants whatever their garb, or whatever their post in the camp of the faithful—standing enraptured before the representation of those great saints folded in each other's arms—would be itself a beautiful subject for a picture.

We may take this opportunity of describing Father Henry Young's appearance. His complexion in youth was fair and pale, but neither sickly nor sallow. He had regular features, a straight nose, brown hair, and eyes of a blueish grey. He often smiled, but never laughed. He was rather small of stature, and in his old age, his shrunken form became diminutive in the extreme. He was scrupulously neat and orderly in all he did. There was nothing commanding in his exterior, and yet how humbly and how reverently did many a knee bend, and many a head bow down to receive a blessing from this man whose delight it was to look poor and insignificant. Let men talk as they will, scoff as they please,

there is nothing on this earth so great or so powerful as sanctity. The animal creation itself owns its influence. The lion in his strength, the wild beast in its rage, the timid denizens of the woods and fields, each in its way acknowledge its spell; and when a Catholic priest is also a saint, we dare not say how far that power may reach.

CREATION AND THE INCARNATION;

OR, THE SUCCESSIVE DEGREES OF THE DIVINE CONDESCENSION.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

WHEN was it that in act began
That Condescension from on high
Consummated in God made man,
Its shrine for all eternity?

'Twas when the Eternal Father spake,
The Eternal Son His voice obeyed;
When sudden forth from darkness brake
That universe the Word had made.

Instant that All-Creative Power
A meek, sustaining Power became,
A Ministration hour by hour,
From death preserving Nature's frame.

Instant into Creation's breast
Nor merged nor mixed He passed, and gave
Continuance to the quivering guest
That else had found at birth its grave.

In finite mansions, He, the Immense,
Servant yet reigning, made abode,
Bore up—a Law, a Providence—
The weight of worlds, "His people's load."

He came once more—not then to reign;
In servant's form to serve, and die,
The "Lamb before the ages slain,"
"The Woman's Seed" of prophecy.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

VII. THE CHURCH'S LEGISLATION (*continued*).

MARRIAGE.

AMONG the various branches of Ecclesiastical Laws, one which, more than most others, if not more than any other, affects human society, is that which regards Marriage. There are few subjects, besides, concerning which a greater amount of inaccurate notions is afloat, even in the minds of otherwise well-educated persons. I will, therefore, devote a few pages to some remarks in connexion with it. Every one knows, in general terms, what Marriage is, so there is no need of commencing with a formal definition. Any mistakes there are about its nature will be sufficiently met by what I am about to say.

Marriage is, and has ever been, before and since Christianity, and among all nations, *a contract*, in the strictest sense; as much a contract as the purchase of merchandize, with distinctive peculiarities, of course, such as occur among the various contracts men make, and cause them to be of different kinds. Perhaps the most remarkable of these peculiarities, and the most opposed to the common condition of other contracts generally, is that marriage once entered into cannot be dissolved by the mutual consent of the parties. This contract is of Divine institution, partly through the Natural Law, which even alone would have sufficed to sanction it, partly through positive legislation, from the commencement, confirming, and additionally regulating, it in some particulars. The indissolubility of Marriage, for instance (such as it was in the beginning, and is now), and the exclusion of simultaneous polygamy, though most conformable to the Natural Law, cannot be referred to that law itself, and taken as part of it *in the strictest sense*, since God Himself sanctioned plurality of wives and also allowed divorce among the Jews; for the opinion of those who say that this latter was only tolerated and not rendered really lawful seems to me untenable. Both things were at variance with the original institution of Marriage, and both have been again eliminated by Christ, who has thus restored the original institution, in these respects, not only for Christians but for all mankind.

Marriage, like other contracts, may be rendered either *void*, when attempted, or *illicit*, though still valid, by certain circumstances which are called *impediments*, and are termed *diriment* in the former case, and *impeding* or *impedient* in the latter. We may take as an example of the first-class of impediments a previous

marriage still subsisting between one of the parties and some other person. A married man cannot effectually take a second wife. An example of the second is a previous promise of marriage ; for, if a man and woman deliberately agree and bind themselves to each other to marry, neither can *lawfully* wed any other while the engagement remains in force. The obligation may, no doubt, cease by consent, or from other causes ; but, so long as it continues, it is an impediment, not however *diriment* or invalidating. The marriage contracted in despite of such obligation is a true and enduring marriage.

Marriage, as we have been viewing it, when entered into under proper circumstances, is a perfectly good and legitimate thing, but has not of itself any sacred or religious character. It belongs to the social condition of mankind in the natural order. It may need for its ulterior regulation the interference of the civil authority. Whether the secular power can or cannot go so far as to institute effectual *diriment* impediments, superadded to those determined by Natural or Divine Positive Law, is a disputed point. There are good arguments both from authority and from reason for the affirmative opinion, which is far the more common, though the contrary is maintained by some good authors ; but the question is one which I do not at present see any necessity for discussing. My business is with matrimony considered under a different aspect, and in circumstances from which I have so far entirely abstracted.

The Marriage contract was raised by Christ our Lord to the dignity of a Sacrament for Christians, whom alone the Sacraments immediately concern, and who alone are capable of receiving any Sacrament but that of Baptism, by which they are made Christians. I wish my readers to consider attentively the precise meaning of my statement about matrimony. *The marriage contract was raised to the dignity of a Sacrament.* Every Catholic believes that there are seven Sacraments, and that Matrimony is one of them. Every Catholic, if asked whether Matrimony is a Sacrament, would answer : "of course it is." But it is more than possible that many do not realize the *identity* of the *contract* with the *Sacrament*. The latter may be regarded as merely annexed to the former, and separable from it. This is a mistaken view, a view no doubt taken by perfectly orthodox theologians, and inculpably taken, but which was always false, and is now authoritatively declared to be so. Among the propositions enumerated for reprobation in the celebrated *Syllabus* of errors subjoined to the Encyclical of Pius the Ninth, commencing *Quanta cura*, issued on the 8th of December, 1864, the 66th is as follows : "The Sacrament of Matrimony is something only accessory to the contract and separable from it, and the Sacrament itself consists in the nuptial benediction alone." The 73rd again is expressed in these terms : "A true marriage may exist between Christians by virtue of a merely civil contract ; and it is false to say either that a contract of marriage between Christians is always

a Sacrament, or that there is no contract if the Sacrament be excluded." According to the doctrine, therefore, of the *Syllabus*, the contract of marriage between Christians is always a Sacrament, and a contract which is not a Sacrament is not a marriage.

What then, it may be asked, are we to say about the marriage of two baptized non-Catholics? Is it no marriage, or is it also a Sacrament? I reply, undoubtedly it is a Sacrament. But, you will rejoin, they don't intend to receive a Sacrament. Even so, they *do* receive a Sacrament; for they intend *a contract*, which, whether they know it or not, and whether they like it or not, is *a Sacrament*. If they don't intend to contract, they don't intend to marry, and they don't marry; if they do intend by all means to contract, they do receive a Sacrament. It is curious to reflect that of the two Sacraments which alone Protestants generally admit, namely Baptism and the Eucharist, very many succeed in receiving but one, as the want of a true priesthood deprives them of the other; and, for all that, they receive a third, which they decline to admit, with what fruit is quite a different question, but they *do* receive it. I can imagine a thoroughly orthodox Protestant—as he would call himself—recoiling with disgust from the notion that he had received a Popish Sacrament! But he must put up with our imputing this discredit to him.

The Marriage contract, once made a Sacrament, was handed over by Christ to the care of His Church, not merely under its sacred aspect as a Sacrament, but under its moral aspect as a contract, which it continues to be in the same strict sense that it was before Christianity, and is among Jews and Pagans. The Church has, in consequence, the same authority concerning this contract which the State has concerning ordinary human contracts; such as buying and selling, leasing, and the like; and more authority than is attributed by some to the State with regard to the Marriage of infidels. The Church has the power of prescribing conditions, the observance of which is requisite, in some instances for the lawfulness, in others even for the validity, of Marriage. In other words, the Church can institute *impediments* of the two classes I have already mentioned; that is to say, *impeding*, as they are called, and *diriment*, impediments. This is no mere inference of Theologians, but an expressly defined doctrine.* These impediments directly affect the contract as such, and indirectly the Sacrament.

The Church has no power to prevent a legitimate contract of Marriage from being a Sacrament, any more than she can take away the sacramental efficacy of baptism when the water is properly poured and the prescribed words duly pronounced, with the necessary intention on the part of the minister. But, as the water must be physically genuine, and not so corrupted or so mixed with

* Concil. Trid. Sess. 24, Doct. de Sac. Matrim. can. 4.

any other liquid as to lose its character of water, and the words **must** be physically enunciated in a way to make sense, in like **manner** the marriage contract, which, in common with all other contracts, has both a *moral* and a *physical* nature, must possess the **moral** requisites of a true contract, that is to say, it must be in conformity with the laws enacted by whatever authority is competent to legislate on the subject, so far as those laws make certain conditions essential; for a mere *prohibition* does not do away with the contract, which remains valid though unlawful. A Marriage, therefore, attempted in despite of any diriment impediment established by the Church is null and void, and, in fact, no Marriage at all.

The Church can, and occasionally does, abrogate and vary her own laws in this as in other matters. She can also dispense from them in particular cases, and she is in the habit of so dispensing. According to the present discipline of the Church, the supreme authority alone, namely the Pope or a General Council, can institute impediments, at least those which are diriment; and, for the most part, they can be dispensed from, in like manner, only by the supreme authority, or in virtue of express delegation by it, which is commonly not granted for *all* ecclesiastical impediments, nor for any beyond a limited time or a specified number of cases.

Many hold, as I have already mentioned, that the secular power may institute diriment impediments of Marriage where it is not a Sacrament, as it is not between unbaptized parties. The question naturally arises, whether or no the same can be said regarding the Marriage of Christians; for, though it is a Sacrament, it continues to be a contract of the same intrinsic nature as it would otherwise be. It is all that it would otherwise be, and something more. My answer to the question is in the negative, and I consider this answer certain. I am not aware of any definition or strictly binding declaration establishing it in so many words. But the doctrine generally received and uniformly acted on in Rome is to this effect.

I do not affirm that there is any absolute essential inconsistency in supposing that the State could make certain conditions necessary for the validity of the marriage contract as such, notwithstanding that it is also a Sacrament. Hence, this argument: the marriage contract among Christians is a Sacrament; therefore the State cannot institute diriment impediments: this argument, I say, though not without force, is not, to my mind, demonstrative. I would attach more weight to an inference from the power which the Catholic Church solemnly and infallibly teaches to belong to herself regarding the contract, and which is scarcely reconcilable with a concurrent authority of secular princes in the same matter. That power appears to imply that the whole charge of the matrimonial contract, under its moral as well as its sacred aspect, has been given to the Church. That power has, beyond all doubt, been given, so to speak, for the sake of the contract as well as for the sake of the Sacrament, and with a view to the moral govern-

ment of Christians in relation to the contract as such. Now, this moral government requires not only that the liberty of Marriage should be duly restricted, but likewise that it should be duly maintained. The Divine provision made for Christians in this respect would be rendered quite incomplete and insufficient and embarrassed in its operation if secular princes could interfere efficaciously with the marriage bond. But what settles the question absolutely, in my judgment, is a manifest sense of the Church on the subject, which is not materially affected by the views of some otherwise respectable writers. It is quite certain that no Marriage is or would be reputed invalid or dubious by the Roman tribunals on the score of conflict with any civil enactment.

I have been speaking all through of the Marriage bond which makes the parties really man and wife. The State, no doubt, has authority to deal with civil adjuncts of the contract relating to succession and property.

Marriage, be it remembered, is but *one* contract. It may be called *natural*, or *civil*, or *sacred*, on account of its different bearings. But there cannot be one true contract of Marriage distinct from another true contract of Marriage between the same persons. They are either man and wife in the eyes of God or they are not. If they are, there is no other contract of Marriage left for them to enter into. If they are not, they have made no Marriage contract. There may be a preliminary contract of promise to marry; there may be collateral contracts about other things before or after the Marriage; there may be conditions present or wanting for certain effects; but the Marriage contract is one and indivisible. It may seem superfluous to say all this, but the confusion of ideas that exists, and which is partly due to perverse views put forward for a purpose, renders extreme explicitness expedient.

There have been, and still are, serious conflicts between the Church and secular governments regarding Marriage, especially with reference to what are called *Civil Marriages*. Among Ecclesiastical diriment impediments one is that commonly called the impediment of *clandestinity*. The Council of Trent enacted a law requiring, as a necessary condition of the validity of Marriage, that it should be contracted in the presence of the Parish Priest of either of the parties, or another priest delegated by him, and two witnesses.* The place of the Parish Priest can be taken also by the Bishop or the Vicar-General, or the delegate of either. So far as this law is concerned, the mere *presence* of the Parish Priest (with two witnesses) suffices, without his pronouncing any words or performing any ceremony. He is but a specially-qualified witness. The Council expressly provided that this new enactment should not take effect in any parish till thirty days after its promulgation *in that parish*. There are some countries, and among them Eng-

* Sess. xxiv., Dec. de Reform. Matrim. cap. i.

land and Scotland, in which it has never been published, and down to the year 1828 the same was the case in the dioceses of Dublin, Kildare, Ferns, Ossory, Meath and Galway.

Mixed Marriages, as they are called—that is, Marriages of Catholics with Protestants—are exempt from the diriment impediment of clandestinity in Ireland and some other countries where the decree of the Council of Trent establishing this impediment has been promulgated in every parish, and has full force as to Marriages between Catholics. Mixed Marriages are, however, *prohibited* by the Church, and cannot be *lawfully* contracted with or without the presence of the Parish Priest and witnesses, unless a dispensation has been previously obtained, and unless the conditions prescribed in the granting of the dispensation have been fulfilled. The ground of the prohibition is the danger to the faith of the Catholic party and of the future offspring. Notwithstanding the dispensation and the fulfilment of conditions, the priest who assists is not allowed to perform the ceremonies directed to be performed in a marriage of two Catholic parties. Mixed Marriages are often objectionable even when permission is given for them, because the mischief naturally incidental to them is, after all, not thoroughly got rid of. I may add that difference of religion—that great and essential difference which exists between Catholicity and every kind of sectarianism—is not calculated to promote the happiness of a union the closest and most lasting there is between human beings on earth, and which is held up to us as a lively image of our Lord's union with His Church. It would be a very wholesome thing if Catholic parents held firmly, and brought up their children to hold, that Marriage with non-Catholics was a thing not to be thought of, a thing that ought to be quite out of the question. I do not pretend that this would in every instance effectually prevent the evil; but assuredly it would do so in many cases. Years ago the question of Mixed Marriages was made a cause of quarrel with Catholic bishops and priests by the Prussian government, long before the latter reached the perfection it has lately attained as a persecuting power.

From what has been said about the impediment of clandestinity, taken in conjunction with a preceding statement as to the inseparability of the Marriage contract of Christians from the Sacrament, it will easily be understood that the priest who performs the nuptial service, and is said to *marry* the parties, is not the minister of the Sacrament. This is so. The priest is the representative of the Church, and exercises a holy function with regard to the Marriage. But the parties themselves who enter into the contract thereby effect the Sacrament and mutually administer it to each other. The contract is identified with the Sacrament, and whatever constitutes the contract constitutes the Sacrament, and those who *make the contract*, also, if I may say so, *make the Sacrament*. Whatever opinions have been held by comparatively few—though

their absolute number is not very small—whatever opinions, I say, have been held at variance with the doctrine just stated may be now fairly considered as no longer probable.

By a *Civil Marriage*, to which I have alluded, is meant a form of Marriage gone through before an official appointed by the Civil Power for the purpose, and whose presence, without that of any ecclesiastical person, renders the Marriage legitimate in the eyes of the law. Wherever the parties are not liable to be affected by the diriment impediment of clandestinity, and have the intention of then and there contracting matrimony, the form thus gone through is a true and sacramental Marriage, which, however, does not owe its validity, in any degree, to the presence of the authorized official who assists at its celebration. Wherever, on the contrary, there is question of two Catholics in a place in which the Decree of Trent has been published, there is neither contract nor Sacrament. The parties remain single as they were before, and if they live together they live in sin. All this is, of course, very bad. Civil Marriage becomes a legal protection for concubinage, and an incitement to it. Catholics who content themselves with this process, if tolerably informed in religious matters, *know* that they are not married, though they have the civil advantages of Marriage.

The case may be even worse than this. There are, perhaps, other diriment impediments in the way, which the State does not recognize; and although these do not render the marriage more invalid, since there can be no *more* nor *less* in the matter, still they easily render the position of the parties more unfavourable. They cannot go back or forward. In this, as in other cases of merely Civil Marriage, they cannot leave each other and marry other parties without the legal offence of bigamy, besides other evils, to avoid which they would be sometimes obliged, even in conscience, to remain together *if they could*. They cannot cure the evil by calling in the Parish Priest, because though a new contract in his presence and that of two witnesses would put an end to the clandestinity, it would not dispose of the other impediment, which can be removed only by a dispensation, and this requires time, and need not be granted at all by the Church simply because the parties have put themselves wilfully in a false position, and hardly ought to be granted if a Civil Marriage was used as a means of extorting it. This particular evil result of Civil Marriages may occur, as is obvious, even where the impediment of clandestinity does not enter.

If the State wishes to have satisfactory proof of Marriage, and declines to recognize any matrimonial contract without satisfactory proof, well and good. This is all fair and reasonable, and can be abundantly provided for by exacting certain legal formalities, which shall not, however, by themselves hold the place of a Marriage. From what has been said, it is easy for any one to understand why the Church reprobates the introduction of Civil Marriage, as substituted by the State for the ecclesiastical celebration,

more especially where the government is supposed to be Catholic, particularly, but not exclusively, in places in which the law of Trent concerning clandestinity has been promulgated. I say *not exclusively*, because it is quite against the discipline and mind of the Church, and at all times was so, that Matrimony should be contracted between Catholics without the presence of a priest and the performance of certain religious ceremonies.

In some countries the State authorizes the dissolution of previously valid Marriages on certain grounds which are conceived to afford a sufficient motive for such dissolution. This mode of proceeding is at variance not so much with the laws of the Catholic Church as with her doctrine. The divorced parties, if really married before, are looked on by her as still bound by the nuptial tie, and any fresh engagement she views as simply adulterous. This state of things she detests, deplores, condemns in all, but more urgently forbids those who profess to be her children to avail themselves of it.

JACK HAZLITT.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHOWING HOW MR. WOOD IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD IN IMPRISONING NED O'KENNEDY, AND HOW HE GAINED THE TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS AND MORE.

THERE is very little passenger traffic by water between Saint Louis and Jefferson City on the Missouri. We must, however, be understood to speak of fourteen or fifteen years ago; and fifteen years in the United States is like a century to older nations. The muddy river was becomingly engaged in carrying the heavier merchandise which could bear some delay, and not so well bear the expense of more rapid transit by railway.

One day, in September, a few people of Jefferson City on the river-banks, were engaged in viewing a steam vessel, which struggled along not much more than a quarter of a mile to the eastward, but nearly a half a mile away from the shore. We say struggled along, not that she was in danger of sinking, at least just then, but because she was of that asthmatic construction, that coughs and

puffs, and stumps, and gets onward only by a kind of life and death exertion.

The hour was evening, and the golden tints of the rich autumnal sun were just fading away, and the woods and water and city wore that dreamy and weird-like appearance in which the twilight of the autumn in America wraps the scenery.

The steamer kept pounding and coughing in the distance, like a worn-out traveller seeking help ; and, as she neared the city before mentioned, attracted a little more curiosity. It was clearly perceived, or understood, that she had an unusual number of people on board, considering the nature of the vessel ; and, besides, it was becoming late in the year, and neither safe nor profitable for such passages to be undertaken.

Thoughts of a character likely to arise from these circumstances were expressed among the couple of dozen who stood on the quay or landing-stage, and curiosity and conjecture became busy. The shadows were falling, and the ship was becoming only duskily visible. The yellow wavelets came rattling in, and hardly reflected the weak rays of a crescent moon. A sudden gust of wind from the north made the river shiver, and the waters hiss. The horizon darkened, the blue of the sky disappeared, and with a suddenness which no one could anticipate, down came a thundering squall, that swept over land and water like ten thousand furies.

Just as the little crowd was flying to seek some refuge from the storm, a roar was heard and a flash seen at a half mile's distance. It was not thunder and lightning. The flash revealed the steamer which they had been watching ; and some declared she looked half torn asunder.

The excitement was naturally growing, and discussion becoming louder, when the discussion, at least, was suspended by a scene such as, even on the Missouri or Mississippi, is, thank God, rarely witnessed.

From two or three gaping mouths, in rapid succession, after a loud detonation, were vomited forth torrents of living fire ; whilst the stern of the vessel seemed surrounded, embraced, and canopied by a white flame of vengeance, that was crushing the creature to ashes in its embrace. The flame daintily, though rapidly, stole along the vessel's side. It then rushed bodily, as if preparing for a savage leap ! It even paused ! And then erecting itself ten—fifteen—twenty feet high, it looked a hundred-headed monster with fangs, and tongues, and lips of a hundred serpents of fire.

It was terrible.

The standers-by on the wharf began to cry out ! The bells began to ring. Crowds came running from the town. The wharf was soon crowded by an immense mass of people, who shouted out a thousand commands and advices, to which no one appeared to give any attention ; and scores ran hither and thither crying aloud, and not knowing what they did.

Although the scene on board the burning vessel became so appalling, the whole result had been produced in half the time we have taken to set it forth, and no mind could be prepared for such a catastrophe.

Everything was now seen on board as plainly as in broad day, and more plainly. In the strong light of the blazing pine oil, the smallest cord and crevice seemed revealed on deck, and there a score people, apparently, or more, were making for the figure-head, fore-main-top, or any place forward, where life might have a chance, and the last resolution for a while, at least, suspended.

One passenger on board seemed quite demented—a fine-looking, tall man. He ran up and down, wringing his hands most woefully, and finally jumped overboard! He was soon followed by a second, who appeared to catch the mania, and they were succeeded by a third. A crowd still remained, packed forward, some working at life-preservers around their waists; some holding oars or spars, getting ready for the supreme moment; some merely swinging their hands and arms, and shrieking for assistance.

The end was rapidly coming on; the illumination growing, until the wretched victims' features looked transparent.

There were three men on the deck—two tall men, and one who was under the middle size—who were distinguished for a wonderful calmness. They seemed to move up and down, and try to reassure the despairing. A moment, and one of the three was seen to take off his hat and bow down before his less athletic companion, who immediately placed his hand upon the tall man's head. The second of the tall men did precisely the same, and a stretched out hand fell on his head in like manner; and then from the quay there arose the cry of "a priest! a priest on board!" and the solemn office of preparing for judgment struck the lookers on; and the calm resolution of Christian resignation was revealed to them all; and some there felt how good the Almighty God had manifested himself to the poor travellers in that terrible moment by sending them the message of power and the assurance of reconciliation.

It is not to be supposed that no effort was being made to save the poor people in the channel. On the contrary, everything that could be done was being done; but it must be remembered that the crisis arrived in a moment, and whatever the necessity and danger some delay was inevitable.

Long, however, before any boat could be made available, and, indeed, almost as soon as the three men we have spoken of were first seen, a white figure flitted through the crowd and made for the river's edge.

The crescent moon sent down a ray; and a cheer like a tempest burst from the sympathizing multitude, as they beheld an Indian flinging off his blanket and shooting his canoe like an arrow right into the centre of the Missouri.

It was that singular being Jerome, called the King of the Indians. In an incredibly short time he had cleared the quay; and soon, himself and his canoe were only an outline on the dark water. Again, however, they became sharply defined as they swept into the strong light of the burning vessel, and, finally, they were seen sweeping rapidly around the prow, near enough to afford help, but far enough away to escape the hissing and even howling flames in which the ship was now enveloped.

The man who was recognised as "the priest" was active still. He was likely to become the first victim. He was here and there, as demand after demand was made upon him, and often in the midst of his work, himself and the object of his ministry had to run for life to some spot where standing room was more possible.

Thus it happened that the Indian was not a moment too soon. The clergyman was engaged with one of the seamen, just behind the 'stewards' room, on deck. The fire had been rapidly gaining—but here had yet presented no appearance. Suddenly, however, it caught everything around, as if they had been saturated with petroleum. In a moment the clergyman's clothes were on fire. He cried aloud involuntarily. The fire spread around him, and even seized his hair. The clergyman was destined for the glorious death of a confessor, apparently, when the man with whom we first beheld him, rushing across, seized him around the body. Another moment, and he stood on the crackling rail of the fated steamer, holding up the priest as if he held up a child. Then down, down into the deep river he plunged with a cry which was like a cheer, it seemed so like the voice of one equal to his mission.

In a moment the second of those whom we remarked with the priest was beside the swimmer; and evidently the waters and the swimmers were old friends.

"No fear, no fear, father," cried the tall man; "just hold on by my hips. I can swim the whole river."

"Come, Lowry, my boy," cried the other voice, "here I am. The Shannon for ever! Hurrah," and he clove the waters magnificently.

The words had hardly escaped his lips when the Indian and his canoe shot up alongside.

"Glory be to God!" cried Ned O'Kennedy, "the priest is safe! Glory be to God!"

And so he was safe and sound ere long in King Jerome's canoe; while Lowry McCabe looked astounded, even in his excitement, when he surveyed the magnificent chest and muscular development of the red man, and saw a pair of brown scapulars, large enough to make a dozen, hanging over his shoulders.

The voyagers had neither coats nor shoes, and the clergyman was nearly as bad, because his coat was in tatters from the burning; but, in their joy, they felt no cold, and cared for no loss—and that joy was "saving the poor clergyman."

Any amount of thanks was offered to Jerome, who answered sententiously, "all same, all same;" but he made Ned O'Kennedy understand that he owed him a life for a good while.

Lowry M'Cabe, for his part, saw clearly "the Injins were not all heathens, an' his heart warmed to the man with the scapulars."

When spoken to about his feelings in the water, Lowry declared, "Quite comfortable-like, bekase the priest was there, you know, an' one wasn't dhrown'd like a dog."

Lowry had a share of superstition, of course, and that was the reason he was convinced that some of his people from the land of love had come that night and spoken to him. What, however, was more singular, the priest had heard the same sounds, and so did Mr. Ned O'Kennedy. Lowry M'Cabe was tumbling the clergyman over the side of the canoe, and in imminent prospect of turning the canoe upside down, and bringing all to an end, when he heard—and all of them heard—in the darkness, "*Shauchin! Shauchin! anyeer! anyeer!*" He saw at once that he had to swim astern and keep the canoe balanced, and he did it handsomely; but he declared most solemnly that when he laid hold on the stern rather roughly, and caused some oscillation of the little bark, the same voice—(he said it was like his father's long ago)—but the voice cried, "*Succourh! Succourh!*" which, of course, the reader knows, was "quietly! quietly!"

The whole circumstances brought them in the presence of the supernatural, and made the hearts of all thankful and more joyous.

We do not realize the PRESENCE ever benevolent, and ever watchful, and ever speaking. Ah! just because we are always looking for "some one from the dead." The river and the sea, "have they not voice and sound?" and the winds upon the prairie, and the dead leaves falling at the cold autumnal touch, and the ring of the child's laugh, and the mother's counsel, and the father's warning, and the expanding earth, and the sunlight and moonlight, and the *graves*—are they not all monitors, preachers, missionaries, kindly sent by God—every single one—just as he sends the seasons, and the dews, and the blessed Gospel. But we remember not, and in our hardness and insensibility we reduce every interposition to the category of the merely natural, unless we behold a miracle. "Moses and the prophets" are not enough for us, we want some one "risen from the dead."

Reader, we do not see Him in everything, and, in every place, hear him. If we did, it would be the same to us whether God had sent back the father of Lowry M'Cabe to speak to him, or so arranged that a human mind should foresee his danger, and a human tongue warn him to avoid it.

"In Him we live, move, and have our being."

The condition of affairs in this portion of our history is the most natural in the world.

Mr. Wood's failure in his attempt upon the life and honour of his foster-brother made the purchase or removal of Hennessy and Ned O'Kennedy a greater necessity than ever. Not that the people at "The Hall" feared any immediate action on the part of the two Irishmen, but because the power which these Irishmen seemed to possess poisoned the air, and darkened the blossoms, and blackened the sky; and right or wrong in their fears, they, at "The Hall," could not get on tranquilly. Evidently, and the reason was operative; if anything should arise to demand "clean hands," in the post, such men as Hennessy and O'Kennedy would be mortal assailants. What remained then but one thing? And why not carry out the rule of self-preservation? Was it not the rule of society and of common sense?

Once more we say, get rid of a conscience, reader, and where can you find a flaw in the reasoning of "The Hall?"

If your interest, or the interest of your kindred, your fears, hopes, or rights, behold in your way an opponent, an enemy, a rival; and if to secure yourself, or those who are dear to you, you have no help remaining unless the poniard or the cup—what holds your passions in check, your desires restrained, and your power manacled? Fear! Why you can so plot, and plan, and arrange as to exclude danger—many have done so—why not you? Law! What is law to you? A name, an abstraction, an enemy. Conscience! All conscience is on the side of selfishness. You have *to-day*—*to-morrow* belongs to fate. "Eat, drink, and be merry; to-morrow we die." Conscience points out as a duty the very thing which Christians call an abomination—the conscience which is not Christian—and is therefore not a conscience at all. Remove conscience, Christian conscience—and "success" is the only creed. And that is not the success of your nation, or the success of your kind, or any species of philanthropy or patriotism—it is simply YOURSELF. Take away Christian conscience, and "The Hall" teaches sound philosophy—and the only sound philosophy.

America! America!

"*A conscience! A conscience! my life for a conscience!*"—the dictum which heaven teaches your moralists and your statesmen to inculcate.

Yet what have Europeans to boast?

The Communists threaten Paris. The Republicans hold Spain. The Jews and Freemasons hold Austria. Fidelity to conscience is in Switzerland forfeiture of right. Germany whips, and robs, and expatriates conscience. Victor Emmanuel has made Rome the grave of conscience, and locked the prison-door upon the only power on earth that can restore and give conscience healthy activity!

What has Europe to boast of?

Yea! we must conclude for Europe what we conclude for America—*The destruction of liberty and civilization, or the restoration of a conscience!*

Who is to enthrone the prostrate power of conscience? Only God.

We repeat that nothing was more natural than the combination here encountered.

Lowry M'Cabe had gone to St. Louis to "settle Miss Hammond with Reverend Mother," and the faithful man had accomplished his purpose. He was quite aware of his cousin Ned O'Kennedy's position, and Ned declared that "St. Louis and the sky over it was handsomer from the day Lowry M'Cabe entered the town." They had the real affection of men—men who really love their friends and not *themselves* in their friendship. You will meet many a one kind and considerate, and even sacrificing as long as he finds his friend an instrument—an instrument to attain something more valuable than what is given up; but not many who see nothing but the being to whom sympathy springs with an unbidden bound, and care nothing, and calculate nothing only what the instincts of nature approved by reason, suggest.

Of the few were Ned O'Kennedy and Lowry M'Cabe.

Old times were talked over, and old plans, and the poor fellows' souls visited all the old spots at home, and some tears were shed—shed by men who cared little for life or death, and whose eyes would fill at the remembrance of an old haunt, and the play-time love of a sunny Sunday evening by the river, or in the old ruin's shadow. If you meet such men, reader, do not condemn them, cherish and trust them; for the better half the man's soul is dead who doth not feel as they feel. Their thought is the comeliness which God gave their souls.

Lowry M'Cabe soon became acquainted with what modern writers call "the situation;" and the thought of Ned O'Kennedy's "conversion," and even of the attempt on his life, only made Lowry laugh. He had a confidence in his own invincibility, and he believed his cousin quite his equal. But when Ned O'Kennedy informed him that "another deputation" was to wait on himself and John Hennessy for a purpose similar to the former, Lowry's mind was at once made up. Lowry would stay out the whole of the trial of the deputation, and he felt a kind of joy at the thought of being on the spot to have his share in the scrimmage.

The cousins had not long to wait. A few days brought them information regarding the day, the route, and the conspirators; and these conspirators, of all people in the world, were Mr. Gretrix Meldon and the patriotic John Teeling, who came on this errand to "vindicate his creed and country," and earn two hundred dollars for drink.

"Meldon! Meldon!" cried Lowry M'Cabe, "Arrah! is he the thief from Louisiana? Is he!"

Of course, that was a question which Ned O'Kennedy could not answer; but the curiosity of both of them was stimulated to a very high degree.

It was easy to watch and use the arrival at St. Louis: and the emissaries had men to deal with who were no sluggards or laggards. Their coming to St. Louis was known, and their determination to take the river route, and not the railway, was soon discovered.

"What are you goin' to do, Ned O'Kennedy?" asked Lowry.

"To do? Why I am going to travel with them. How should we know, Lowry, the way they might descend upon our old friend John Hennessy?"

"Have you any arms?" Ned asked.

"Och! if I hav'nt a beauty!" was the reply.

And thus were the cousins found on board the ill-fated boat that burned to the water's edge opposite Jefferson City.

We might most interestingly engage the reader on the sights and scenes on shore, and the grand reception the Irishmen got from John Hennessy, and the joy of the Indian people who wanted their chief in John Hennessy's neighbourhood; and the red men's pride at the glory and honour won by their king; and on the number of things John Hennessy required to know; and Lowry M'Cabe was able to answer. But we must hurry on.

Meldon, Teeling, and their companions perished that terrible night. They had been drinking and playing cards, and in a drunken fit jumped into the muddy river. Whiskey is not equal to the steady daring called courage. With whiskey—a whiskey spirit—it is a *rush* or *ruin*, or a *rush and ruin*. The drunkards could not wait, not they; and so found their graves in the Missouri. *No other passenger was lost.*

John Hennessy became aware of his danger, and solemnly thankful for his deliverance. He was warm in his acknowledgments to Ned O'Kennedy, and again and again reverted to his long and dangerous journey.

"Well," Ned said, "more is due to Jerome than to any one. He has twice saved my life."

"An' you! an' you!" answered Jerome.

"Oh, Jerome, mine was only a little service, yours was down-right salvation. Jerome, the three gentlemen at St. Louis would not sell the secret for a million of dollars, which they gave you for nothing! That secret saved many."

"That secret, and God," remarked Hennessy.

"Yes, Mr. Hennessy; but you know that secret came from God's goodness, like everything else," answered the more acute Ned O'Kennedy.

"Ah! ah!" quietly added the Indian.

"Irish!" demanded the Indian looking from Ned O'Kennedy to Lowry M'Cabe.

"Oh, Irish! yes, indeed."

"'Im name."

"M'Cabe."

"M'Cabe!" the Indian repeated, "M'Cabel!"

"Yes, Jerome. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, wan man in Indian country, an' 'im name M'Cabe."

"M'Cabe!" thundered Lowry.

"Is—is—far in Indian country; de Line (himself) see him."

"An Irishman?"

"Is."

"Where did he come from?"

"Oh, from wan place over—de sugar place."

"Bermuda."

"Is, is," answered the Indian.

Lowry was nearly beside himself. He had had a brother who had travelled to Bermuda at the public expense, for services he was supposed to have rendered to "White Boys," and of him the family had never heard.

All this was progressing satisfactorily at breakfast the second day after the arrival of the strangers, when a knock on the door announced a visitor.

John Hennessy went to do the honours, and to serve himself.

He found *two* visitors. They were well-spoken, well-mannered men from St. Louis, whom John Hennessy knew as belonging to the United States police force. He was naturally a little surprised; but not startled.

"Mr. O'Kennedy here?" demanded the superior officer.

"Certainly."

"I can see him?"

"Oh, yes."

Ned O'Kennedy heard the voice, and immediately remembered it. Instantly he knew all the circumstances.

"You come to arrest me?"

"Yes."

"The charge."

"Robbery, peculation, and a thousand things," said the officer.

"Is Harris in St. Louis?" asked Ned O'Kennedy.

"No."

"He knows something of this, and Jerome here."

Jerome came forward.

"You no say, who know it or who don't know. Good time; good time," said the Indian.

"The Lion is right," said the officer, who really did not seem to make a great deal of the arrest. But he said O'Kennedy ought not to have left St. Louis if he knew anything of the kind was turning up. He believed that Mr. O'Kennedy would clear himself.

We have performed one-half our promise. We have narrated how Jack Hazlitt made good his threat against his old servitor. It only remains now to show how the same gentleman realized five times the two hundred thousand dollars, and twice that sum.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XXV.

IN the month of October, a magnificent ship lay at anchor at the Quay of Colonia, opposite Buenos Ayres. Every one knows that Colonia is a kind of resting place where deep water and tranquil life are boons to ship and sailor, either to rest at the end of a voyage, or to gather energy and get ship-shape at the beginning of one. Well, there, in Colonia, or at that misnamed place—because it is hardly large enough to hold an Irish fair—rode the “Caliph,” as fine a vessel as ever bent her brow before the wind. She was as stately as a queen. Her yards seemed morticed to the masts, and the reefed sails gracefully showed their triple cross-like painted imitations of folding and cordage, all had been so symmetrically laid down. The pennant streamed from the maintop. The sailor lounged with folded arms around the forecastle. Capstan and compass, and boats and anchors, and small boats and cordage, seemed all spick and span new, and all of them lay in their places with that order and regularity which are the sailor’s eye and step when he gets the word of command.

The “grand venture” of life, the “safe investment” was on board the “Caliph ;” and so was Mr. Eardly Wood.

Mr. Wood’s mind was, of course, filled to that mind’s uttermost capacity by the anticipations which were now rapidly taking form. He had always lived more or less in a dream—the dream of the future, or the dream of what men or women thought of him. Since he had received the letter from *Rio* no room was left for anything unless the golden hope which fortunated him above kings, and would enable him to set his foot upon competitors, and annihilate pretenders for evermore.

And this had its useful effects for Mr. Wood, at least in one regard.

Mr. Wood travelled with great rapidity to New York from Washington, but he made no stay whatever in the city. He found his plans understood, and his men prepared for their work; and it was from Brooklyn they entered upon their mission. But what at another time would have given him a blow under which he would have reeled, or which would have driven him to some awful act of aggression upon other men, was now heard with sufficient composure : *Miss Brackenbridge had left for Canada, and would not return for three months !*

“I know your grand culmination comes !” she wrote ; “the captain has so informed me. I will triumph in your exaltation, and would pray for your success if the Brackenbridge faith had not taught me that a true man *makes his fortune and himself*. *We shall meet the day your voyage closes ! Till then, farewell.*”

Mr. Wood smiled at the lady's force of character, but the "River Plate" was too large an object to permit the presence even of a Grace Brackenbridge to occupy his mind.

It is marvellous, even psychologically, how men whose only creed is to assist themselves when they can do so safely, hazard all things, and more than hazard them betimes, under the domination of an idea. The soul becomes replete with the image of some success, and, at the same time, conscious of a thousand chances of reverse. These chances stare the daring dreamer in the face. They come again and again! Dishonour threatens him; death flings its shadow on his way; his strongest fears, and his strongest passions, save the *one*, stand gloomily warning him; yet the dominant, absorbing thought triumphs over them all, and fate itself is defied for the chance of the victory which may realize a fancy or a fortune. And these children of reckless adventure are not mad—or even heartless—or men who seek self-destruction, as is evident by the case of Mr. Wood now on the "Caliph's" quarter-deck. Such men are only the animals of the rational world without a creed, and alas, the world has too many of them for its peace.

Mr. Wood did not find everything exactly as Brackenbridge had pictured. Captain Johnston, after all, was not in command. A week before sailing, the brother of the owner of the "Caliph"—an able commander, and one who had commanded the vessel before—was appointed in Captain Johnston's place, and the "particular responsibilities" of the case were quite a sufficient reason for the owner wishing the change; besides which, however, he gave Captain Johnston a noble compensation—in fact as much money as the trip would make, without the trouble of making it: and besides, the firm was one with which Johnston "would not quarrel at all."

The Caliph was laden entirely with guano and gold and silver bars, and with an immense amount of coined specie besides.

Captain Johnston expressed himself not only content but obliged; and in fact he was rather "pleased to take a trip to London, where he had much business to transact," and he was well pleased "to have his hands free for ten or twelve months to wind up his European transactions."

In these circumstances, and in this mood of mind, Mr. Wood, as we must continue to call him, found his friend Captain Johnston.

Captain Bonner, the responsible commander, rejoiced heartily in the anticipation of a voyage commenced under such happy auspices; and when Mr. Eardly Wood became a messmate at the captain's table, the summit of Captain Bonner's rejoicing seemed to have been reached: in fact he looked like one who thought every minute an hour until they should weigh anchor.

The relations of Mr. Wood and Captain Johnston were sufficiently known. The captain had been Mr. Wood's patron; and

Mr. Wood was known to be a "gentleman who took to the sea for love of the rollicking billow." It would be hard to find sympathies much stronger than these, and still with varieties of feeling that made sympathy the salt of association, by imparting a speciality to every man's impressions.

At length came the hour of departure. The cordage rattled over the deck. The song raised the anchors from their deep beds below. The canvas flapped around the masts and played around the yards; and the white lines gambolled in a kind of exultation at their freedom—and the noble ship shook herself for the homeward journey. The commander looked a proud man when, having

"Yoked his naval chariot to the gale,"

she bowed her obedience to the helm.

No incident of importance took place for three weeks or more. The passage is a safe one enough—plenty of sea-room and no sunken rocks or threatening shoals; there is, moreover, a good capful of wind: so that the crew felt all like a holiday-time, wanting the additional grog.

The gentlemen in the cabin got on in wonderful amity. They discussed the merits of ships and their owners and their builds,—of compasses,—chronometers and lifeboats;—and they played backgammon.

Mr. Eardly Wood nearly broke down once or twice, when Capt. Bonner gave a dash against the ignorance of the Irish; but Mr. Wood's wrath, as we know, arose from the fact that he thought the right of attacking his countrymen belonged to himself exclusively, and he could not tolerate any invasion of his monopoly.

There are many Mr. Woods in the world. Mr. Wood, however, watched himself and most wonderfully governed himself—assisted powerfully by Captain Johnston. The captain's eye and tone and changed manner were a constant reminder to Mr. Wood that the "last grand venture" which should stamp his fortune with royalty was in process of being made.

Well, the "Caliph" is fifteen days out, and has been rapid and prosperous. She makes an average of eight knots, and sometimes runs eleven and twelve. The captain looked over the side, and as he saw the flying waters and heard their farewell to his ship—flying off in foam—he rubbed his hands and looked up to the sky, saying, "Doesn't she do it!"

A trivial incident happened one day about this time. One of the sailors came to the captain—we mean to Captain Bonner—and informed him that he believed one or two of the men were hanging about the places where the specie was stowed away.

"Who are they?" demanded Bonner.

"The boatswain and the mate's assistant."

Bonner laughed.

"Oh, very well, sir; I have done my duty—very well."

"How now?" asked Captain Johnston coming up. "What brings you aft?" he demanded, eyeing the informer.

"Why," said Bonner, "he is rash-judging his messmates—that's all. He is an honest fellow, however. He saw two of our men executing some orders of mine about the specie, and he thought they were thieving. He is an honest tar."

"Go below, you fool!" said Johnston. "Go below!"

"Do not blame him too much, Captain Johnston."

"Well, Captain Bonner, he is a man of ours whom we recommended to your brother; and I do protest that Brackenbridge is such a saint he will destroy our fellows by psalm-singing and odd ways of honesty. Much will not go wrong where he is."

In fact, however, it was Captain Johnston who had sent the sailor to give information: and thus early to inspire thorough confidence in *his* men!

The night on board the "Caliph" was divided into two watches—one relieving the other about three o'clock a.m., and permitting the other to turn-in for repose. Now, out of the number recommended by the firm of Brackenbridge and Company only one belonged to watch No. 2; and this made the watches—nine and the first mate for No. 1, and nine and the second mate for No. 2. So the work and repose were pretty fairly divided.

One night No. 1 were at their posts. It was just half-past eleven p.m. The wind was sou'-east, and the ship was sailing gallantly. Captain Johnston was still on deck, and was smoking his tenth cigar. The stars shone dimly down. The sea had risen, and from time to time a wave struck the vessel's side like a gigantic sledge. There was that metallic ring in the seething sea, and that moan which mourns so melancholy—while occasionally the beautiful craft shook from stem to stern as if she had seen a phantom on the ocean!

Johnston suddenly stopped. He shook the cigar dust over the side, and walked—"one," "two," "three."

It was perceived that the second mate was now asleep on the hen-coop, and he snored vociferously!

Johnston stood in the midst of *their* men—down far towards the forecabin; and talked rapidly. There was a shriek of the wind—a terrible sea struck the "Caliph's" quarter—and simultaneously with the sound of the blow emerged the man of the "second" watch, and he walked right in amid his messmates.

"Well?" demanded Johnston.

"'TIS FACT," was the reply.

"Tell our messmates, then."

"Messmates!" whispered the man—he spoke so low that had he not drawn them close, close near, they could not have heard a syllable. "Messmates!" he continued, and his voice trembled as he went on, "the second watch have determined to seize the ship!"

There was much commotion.

"And the captain?" demanded one of the hearers.

"No, messmate: but to kill every man of us, and share the treasure with the officers—and to live independently for ever more!"

"By Jupiter!" an old fellow remarked, "we must be up and stirring."

"Up and stirring!—up and stirring!" repeated all of them in a hoarse whisper.

"And *when*, messmate, are they going to get rid of us in this neighbourly way?" demanded Captain Johnston, in a measured, significant tone.

"This day week, sir—this day week," he whispered. "This day week when your watch—I mean No. 1—turns in, No. 2 will follow them, and No. 1 shall never rise again. That's all."

Of course the reader knows that only to the murderous greed of "The Hall," and the genius of Mr. Eardly Wood and the captain, this "conspiracy" is to be credited; and the invention of such a conspiracy shows how thoroughly these gentlemen had investigated the character of their companions.

Singularly enough, it is questionable whether that rude and ruthless knot of men who had just listened to their companion of the "second" watch lying so methodically could have been brought to the terrible decision at which they finally arrived, if the lie had not been summoned to inspire a kind of justification. They knew that the "Caliph" was to be seized—that the great treasure was to be carried off—nay, that the "Caliph" was to be scuttled and many lives necessarily sacrificed for plunder; but, very likely, a wholesale slaughter, and a hand-to-hand encounter in which possibly all might be lost, never had entered into their calculations. Murders according to one idea are different from murders according to another, as the "nursing system" has taught us.

The sailors accepted a reason and an excuse, even though the wretched men could hardly have believed them. Alas! the dominant *idea* of evil defies prudence and accepts any testimony against conscience. It will excuse itself, and tranquillize the corrupt mind, and plead to the corrupt will, and accomplish the iniquitous end, and keep saying to itself, "*I could not help it: I could not act otherwise!*" The other soul of truth and right, which is dumb only because it will not be heard, will arm retribution with scorpions, which bite and do not die! *That makes the hell of memory!*

And so the "second" watch is doomed!

The night preceding that which the supposed "conspirators" had fixed for piracy, murder, and robbery was to be the night on which the "great venture" was to make the epoch in Jack Hazlitt's wild career.

Seven days were to pass, and notwithstanding the peculiarly elastic mind of the unfortunate prodigal, the days seemed more than weeks—longer than months which he could remember long

ago. And during these same days his mind reverted more frequently to his early days and Hazlittville and his mother and Nanny! In fact he felt the cold affections warming and the heart taking the old shape. Then he would remember Lelia Moran and the child-love once so rapturous, and the sweet gardens by the Shannon side; and if Grace Brackenbridge came across his thoughts, he gave a sigh—and sometimes was tempted to grow angered even. Alas! alas! for him whom the avenging angel PAST accuses! For him a happy FUTURE is not fate's award.

But the week was passing. There was worse weather—blackier squalls—and that horrible shriek—like the agony of a wailing spirit damned—was heard by the “first watch,” or by some of them, every night! Nay, it was heard many times a night!—and the “first watch” kept more grouped up, on the deck, on these nights than is wont, or even than is safe. The clouds and sounds and wails began to frighten them!

At last doom!—the night of doom—has come.

With a precision most observant, and a completeness fiendishly perfect, the details have been arranged: and the first watch stands each at his allotted post—waiting for his moment or his orders.

It blew fresh and irregularly. Clouds hung heavily above, and frequent gusts made the helmsman's work of keeping the vessel “up” a thing of some difficulty.

The helmsman was equal to his task—it was Mr. Wood.

The hand has covered the hour!

Johnston opened the tragedy.

He was talking to the first mate, who was standing near the wheel and admiring Mr. Wood's wonderful power. He told Johnston how much he liked Mr. Wood, and how glad he was to have known him. “He ought,” added the first mate, “to become a great man.”

“True, true,” said Johnston; “true, but—” but feeling his neck-tie, and looking all around him—“Mate!” he cried, “mate! I have dropped a diamond pin!”

“A diamond pin—surely no!” cried the mate; and he *fell upon his knees* to recover it!

That was the signal!

In a moment the flat end of an axe struck the poor man on the head! In another, two men had dropped him overboard, in a state of insensibility, and the murderers stood face to face darkly defined.

“That was well done,” whispered the man at the wheel. *He thought of the million.*

Two men now stood at the fore-castle entrance, a little aside. One man stood looking in, and appeared to be about to go below.

“Come along, messmate,” said a voice from inside.

"Come on up," cried one of the two, "don't mind."

The other held the axe, and soon did his bloody work. The two additional executioners soon buried the poor body in the sea.

Not a drop of blood was spilt.

"Capital!" whispered *the man at the wheel.*

One by one disappeared the second watch, even to the last man.

This man appeared at the entrance of the fore-castle, and Wood had only just given the helm to Johnston. The victim's doom was descending, when Wood caught hold of the axe-man's arm and cried out, "Enough!"

"You join us?" Wood said.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the man.

He was saved! Why? why? the whim of the moment—a chance liking—GOD'S MYSTERIOUS PROVIDENCE—but he was saved.

Only Captain Bonner, the commander of the ship, remained!

He slept tranquilly in his state-cabin, and may be he dreamt of home, and saw his children in his dream of hope; and saw their mother sharing and making the ecstasy of home's sweet joy.

How was he to be come at?

Captain Johnston was equal to the occasion.

"A man overboard!" he cried; "a man overboard!" he repeated.

Bonner came to die in the cause of mercy! In a moment, he was on deck, and he came almost naked, for his was a goodly and courageous heart.

Johnston grappled with him. A dreadful struggle ensued, but no one stirred to interfere—not one! They swung and they swayed, and they reeled, and neither seemed to gain an advantage.

"Mate! Mate! Mate!" roared Bonner.

"*He is dead,*" answered Johnston, half choking with exertion.

"Boatswain! Boatswain! my arms! my arms!" cried the captain.

"He is dead!" answered Johnston, with a horrible guttural sound.

"Men! Men all! Men of the 'Caliph,'" roared the captain.

"They are down, deep in the sea! You are alone!" cried Johnston.

Just then Johnston's call out was the cry of one choking: "*Oh! oh! oh!*" he jerked from his heaving chest!

No.

The captain had caught Johnston with a terrible hold! He wrung him and rolled him, and Johnston staggered and lay on the ground. But it was the captain's death struggle! His heart had broken! Bonner of the "Caliph" had passed away! May he rest in peace!

In a few moments all seemed over! There was silence—even tranquillity!—the silence and tranquillity, that hail the coming of vengeance! The resource which sin and folly seek, grog came to loose the tongues of the victors of 20th of November!

The chapter has not yet had its last word written, nor its strangest. Remember, reader, the imagination is not now your entertainer or your teacher. You read TRUTH! You read *truth*, not simply in substance, but nearly in detail. The reporters speak to you, not the novelist.

"Why, Wood, what are you looking at so steadily?" Johnston asked, seeing Mr. Wood looking out over the side very steadily.

"*I am looking at a hangman and a gallows tree!*" Wood answered with strange earnestness—and a coolness or recollection more earnest still.

"Psha! Wood you did nothing, and you get on so. I am afraid of your pluck."

Wood turned on him a smile of withering contempt.

"Pluck!" he hissed—"Pluck!" And Johnston seemed well to understand him, for he shrunk away towards the forecastle.

This occurred the day succeeding the dreadful night of massacre.

Strange things are coming.

About noon, the gong sounded loudly, and Wood rushed up from the cabin where he had been lying down. He found Johnston and the men standing around the capstan.

"How now! how now, boys?" demanded Wood.

"Why," Johnston answered, "our old friend here—he who found out that foul conspiracy—insists that all arms be flung overboard, and all the poison from the medicine chest also. What say you, Mr. Wood?"

"Why, I say, if the men demand such security from one another and from us, it ought to be given," answered Wood.

"Aye, aye, sir! Well done, Mr. Wood! Well spoken, sir!" cried all.

Captain Johnston bit his lips.

"There, sir," the old fox continued, "me and my messmates, here, may as well begin—may we be at bis'ness, eh?"

"Of course! Why not!"

And off they go!

Within three weeks or four of that day, two of the remaining wretches appeared one day at the same capstan, and with them all their mates! Their faces were all pale, and their lips twitched with suppressed despair. Two of them ran down to the cabin, brought up a chair, and perforce placed therein Mr. Eardly Wood!

Johnston writhed.

"We demand justice!" cried the crew.

"Justice?"

"We have elected you our chief, and we demand justice!" the old man cried—the old man whom we so well know.

"Justice! Justice!" cried all of them again.

Oh, the ways of God's great judgments! A full half of the companions in a bloody drama accused Johnston of plotting the death of half the remaining number of the crew, and among the victims, *the first to be killed was Mr. Eardly Wood!* All—all that the number to divide a fabulous wealth should be *fewer!*

The case was proved to demonstration. Concealed arms were brought forth—concealed poison discovered—three with whom he had tampered, swore "by the heavens and the earth," he had been bribing them! And then again all the pirates cried for "justice."

Nothing could save Johnston. *He was devoted to the wave!*

He obtained three hours' respite—not a minute more! That three hours he spent in blaspheming God, and cursing his murderers. He lay all the time bound neck and heels on the quarter deck. The sea drenching him, and the wind flinging about his hair.

The moment came! The cords were loosed. His last word was an imprecation and a blasphemy.

"What of the *boy?*" demanded a sailor.

"Overboard!" cried the new captain—Eardly Wood.

The boy was Johnston's son, a lad of fifteen, travelling with his father. We forgot to mention him before.

Johnston was swimming. He was a wonderful swimmer, too.

When he saw the boy descend into the gaping water, he rushed to the place where his son disappeared, and sunk down in the very same spot, never to rise again by mortal power.

And thus Jack Hazlitt has become master of "a million, and very much more."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

JOHN RICHARDSON'S RELATIVES.

A STORY.

EVERYBODY echoes "What's in a name?" Yet a name is what almost everyone is, consciously or unconsciously, more or less affected by. In a name—as in a nut-shell—to be evolved by time and circumstance—once lay the whole story of John Richardson's Relatives. For when John Richardson went to school, the first, closest, and, as it seemed to himself and others, the most natural, and in fact inevitable, of his friendships was formed for no other reason than that the boy who became his special chum was called Richard Johnson. This bond indeed slackened somewhat before many months went by; and with years the friendship relaxed into mere friendliness. Even while, as boys, constant association was kept up, confidences had become partial, as one or the other formed designs or cherished sentiments which he felt could not or would not be thoroughly entered into by the other. As men, each probably looked on the once inseparable friend as the representative of his first mistake in life. They shook hands instead of nodding when they chanced to meet, and still called each other "Dick" and "John," instead of "Johnson" and "Richardson;" but this was all that remained of the old times. And nothing more might ever have grown out of them, had it not happened that John Richardson's younger brother, George—a sharer more or less in the fervour of the early friendship—kept up the intimacy that the elder gradually dropped; which intimacy resulted in what seemed a very prudent marriage with Dick Johnson's sister Mary, a straight-featured, strait-laced, housewifely young woman, who was actively and energetically what her brother was passively—a genuine and thorough worldling.

George Richardson was a corn merchant. Richard Johnson was a miller, in a rather large way. They had chosen to be bound apprentices together to a master who was both; and then each, when establishing himself upon his own account, set up what might serve as a feeder to the business of the other. Notwithstanding this, and brothers-in-law as they were, business was business unmistakably between them: sixpence never told for sixpence-halfpenny as they cleared accounts. This strictness, however, might fairly be all set down to Richard Johnson's score. George Richardson was not naturally close: quite the contrary, indeed. But his brother-in-law had an instinctive dread of that *révenant* of modern economists, "the thin end of the wedge;" a dread that was liveliest where his dealings lay with those who might not unnaturally be suspected of a leaning towards driving the wedge home.

When George Richardson adopted a correspondingly sharp practice he was either piqued into a desire to "give as good as he got," or moved by the feeling that he could not more effectively recommend himself to his richer and more influential brother-in-law than by a close copying of the example set him. It seemed to be understood that either would help the other on a pinch: but that from Richard Johnson's side such a pinch was a thing more than all others, death excepted, to be looked on as untoward and unwelcome.

John Richardson was an architect and builder. He had wished and hoped that his brother might choose the same calling, and divide with him the two departments of his business. But George took his own line, and kept to it; probably because of thinking it best suited to fall in with the domestic partnership he afterwards carried out with Mary Johnson.

John Richardson's wife also was a Mary. Intimate acquaintances spoke of the brothers' wives as "Mary John" and "Mary George:" sometimes observing that "one might almost say the same name had been given them by way of marking more strongly, through this single coincidence, the contrast they offered on every other point"—a contrast that the elder brother, in his secret thoughts, decided could hardly be too marked for the contentment of his married life.

So much premised, we may enter on our story.

One summer afternoon John Richardson was preparing to close his place of business, which was one flat in a building that was offices of one sort or the other from ground floor to attic. He lived in a suburban house a mile or so distant; and thither his thoughts were turned, as he transferred some matters from the long table to his private desk, when the door was opened hastily, and his brother walked into the room, a story, and not a good one, in his face. It was hurriedly and somewhat stammeringly told, but easy to comprehend, notwithstanding. He had given a note as part payment for a cargo of wheat, expecting, as a matter of course, to get in money to meet it. Wheat had fallen; he could not sell, save at a ruinous loss; and the owner—"pressed himself," he protested—"was," concluded William, piteously, "down on me, through Frazer, like a shot this morning!"

To this hasty explanation he might have added—but did not—that, conscious of his purchase having been a very venturesome speculation at the precise time he made it, he had kept his difficulty and his creditor's first proceedings secret; and, in vain hope of some sudden upward change in prices, had waited till almost too late before looking for assistance.

"John," he went on, after a painful pause, "I know you have so much lying by. If you advance it Richard Johnson will secure you; he has promised he will if I can get the cash from any private hand. You know he is a mark for more than that, though he hasn't

so much loose just now himself. He was out all day, and 'twas only a while ago he could be found. I never was, and God send I never may be, in so sore a strait!"

At the mention of Richard Johnson's name John's countenance cleared instantly. In that case his own mind and conscience might safely rest at ease, and yet his heart be relieved from the load that had fallen like lead on it at his brother's first words.

"If so," he said, cordially, "I'll advance it, of course. You must know I'd be only too glad to help you. If I were alone in the world I'd ask no security."

"Thank God! and thank you!" George said fervently, as he clasped John's hand. "Never was a greater relief. I'd be in the Black List but for this. 'Twas on or off with me by post-time."

"By post-time?" John felt himself grow pale. It seemed to him that as he had said A, so now he must say B. George noted the change of colour, and divined John's thought. Till then he had not himself thought of asking for the money on the spot. The attorney who had been employed to put pressure on him—and who happened also to be Stubbs's agent—would, no doubt, readily consent to save him from discredit, now that his client was assured of payment on the morrow—John's word being known to be as good as his bond. But what, now flashed across him, if Frazer were not in the office, and only a clerk without authority to re-arrange matters at the last moment? Should he have time to return to John and go again? He glanced at the clock; so did his brother, furtively.

"John," he said, "if you trust me with it now, I give you my word I shan't tell Johnson I have got it. He has promised he'll do it for Mary's sake, and I know he'll keep his word. You see how time presses."

What was John to do? Impossible to consult his wife in time.

"I promise you I shan't tell Mary, even!" pursued George.

This went far towards deciding John. He had an unwilling, but not-to-be-got-rid-of distrust of this same Mary. He could not make his own of her, nor could his Mary. How much he wished they had been christened different names. He turned over his papers; his cheque-book turned up at once, as things commonly do when they had better not. He paused, then filled and signed a cheque and handed it to George; and now the thing was done!

Half ashamed, wholly grateful, but above and beyond all relieved, George did but wait to squeeze his brother's hand with, "We'll make all safe to-morrow!" and was gone. His purpose still was, if he found Fraser himself, to give John's verbal promise only, and if needful, humble himself to any point to secure his brother against all possible mishap. John deserved this from him, and oh, how much more! But, after all, what mishap was likely, or in fact could befall? Hard, Johnson was—hardish rather was the word; but he was too hard a man to promise when he did not mean to

perform ; a softer fellow might less safely be relied on. Twenty wives (if he had twenty), and was in the habit—which George knew he was not—of talking of his business, could not turn *him*. No, Johnson certainly would keep his word, and why then humble and more or less injure himself with Frazer, whose own opinion of his soundness might again affect him, he knew not when or where? Might it not be better for all parties, John included, to keep up his own credit in a creditable way ; walk into the office off-hand, as who should say, “you doubted me, and now behold !”

These were his thoughts as he rapidly pushed his way along the crowded streets ; time for talk with clerk or master lessening as he went. He walked quickly indeed, but perhaps unconsciously, less quickly somewhat for having John’s cheque and absolute certainty of safety in his pocket, where he secured it by keeping his right hand pocketed too.

Now it was done, thought John on his side, there was no use telling it so as to make Mary (his Mary) uneasy. Tell it of course he would, however. He might, had he thought of it, have gone himself with George, and tried first if a promise conditional on Richard Johnson’s would not be accepted. But now it was too late to think of that, and he must only hope and act for the best.

Thus musing, and forgetting time in thought, he sat still a while ; then finished the arrangements interrupted by his brother’s entrance, and walked slowly home. Before his arrival there, his wife had grown anxious, dreading accident or illness. And as John’s pale face and languid step, observed as he drew near the house, added to her apprehensions, the truth when told rather relieved than alarmed her.

“Of course, then, all is right,” she said ; “Richard Johnson is almost a rich man.”

She was neither a woman of business, nor a woman of the world, this Mary of John Richardson’s, and she took things easy while her husband and children were well. On John’s judgment and John’s prudence she had full reliance. “How fortunate,” she said, “it is that he was willing to come forward for poor George !”

“If dinner is ready, I am,” was her husband’s sole rejoinder, as he went to wash his hands.

“Well,” George’s Mary said as he made his appearance at his own home.

“All’s right, or will be so to-morrow,” he replied, cheerfully. “John, like the good fellow he is, and always was, will give me the money the moment Richard does his part.”

“No great goodness in that,” she said, “I think. He will be safe enough, as he very well knows. It seems to me it is Richard is acting the good fellow”

"I didn't say he wasn't," her husband returned. "Indeed I feel most grateful to him. But you must know, Mary, it isn't the same risk to Richard. John is really and truly risking his all for us."

"On another's security," persisted Mary, sneeringly. "And they were satisfied to wait and keep off your name at Stubbs's?" she added, after a silence of some minutes.

"Why, of course they were," he said, with unguarded readiness.

Mrs. George suspected, and now was bent on knowing the exact truth. "John gave it to you, then," she said, "on Richard's word."

George, taken aback by the suddenness and positiveness of the assertion, was dumbfounded.

"Well, yes," he said, reluctantly, but with deep feeling in his voice. "John did give it to me. John would give me a piece of his heart, I do believe, if his wife and children had not a still nearer claim on him. But, Mary, this must remain between ourselves. For the first time since we married, I now command you, as your husband, not to betray that fact. Everything must be as if he did not do it. He has trusted us, and we must not fail him. You understand what I say."

She assented, though not without a little sullenness. "Command," was indeed as he had said, a new word in George's mouth. And, despite what she now owed to his generous confidingness, a grudge rose in her narrow mind against the man who was the cause of its first use to her.

Released from an anxiety that had pressed on him less or more for several days; relieved, despite himself from the unwonted burden of a secret, George was disposed to be cheerful, almost joyous. But in this mood his Mary did not second him. His jests were received with chilling gravity; his affectionate attentions—redoubled to atone for the previous exercise of his authority—were met with dignified indifference. His last attempt at sociability was drowned in the glass of wine with which he essayed to drink "the health of all true friends," and absolute silence presided over the frugal plate of bread and cheese which closed the *tête-à-tête* dinner. He then took up the newspaper, unread at breakfast that morning, leaving his wife to her own thoughts, which was what she most desired, if one might judge from the abstraction—altogether unusual with her—that caused her now and then to drop her darning in her lap and sit still in the very manner that she was used to reprehend most in other people, i. e. "with her hands across."

Twelve o'clock the next day was the time fixed by Richard Johnson for the doing of his part towards saving George Richardson's credit; "for," he added, as he gave his promise to his sister, "I must set my own business going before anybody else's." He was, however, somewhat earlier, if it did not prove to be better than his word. At twenty minutes before noon, he entered Mrs.

George's sitting-room, looking anything but like a man who understands or cares to understand the art of giving graciously.

"Well," he said, "I'm here on this bad business of yours! Where's Richardson?"

"Of mine!" repeated Mrs. George. "Goodness help me! if it was mine, it mightn't be so bad perhaps."

"His is yours now, I suppose. If it wasn't, you may be pretty sure I wouldn't be here to put myself into the mess."

"'Tis very good of you, Richard, I know!" responded his sister. "But poor George was always good himself."

"Yes; he was very good at giving dinners and suppers, I know. But it seems to me now that he has been giving them at other people's cost, and I don't call that good, I can tell you."

"Most of that happened before my time," was the rejoinder. It conveyed two truths, one being that she could not defend George from the charge of free-handed hospitalities; the other, that turn out how times might thereafter, such hospitalities were not over likely to occur again. And, indeed, one need but look at her observantly to infer so much for one's self.

There was now a silence of perhaps a minute, during which thoughts ran rapidly through Mrs. George's mind—thoughts not altogether new to it, but a sort of summing up of previous and less precise self-communing. Her brother Richard was here, indeed, ready, if not very willing, to keep his promise. But after all, why need he do so? He wasn't bound to it. George and she were safe. George's own brother was still nearer to him than hers; and if Richard lost by this transaction, he never again could be expected to come forward—let what might happen; he had plainly told her as much yesterday. And now George—as if Providence so ordered it—wasn't in to meet him.

"Richard," she said, in a flurried tone—she had risen in the unwonted excitement of her thoughts, and now drew nearer to him—"you reproached me yesterday for being ready to bring you into our trouble."

"I think," he said, "when a woman is settled by her family, they naturally expect she will ask no more from them. Every one has his own calls."

"I know that," assented she.

"But I didn't refuse you, Mary," he continued, and in the softest tone that he had as yet used. That tone would have decided her, if, whether through love or fear of her husband, she yet at all wavered in her selfish purpose.

"I didn't ask you till I couldn't help it," she rejoined; "and now I tell you to go home again. Don't ask me any questions," she said, as he looked his surprise, "but just go home again. And you need not come if you're sent for unless I go for you, and that's not likely. We may be able to do without you; and if so, I'd prefer it."

"John did it without delay, and George bade her not tell," was Johnson's ready inference; "and so he'd pull me in head and shoulders still!" Yet whilst thus finding fault with his brother-in-law, he gave no sign of the warm approbation anticipated by his sister. "Settle it amongst you," he said, after a moment's pause that sufficed for the summing up of his side of the case after the manner of Miss Sally Brass: "I've offered to keep my promise, and am told I needn't."

"Have you any business that would take you out of town for a day or so?" asked Mrs. George, hurriedly.

"Well, I've been thinking this time back of a run down to K—— to look at some new-fangled mill-gear."

"Suppose you go at once," suggested she.

"Suppose I do," he repeated, consideringly: "a line *post restante* will find me there to-morrow if you do want me."

And so the brother and sister parted.

As Johnson went along, taking the direction in which he was least likely to encounter his brother-in-law, he made up his mind that he would not, as he easily could, leave town without delay. He would wait for the 2.30 train, and not quit the office until then. If it struck him that there was meantime no very great likelihood of George Richardson's being allowed to seek him there, perhaps he concluded that "that was no affair or fault of his. He would fairly do his part, if called on, and no one could reasonably expect him to do more."

Richard Johnson was but well out of sight when George Richardson reached his own door. Letting himself in, he met no one till he entered the room that his brother-in-law had so lately quit-
ted, and where he found Mrs. George seated beside a great work-basket. He was to the moment, as appointed—the clock had not yet struck the hour; but he looked heated and flurried, as though he had had to run to overtake the time.

"I met a bore of a fellow who kept me full five minutes listening to him before I could get off," he said, as he rubbed his forehead. "I thought Richard might be here already: he is generally so up to time."

"He was here already," coolly replied Mrs. George, as she seemingly looked out a fresh job from her basket of sundries.

"And why didn't he wait?" George asked, taking up his hat again. "You told me he said twelve, and I was back before it."

"Well, he was beforehand with you," Mrs. George returned, with what poor George seemed to feel to be aggravating calmness.

"Surely he might give me five minutes' grace, even if I was so much after the time," he said, a little impatiently. "And now I'll have to search for him half over the town, perhaps."

"He was going out of town a little way, he said," returned Mrs. George.

It was on her husband's lips to say, "You would have taken

pains to detain him had you been as uneasy as you were this time yesterday ;" but he held his peace. He had put John in her power ; and for John's sake, if for no other consideration, he must keep her in good humour. Perhaps, he thought after a moment, the necessity of keeping Richard in good humour had prevented her from venturing to detain him from business of his own, and possibly his first thought had wronged her. But himself he blamed unsparingly for not having been more beforehand with the clock and with this over-punctual brother-in-law. Had he indeed held to the maxim of "a quarter of an hour early," much suffering might have been spared to his brother, and even to himself.

"So that if you have no other special business you may as well not go out in the heat again just now," resumed Mrs. George, looking towards where he still stood, twirling his hat in his hand. "We'll have an early dinner ; I'd have told you so at breakfast, but that I knew you'd be home at twelve."

"I'll wait till after dinner, then," he said ; "he may be back by that time. I'll be in the office till you send for me."

"Very well."

After the early dinner George sallied forth ; but on reaching Johnson's place of business he was told by the clerk in charge just what Mrs. George had already informed him of, but with the unpleasant and unwelcome addition, in answer to close questioning, that "Mr. Johnson had not gone out of town till three, and certainly would not be back this afternoon."

Now doubly provoked with himself on reflecting that after all he should have met Johnson had he not suffered himself to be kept at home, and more or less uneasy as he thought it all over, he, however, put the best face he could upon the matter when he dropped in upon John.

"I find Richard Johnson has just gone out of town," he said. "It must have been something unexpected and pressing, as he was looking for me before the time appointed, and was gone off when I went to him."

"I suppose he'll be back to-morrow," John returned, as cheerfully as he could. He felt annoyed, to say no more ; yet, as Johnson had really gone in search of George, he saw no reason for positive uneasiness. On second thoughts, however, he added, "Did he know how you were pressed for time ?"

"Yes, and, as I told you yesterday, appointed the earliest hour he could give to any other business than his own to meet me. He concluded, no doubt, I must already have got time on both your promises."

[*To be continued.*]

WHAT THE SEA SAID.

THE wash of the wave on the shingle,
 The fringe of the foam on the sand ;
 The soft twilight hush in which mingle
 Faint sounds of the sea and the land—
 All these ; and the sun dies in splendour,
 And shoreward the grey shadows fleet ;
 And the sea flings its sad song and tender
 In waves at my feet.

The waves catch the starlight, and glisten
 In broken and shadowy gleams,
 And my ears are entranc'd as they listen
 To music, like music of dreams.
 O ! ear, by what fanciful weening,
 O ! heart, by what mystical lore,
 Can one clothe with a voice and a meaning,
 The sound on the shore ?

To my sad heart it whispers a story,
 As sad as man's heart, and as old,
 That the poet must purchase his glory
 By sorrows that cannot be told—
 That the crown of the singer tho' shining,
 With gems like a cluster of stars,
 Round a painstricken forehead is twining,
 Scarce hiding fate's scars.

For the spent wave has fill'd, but to languish ;
 The sparkle is lost in the foam ;
 With a cry, like despair and like anguish,
 The billow rolls wearily home.
 It was mute when it rose as a billow,
 But moans when it strikes on the strand,
 Singing death-songs, it sinks on its pillow,
 Hard pillow of sand.

Dash a heart on the hard world and break it,
 'Twill break to the sound of a song,
 Only hearts that know sorrow can make it
 Give music whose echo lives long.
 Only sad hearts flash out into stories
 That live on men's lips thro' the years ;
 Poets' lives when most brilliant with glories,
 Are glistening with tears.

Sad memories and ghosts of lost faces
 Crowd in on the song from the past,
 For, tho' grief lose its first sting, its traces
 Are branded on life to the last ;
 And to-day will melt into to-morrow,
 And years may be added to years,
 But from sorrow come harvests of sorrow,
 And fountains of tears.

J. F.

LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

V.—ABOUT MONEY.

IT was May-day, not only by the calendar, but by virtue of the sunshine, and the balmy breeze, and the twitter of countless birds, and the graceful play of light and shadow, and the magic blue that lay upon the distant mountains ;—but above all, it was May-day by the music in the heart that these things made. It was just the day to bring out any latent poetry that had been frozen in the spirit during the dull wintry days that were so gone that they seemed gone for ever : but bleak, drear days come back as if by fate. It was just the day when books are flung aside with an impatience that smacks of ingratitude, and the wakening beauty of the outer world seems to draw the student as by a spell to the woods and fields. On such a day there rises a happy tumult in the heart. Feelings strive to rush into words. Words seem to shake themselves together into music ; thought seems deepening to ecstasy. There was, too—product of these blissful factors—that strange, delicious feeling which you, reader, probably know as well as I,—the feeling that something great, and grand, and eventful is about to happen. I have felt it often : oftener when I was younger than I ever feel it now. It seems to be Nature herself speaking within us—*Natura*, what is about to be, what not so much *is*, as is ever *becoming*.

Have you ever felt that there was something still unrevealed, and fairer far than anything that was revealed in the fairest landscape on which you ever looked ? Has the sunrise ever seemed as if it were about to bring something brighter than the light that slowly broadened into day ? Have you ever had a vague, delicious hope—nay, for the moment it was a certainty—that the pale gold and the red gold of the sunset were about to be flung open to let out a vision fairer than sunset ever was ? Has something unutterable lain behind the noblest word you ever heard uttered ; something impalpable, yet so real and so beautiful, lurked beneath the

surface of picture or of poem, or fair face or strain of music, till the more exquisite grew your appreciation of nature or of art the more a tinge of melancholy stole upon your happiest thoughts; till beneath the last analysis of some subtler than earthly chemistry the spirit of joy and the spirit of sadness seemed to be but accidental forms of some one unchanging essence? You felt that what you saw and heard was not all; however great, still not all. All this was but the Work. The Worker was under it all—and you began to feel how much of sublimest poetry is in those verses of the Epistle to the Romans, which I need not quote here, but which you will find in the twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third verses of chapter the eighth.

You understand me, reader mine. For if you do not, then, so far as you are concerned, I have been talking nonsense. Probably, too, if you do not understand me, you are one whose attention I have hitherto secured under false pretence. For, was not your eye caught, and the spirit within you stirred, by the title of this lecture. "Here," you said, "is no rhapsody—forbid it—money, whose honoured name stands written above the paper." Yet this lecture is, or at all events will be, about money. But I shall take a way of my own to reach my subject.

On this particular May-day I had that feeling of which I spoke; a feeling which I can no better describe than by saying that it was a feeling of waiting for something that was about to happen. It was a presentiment. Do I believe in presentiments? Well, at any rate, I believe in those that get themselves fulfilled; in all others I have no belief whatever. I believe they existed in your mind if you tell me they did, but they meant little or nothing, as is the case with many things that find their way into the best of minds. Not but that these presentiments, like some prophecies, tend to fulfil themselves. But most people's presentiments amount to this, that "something is about to happen," and as a matter of fact something generally does. Many other people have very definite presentiments, but, strange to say, they never seem to know they had them till after their fulfilment—in which case, however admirable they may be, they seem of no manner of use.

Now what came of my presentiment in the present instance was just this. On the May-day in question I had strolled out to take my fill of landscape and genial weather. On my way I picked up an acquaintance of mine, a man of hard head, and not very soft heart, entirely wanting in the matter of sentiment, and so far as it entered at all into his consciousness, proud of the want. Yet, a most respectable man, exemplary even in many relations of life. Just such a man as a poet with an interval of hard common sense might make executor to his will, in the improbable contingency of a poet having a large complicated estate to leave behind him. A man, in short, who set his feet firm on the earth, as if he believed in it, and who had a hard grasp of facts, especially of disagreeable

facts, and of the world in general. For it is a truth,* whether melancholy or not I leave you to judge, that there are people who have neither sentiment nor poetry in them, who have not the faintest appreciation of the beautiful apart from the useful, to whom in fact the useful comes with a somewhat stronger guarantee when it comes in a garb of unsightliness, and who are nevertheless very respectable members of society. Indeed I am not sure but they *are* society—for, as a general rule, such persons hold the purse, and give some general direction to the game of life, and pay the piper to many dances, fantastic and otherwise. I believe them to be eminently respectable. I know them to be useful, but I confess, in personal intercourse, I find them exasperating. There is a lady of my acquaintance, a *materfamilias* who has pruned her olive branches with a skill beyond all praise, but who is *so* matter-of-fact, that when I am in her company, I have to occupy myself in making a mental catalogue of her undeniable and undoubted virtues, lest I should be tempted to forget my manners, or forego them, and offer her that insult piled on injury which is involved in telling a genuine woman to hold her tongue.

Voltaire said, "It is the misfortune of good people that they are cowards." Well the "*honnêtes gens*" whom I know, are not exactly cowards, for they will fight for the things they really value—though what they really value is not always what they say, or even think they value; but they are stupid and commonplace to a degree. Yes, as stupid, say as one of those dull grey days, on which, nevertheless, the grass springs freshly; as commonplace as the long unsightly furrow where the corn grows that feeds the millions, and makes poetry and lectures possible.

We walked on together, my friend and I, he thinking his thoughts, I mine. I fell into the not uncommon mistake of supposing his thought to be of a piece with mine. I looked upon the scene before me, and it was a fairy scene. This summer, as indeed in every summer that eyes have looked upon, the world seemed to have been created over again. The sun shone, the trees were in the cool freshness of their early green, and the river in its winding seemed to reveal, presiding over apparent caprice, a personal taste for the fairest spots, and the blue mountain in the distance had all the softness of a cloud. I turned to my companion and said—it was not exactly what I should have said to a more kindred spirit, unconsciously to myself I was toned down by his proximity—I said, stretching out my arm somewhat oratorically—"Is not this fine?"

"Yes," said he, after a judicious pause; "yes, the land is not bad; it is well worth three pounds an acre."

I suppose he was right in his estimate. He was just the man who was likely to be accurate. To him it would be worth just that. Not three pounds but priceless it was to me, whose landed possessions are limited to the temporary loan I take for any time

being of the spot on which I plant my feet: a small estate; but then my head points upwards to the whole concave heaven, and sun, and moon, and stars are as much mine as anybody else's, be he who he may.

But that "three pounds" remained in my mind as a solid fact, reminding me that there are people in the world, and not a few, who not only value money, but think money, and speak money, and have a habit so sedulously cultivated as to have passed into an instinct of bringing everything to the standard of its money value. It set me thinking of money myself. What is it? Is it funded labour, as political economists will tell you? It may be; but when it comes into relations with living beings who not only labour, but think, and feel, and have their spells of gladness, and their glooms of sorrow, who feel not only the hunger of the stomach that can be stilled or stayed, but also that hunger of the heart which nor wine-cup nor husks of swine can satisfy, which even the finer food of lofty thought and far-reaching sympathy that one human spirit can offer to another leave still unappeased—then money must have new, and ever new, definitions. Let us try a few.

Money is desire capitalized. It is imagination ready-made for those who, without it, would not have enough to make them human. It is another name for possibility; nay, it is more than mere possibility, it is power. It is independence in the raw state, that may be worked up into many fabrics. Nor are these fine things to say about it. All these definitions look two ways. There is good desire and bad. Imagination may be a white witch or a black. Power in itself has no morality, it borrows it from its use. These fabrics which the loom of independence sends out are of all kinds of colours, and sometimes stained in the weaving with tears and blood.

It is commonly thought that money is rather over-valued than under-valued. But of the two, I think a greater number of foolish things are said against it than in its favour. There is a deal of un-wisdom extant on the subject. Let us say this much about money: wherever it is found, it represents many things that are even morally desirable. Money represents patience, and industry, and self-control, and perseverance, and no small share of intellectual acuteness. In short, it represents what may be called the fibrous elements of a good moral constitution. Observe, I do not say that the present possessor of money has these fine qualities; he may be, and often is, a poor creature enough. But where money is, these qualities either are or were in proportionate vigour. Just as a good constitution is not a virtue—may not co-exist for the time being with virtuous living, but it is an infallible sign that somewhere in the ancestral line there was no mean share of virtuous living. Longevity, again, is not in itself a moral attribute; but show me a man who lives to ninety, and I will show you a man one or more of whose paternal or maternal ancestors supplied the

moral basis without which these ninety years were a physical impossibility. So it is with money. In the hands in which it finds itself just now it may connote nothing desirable; but it has a history, and at some point in that history it found its origin in things that were highly desirable.

There are two classes of moneyed people, as widely different as the poles. Of the one class it may be said "they have money;" of the other, "money has them." For the latter class I have an unfeigned pity, diluted with a strong dash of contempt. But those who really own their money, and illustrate their perfect mastery of it in their conduct, are amongst those men who, whatever sentiment they awaken, escape the censure that is implied by pity. To put the same thought in another shape: Some people look on money as a means, others as an end. Would-be moralists have sometimes better intention than discrimination, and class both in the same category. The man I really pity, and with a pity that has as little in it of censure as pity can have, is the man, not uncommonly to be met with, who began to seek money under the enthusiasm of noble ends which he saw it might subserve, but on whose enthusiasm some blight of circumstance fell, till it withered and died, and the ghost of it seized on the means and converted them into ends. The man became in some degree a miser; but often, in the wills of such men, you will see the "dead hand" busy amid the ruins of olden castles in the air.

How far more I might have written in some such strain I know not, but my thoughts were broken by a visit from one to whom I have given a previous place in these lectures, under the title of "my cynical friend."

"I find," said he, "that you have been putting me into print, and I can't say I quite like the figure I cut. It is said to be a good thing to see ourselves as others see us, but, perhaps, it is not an agreeable thing, and then perhaps your eyes are not the best possible." All this time I could see that he was not ill-pleased to have even his peculiarities paraded in this Magazine, and I had long since discovered that the title "cynical" had quite won his heart. The subject on which I was engaged was one that just suited his peculiar turn of mind. He was at the same time kind-hearted and whimsical. He was never happier than when demolishing a truism or upholding a paradox, in both which processes I suspect he was largely influenced by just the same class of feelings as would prompt him to despise self-complacent respectability, and pity the sorrows of a homeless cur or a half-starved child.

"Money," said he, when I had worked him up, not merely to the speaking point, but to the dissertating point; "money—do you know what money really is?—I confess I don't. It is a very complicated question, going deep down to the very roots of economic science—aye, and touching many sciences that are more than economic. Perhaps you think, as I confess I do, that a sovereign is

a sovereign, always pretty much the same value. But I am told it is no such thing, that money fluctuates in value like any other commodity, that it is cheap and dear by turns. Then as to paper money, why it involves such intricate problems that I never cared to understand it. But you and I are concerned rather about the moral aspect of money.

“‘The desire of money is the root of all evil.’ There is the standard text, which most persons would take for their discourses on the subject. But I think very many who use it, seem to read it as if not the desire, and the inordinate desire, but the money itself, and the best regulated desire for it, were the roots of evil. It is not so, however. There was plenty of evil before money was even invented. There was no mint, except in a botanical sense, in Paradise, the day that Eve stood looking longingly at the fair-seeming fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. There was not, I suppose, a coin on the face of earth, the day that Cain struck down his brother. But money being a sort of universal standard, to which most human things can be submitted in some shape or other, has come to symbolise, in many minds, the concentration of all the evil desires of man’s heart. But there is good in the world as well as evil, and good desires in hearts as well as bad; and money sometimes symbolises the good.

“Dr. Johnson said, in his wise way, ‘Men are seldom less mischievously engaged, than when they are engaged in making money.’ I am afraid it is true; and if so, it is the severest satire ever penned on human nature. Young people usually have a contempt for money, that is just as unreasonable, and, perhaps, quite as harmful as the idolatry of the elders. Even the people, God help them, who have given themselves up to money-loving and money-grubbing, have something to say for themselves that may make them compare, not so unfavourably as you might suppose, with the opposite class of spendthrifts. First, they know what they want; believe me, a great advantage from the point of view of this, or, indeed, any other world. There is a great deal of vague discontent in the world running under the surface, and poisoning the springs of life; and, perhaps, it is as much due to puzzle-headedness about ends, as to anything else.

“In fact, I suspect that by the time a man is, say, forty, he has become decidedly sceptical about the existence of happiness. You see by that time the play is played out in all its scenes; and the future can be little else than a repetition of the same scenes, *minus* the charm of novelty. The nervous system has been fully developed, and every nerve stricken by the hand of circumstance, has given forth its separate note, till a man has heard the total of all the music that can be coaxed out of the harp of life. Then the strings get relaxed and out of tune, and the strain begins to be doleful enough. No wonder he should get discontented. He finds himself getting slightly bald, and (not slightly) corpulent.

Most things are 'used up;' one day begins to be very like another, and every day is cold and grey. All his illusions are gone—his very beliefs have lost their glow. He doesn't see much use in living, except that the act of living stands in the way of the act of dying; and he is afraid to die, perhaps not without reason. Then in seven cases out of ten, he takes to money-making. I am afraid in two cases out of the other three, he takes to drink, and makes the smouldering fires of life give out one last fierce blaze by pouring alcohol upon them. However, the greater number take to—money. Blame them if you will, and as you ought; but pity them too. Youth and youthful good spirits get many of this world's goods, without the asking. The time comes when they are gone, and then the glitter of hoarded gold seems a substitute for the smile of the lip and the sparkle of eye that used to win so much. They take to money, and then they see their way more clearly before them. That is precisely their advantage. It may be a dirty way enough, but, such as it is, they see it. They know what they want, and nine-tenths of human disappointments are caused by the absence of such knowledge. Men waste their power, and lose their time, and cultivate the field of life with little or no result, simply because they never put clearly before them the object of their striving. But let a man take to money-grubbing, and he has no room to doubt what it is he wants. The passion gives a grim simplicity to his intercourse with his neighbour. Knowing what he wants, he goes straight to it, overleaping in his passage any obstacle, be it moral or other, that blocks the way.

"Again, he has the advantage of having a definite standard for everything; and so, there is scarcely any question on which his mind is not quite made up. You and I may be puzzled, from time to time, to make a due estimate of something; but we have never acquired the habit of concentrating the effort of judgment to the answering the one question—'What is its money value to me?'

"I suppose money-grubbers have their uses in the vast system of human things, as noxious animals and plants have in the system of nature. I think a philosopher, taking a large view of things, would not bear quite so hard upon them as a young enthusiastic, unphilosophical person would be inclined to do. You see most men are, either by original constitution or acquired habit, of such sort that it becomes the practical question with regard to them—not how to get them to do most good, *but* how to get them to do the least harm. And here Dr. Johnson's wise saying comes in aptly enough. For avarice seems, in one respect, to outrival charity itself. Charity covers a multitude of sins, avarice swallows a multitude. Of course, sins so swallowed are very bad diet, and poison the blood. But then they are kept out of the sight of decent people. The money-seeker finds out very soon that vice has a high tariff of its own, and that most vices are very costly, both in money and time, and nerve, and muscle, and physical constitu-

tion, all of which may be transmuted into so much gold. He gives up the vices. Avarice, big bloated serpent, wallows them out of sight, and then he begins to seem, at any rate, to do some kind of duty towards society. He develops, usually, into the traditional Pharisee. He is not an adulterer, nor (openly) unjust, nor (discoverably) an extortioner, as are also those publicans. True, he may be hateful in the sight of Heaven. But that is his own lookout. In the meantime he pays his taxes, promotes commerce, helps to increase the national wealth, is a staunch conservative, pays his debts, because credit is money, hates everything revolutionary, and is altogether a model member of society; of society, that is, as it exists in this world. How it may fare with him in the world to come is another matter. I scarcely think he could make himself pleasant in celestial circles. Probably the publicans would find themselves more at home beyond the sun and the fixed stars. There is," he concluded, "a subject on which I should like to write. It is 'in praise of misers.' I commend it to you. You could make anything at all out of it. Hang them all, I say, but before you hang them judge them as justly as you can." And here ends the dissertation of my cynical friend. I only hope he may be satisfied with my report.

There were many other things, and, I would have you believe, fine things I had to say about money. But my friend's dissertation has been, out of all proportion, long. Possibly it may have been worse than long; it may have been tedious. But even at the risk of trespassing on my reader's patience, there are just a few words I want very much to say about the use of money.

The use of money in large sums affects the imagination. Let me tell you that its judicious use in very small quantities has the power of affecting the heart. Have you, reader—you to whom a shilling or a half-crown is of no very great consequence—have you ever ascertained, by personal experiment, the amount of happiness, or of something as nearly like happiness as any substitute for the real, but unattainable article that men have succeeded in discovering, a well invested shilling can purchase both for you, the owner, and for others of God's creatures? Perhaps, it has never occurred to you what an amazing phenomenon to some yearning eyes might be that regularity of daily meals that to you has become commonplace in its inevitable recurrence. Meals, and regular meals, are to most of us, who read and who write, a sort of law of nature, a suspension of which would be a miracle, and not an agreeable one. When we are ready, so is breakfast. The clock strikes, and dinner is on the table. Supper, if you care for it at all, has come to assume the aspect of a duty of your state of life.

Well, with all people it is not so. It was not so with a very little girl whom I happen to know. Her mother found it hard enough to keep her little body and soul together; and the days of three meals, or even two (of such poor sort) were red-letter days.

But in their poor calendar there were many black days and bitter fasts.

It is not a case which I mention on account of its uncommonness. It is common enough, Heaven knows. But I mention this case, because this particular little girl happened to say one of those wise things that sometimes come "out of the mouths of infants," and which furnishes one of the best texts I know, of which you, reader, might, and I hope will, preach to yourself (no more eloquent preacher, believe me) a little sermon about what might be done with your odd sixpences.

One day, after many hard days, there happened to be breakfast. This breakfast was supplied by the shilling of a charitable neighbour. Let an algebraic symbol hide him for the present; God can read under it, and let us call him Mr. X. The mother had something besides breakfast for her little girl. Like other mothers, whose hands are hard, she found in them occasionally a little seed of moral training, which she loved to drop into her child's mind. These poor mothers! what harvests from such seeds are garnered in rich sheaves by the angels of these little ones! This day the mother said: "Mary, it was Mr. X. gave us this breakfast; won't you pray for him?" "Yes, mother, but I know what else I'll do. *When I go to Heaven, I'll tell God that he gave me my breakfast.*" And that promise shall be surely kept.

I think if you began to invest little sums in this direction, you would be abundantly repaid by the realisation for your own self of this truth about money, with which I conclude my paper: that there is no use that can be made of money so certain to procure the same amount of pleasure and profit, as the use that is made by giving it away to those that want it.

J. F.

THOUGHTS ON DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

THE marvellously rapid spread of devotion to the Heart of Jesus, the evident signs of sanctification which have followed in its track, the enthusiasm with which it has been hailed, and the very opposition it has encountered at the hands of heretics, all go to prove its divine origin. For, as one of the earliest writers on this subject justly remarks,* the devotion to the Sacred Heart had not the same external means of propagation as other devotions have had. Other devotions were intimately wound up with various religious orders, who took in hand the work of propagation as a task divinely entrusted. Each member felt that he was called upon to be an apostle of this devotion; and in whatever clime he set foot, there, too, his cherished devotion began to be spread. But the devotion to the Sacred Heart was to find its apostle in a nun, whose "life was hidden with Christ in God."

Yes, the very opposition which this devotion encountered is a proof that it comes from God.

If it were some human institution, noised abroad for some brief time, but destined soon to be forgotten; if it were something that merely strikes the outward sense, dazzling it for a moment, but touching not the heart; if it were the work of the over-heated imagination of some fanatic, Satan would transform himself into an angel of light, fostering in the beginning those delusions, but making them veer round in the end to serve his own designs. But he sees in this devotion an antidote against the coldness of the age in which we live; he sees that the souls of the most hardened sinners are softened with its touch; he sees that grace, divinely ingenious and beneficent, has found a new road to human hearts; he sees the easy prey torn from his clutches, and hence the wild rage he displayed against this devotion from its very infancy. At one time he employs open persecution, and finds in tyrants, flushed with recent victory, the ready ministers of his will; at another, he speaks through the sneers and blasphemous ribaldry of the infidel. But what avail the efforts of hell and opposition of men against the designs of the Omnipotent:—"The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together, against the Lord and against His Christ. He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh at them."—Psalm, ii.

The very progress of this devotion proves how little avails any effort to frustrate what God takes in hands. In 1856, the Sacred Congregation could say: "The faithful everywhere have felt so ardently urged to recall the infinite love of this Divine Heart, that there is to-day hardly a single church which does not rejoice in

* P. Joseph de Gallifet, S. J.

having obtained from the Apostolic See the privilege of celebrating the feast." And still every one knows the immense progress this devotion has made since even that date. But the scope of the following pages is not to trace that progress, or to expatiate on the advantages of this devotion, or point out its practices. We purpose merely to say a few words on its precise nature. The plain principles of theology furnish us with a strict terminology, and thereby preclude that vagueness and ambiguity which a more rhetorical, but less exact treatment is wont to throw around the whole subject. If we would have a clear idea of what devotion to the Sacred Heart really involves, we must consider *what* it is we adore, and *why* we adore.

The object of our adoration may be considered from a triple point of view.*

We may consider its excellence, which constitutes the motive, or *formal object* of our adoration.

Secondly, we may view the *material object* of our adoration, or the object towards which our adoration is directed.

It is clear that this object, which is adored, must be coupled with the motive or formal object ; for if we have nothing but the bare material object, divested of every excellence which forms the motive of our adoration, our adoration would be a contradiction in terms. This uniting of the material object with the motive may be either their real identity, as in God, who is adored for His own infinite perfection, and, consequently, is at once the object and the motive of our adoration, or the material object may be something substantially united to what is to be adored, by reason of its own intrinsic excellence.

Thirdly, we may consider what is termed the *object of manifestation*, whereby the object exhibits itself to our adoration. God manifests Himself to us in countless and wondrous ways in the vast book of Nature. Therein we may read His goodness and wisdom ; but we adore not these varied objects ; they point to their Creator and bid the gazer praise, serve, and adore Him, and Him alone. But still this knowledge of God, acquired through the natural light of reason, suffices not for man, who is ordained for a supernatural end. The Vatican Council clearly points out the limits of reason, and the advantages and necessity of revelation. "The same Holy Mother Church holds and teaches that God, the beginning and end of all things, may certainly be known by the natural light of human reason through created things ; for the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made (Romans, i. 20) ; that nevertheless it has pleased His wisdom and goodness, by another, and that a supernatural way, to reveal Himself and the eternal decrees of His will to the human race, as the Apostle says :

* P. Franzelin, "De Verbo Incarnato."

God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days, hath spoken to us by His Son (Hebrews, i. 1, 2).

"To this Divine revelation it is indeed to be attributed that those among divine things which are not in themselves inscrutable to human reason, may, even in the present condition of the human race, be known by all men readily, with firm certitude, and without any admixture of error. Nevertheless, revelation is not to be called absolutely necessary on this ground, but because God of His infinite goodness has ordained man for a supernatural end; that is to say, for a participation in divine good things which altogether surpass the understanding of the human mind."

When God spoke to us by His Son, when the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us; when we saw the glory of the only-begotten of the Father; when mankind received the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world (John, i.), when the goodness and kindness of God our Saviour appeared (Titus, iii.); when all the types were realized; when the Word Incarnate consecrated this earth with His touch, and by His death gave life to men;—then was that sublime manifestation made which all other manifestations only foreshadowed. The whole Sacred Humanity, therefore, and those portions of it which specially were instrumental in the operations of the Man-God and in the work of our redemption, form the object of manifestation. The Church, guided by the Spirit of Christ her Divine Spouse, has proposed two special objects of manifestation to public worship—viz., the Sacred Wounds and Sacred Heart of Jesus, since they epitomize the exterior and interior life and sufferings of the Word Incarnate. Some have stated that the object of the Church's devotion is "the symbolic, mystic, spiritual, figurative heart, and not the real, physical, animated Heart." In this, however, they are evidently mistaken, for the Heart of Jesus cannot be adored as the symbol of charity without being adored in itself, and finally the Church declares it to be "The Heart of the Person of the Divine Word to whom it is inseparably united" (Pius VI., Bulla Dogmatica "Auctorem Fidei.") But although this symbolic meaning, as exclusive of the reality of the object, is inadmissible, still the Church includes this symbolic signification in instituting the Feast of the Sacred Heart. We view, therefore, this Sacred Heart as the real Heart of the Divine Person Incarnate and as the object of manifestation, in which, as in a sensible representation of the affections of the Man-God and symbol of his charity and whole interior life, the Redeemer presents Himself to our adoration. The Sacred Congregation of Rites, when passing the decree for the Office and Mass of the Sacred Heart, expressly declares this in stating that "by the celebration of this Office and Mass the cult already established is further spread, and the memory of that Divine Love . . . is *symbolically* renewed" (26 Jan., 1765).

Let us now proceed to examine the formal object or motive. When we adore the material object of this devotion, that is, when we adore the very bodily Heart which beat within the bosom of the Man-God, which was pierced for us upon the Cross, and which sent through the veins of Jesus His precious and saving blood, we naturally ask ourselves why we adore this Heart. The learned Muzzarelli asks himself the same question, and we resume his answer here.

When we say that we adore the Heart of Jesus, we do not mean to say that we adore the Sacred Heart viewed as the mere physical heart and prescinding from everything else, but in this portion of His Sacred Humanity we adore Jesus Christ whole and entire. The heart of flesh, *as such*, has no intrinsic excellence to merit adoration, and hence adoration is due to the Heart of Jesus precisely because it is the Heart of Jesus Christ, the Man-God, and because in this Heart we adore Him whole and entire without any separation or division. The Heart of Jesus, therefore, is adored in Jesus, with Jesus, and for the infinite excellence of Jesus.

St. Thomas states this clearly when he says:—"Adoration is not paid to the humanity of Christ for its own sake, but on account of the Divinity to which it is united" (3 p. q. 25, art. 2). And again: "Adoration is not due to the humanity of Christ as viewed apart from the Divine Person, but it is adored in it and with it" (3. Dist. 9, q. 1. art. 2). In other words, the Heart of Jesus Christ merits the same veneration as His body and blood; we adore the body and blood of Jesus Christ on account of the excellence of the Word to which they are united; therefore we should adore the Heart of Jesus Christ.

As we have already remarked, we may view the Sacred Heart under a two-fold aspect. We must not consider the bodily heart and the symbol as two distinct things; we must see in the Heart of Jesus two different motives of adoration, one drawn from its hypostatic union with the Divinity, the other from its symbolic relation with the charity of Jesus Christ.

The symbol is inherent in the physical heart because it is a real symbol; it is the heart itself which symbolizes the immense charity of Jesus Christ, and consequently claims adoration both as the Heart of Jesus Christ and as the symbol of His love. Thus in the sacrifice of the Mass, we adore the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ as the symbol of the Passion which He suffered for mankind, and we cannot on that account say that the Blood and the symbol are two distinct things. It is the Blood itself which symbolizes His Passion, and the faithful adore the Blood as the Blood of Jesus Christ and as the symbol of the Passion of Jesus Christ, and this adoration has as its ultimate and necessary object Jesus Christ, true God and true Man. What we have said hitherto is thus clearly summed up by F. Perrone:—"Finally, we must observe that since each separate portion is adored only on account of its hypostatic

union with the Person of the Word, it is obvious that in the adoration which is paid to this portion, the Person of the Word is adored, and consequently Christ whole and entire, whose Person is no other than the Person of the Word. Hence, when Christ is adored in a portion of His Body, the adoration of that portion excludes not the adoration of the whole Humanity. And in truth every devout adorer of the Sacred Heart intends to include in that adoration the Person of Christ, His Divinity and whole Sacred Humanity."

That the heart is looked upon as the most natural symbol of love, needs no proof. In the language of every age and every people the heart is synonymous with love, and hence our Saviour, ever conforming to the ideas and words of men, has embodied this devotion in a form which the untutored savage of the woods can understand as well as the most cultured intellect. Love needs no disquisition to understand love. One heart speaks and the other throbs responsive to that voice. If we would fain enter really into the spirit of devotion to the Sacred Heart, we must let Jesus speak to our heart and our heart to His. If our follies, our ingratitude, our sins placed not a barrier between our heart and the Heart of Jesus, our hearts would instinctively bound to His. That essential act of religion which constitutes the accomplishment of the Old and New Testament, "Thou shalt love," would be but a spontaneous movement of our hearts. He who dwells in unapproachable splendour has assumed our nature, our flesh, and a heart like ours, that the Creator and creature might be brought heart to heart.

It is the Heart of our Saviour, of our God, of our benefactor that asks our love. "My son, give me thy heart"—Prov. xxiii. Let us study the sweetness and mercy of this Sacred Heart from a few passages of Holy Writ. In such passages we best glean the spirit of this devotion.

Jesus came to a city of Samaria, and wearied with His journey and the heat of a noon-day sun sat by the side of Jacob's well. He was weary, but His love for men wasted Him more than the scorching rays of the sun or the fatigues of the journey. He was weary, but He was not weary of doing good.

A sinful woman came to draw water, and Jesus saith to her: "Give me to drink." He had come to that well-side with a greater thirst of saving that poor sinful soul than of quenching His own. He enters into familiar conversation with her; He instructs her; clears up her difficulties; answers her questions with mildness; wins her by His grace, and suggests to her motives for asking it. "If thou didst know the gift of God, and who He is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou perhaps wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water . . . The woman saith to Him: Sir, give me this water that I may not thirst."—John, iv.

To this poor, sinful Samaritan, Jesus reveals that He is the Messias, and she who came but to draw water "of which whosoever drinketh, thirsts again," returns refreshed with that water which springs up into life everlasting. She came a sinner, she returns the Evangelist and Apostle of Samaria.

Who can contemplate that scene, who can dwell upon that infinite clemency, and not reflect that our own soul was often that poor sinful Samaritan? "*Quærens me, sedisti lassus.*"

The disciples, James and John, indignant that their Master should be refused admittance into a certain city, said to Him:—"Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them? And turning He rebuked them, saying: you know not of what spirit you are. The Son of Man came not to destroy souls, but to save."—Luke, ix. They had not as yet learned the great lesson of their Master—"Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart."

When Mary wept over her dead brother Lazarus, the Heart of Jesus grieved with hers—"And Jesus wept."—John, xi. Little do we fathom the love that Jesus bears us. Whatever we may theoretically believe, practically we act as if Jesus were far from us, as if our sufferings were overlooked, and when we offer Him some petty sacrifice we feel a secret fear lest, so to speak, we may be taken at our word. When human consolation has failed, we have recourse to Him, and we reflect not that the Heart of Jesus alone can fill up the void which leaves our soul faint and restless. It alone can pluck out the sting which the ingratitude of others has left festering within us.

A mother's love suggests to us all the depth of feeling which our nature is gifted with, yet even though that love prove false, and nature run counter to herself, still the Heart of Jesus cannot forget us. The words of the prophet may be applied here: "Can a mother forget her infant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? and if she should forget, yet will not I forget thee."—Isaias, xlix. 15.

Judge of the love that Jesus bears us from His Passion. Who can tell the anguish which the Heart of Jesus endured for us in the Garden of Gethsemani? Not even the Angel of the Most High, chosen by the Eternal Father to comfort that agonising Heart, could recount that mortal anguish which made the blood gush from every pore, whilst in the bitterness of His desolation He exclaimed—"My soul is sorrowful even unto death." The vivid representation of all His coming sufferings, the scourging, the crowning with thorns, the cruel and infamous death of the Cross, and the sorrows of His afflicted Mother, flashed before Him, so that in one dread moment the separate pangs which He was to suffer at various stages of His Passion, now crowded in simultaneously, and overwhelmed Him. Can we gaze upon that Sacred Body all covered with wounds, can we gaze upon those hands and

feet pierced for love of us, can we gaze upon that Heart opened with a lance and pouring forth its last life-drops for us, without being touched with pity and remorse?

To awaken within us these sentiments of compassion, of love, and penitence the Devotion to the Sacred Heart has been established. We place before the reader the words which our Redeemer addressed to the Blessed Margaret Mary, and we leave him to determine what practical answer he will give to this tender appeal.

"See this Heart, which has loved men so much, that it has suffered everything, has given all its treasures, and has made every effort to prove to them that love. In return, I receive from the greater part only ingratitude, contempt, irreverence, sacrilege, and coldness in this sacrament of love. But what pains me most is, that even hearts which are consecrated to Me, do treat Me so. For this reason, I wish that the first Friday after the Octave of the Blessed Sacrament, be consecrated as a festival in honour of my Heart, by communicating on that day, and by making a solemn act of reparation for the indignities it has received during the time it has been exposed upon my altars. I promise that my Heart shall pour forth its divine love upon all who will render it this honour, and lead others to do the same."

E. D.

"PRAY FOR A. L."

PRAY for thee? Yes. I've sometimes said
Yes to that parting-word, and paid
Slight heed unto my promise—now
I utter it as half a vow,
And pray for thee I shall and will.
Howe'er our happy lot may fill
The days with duties, Memory
Will ever keep a nook for thee,
And pray for thee I will and shall.
Again those little twin-verbs* all
Their subtle shades of sense combine
To emphasize my vow to twine
A chain around my heart and thine—
A triple chain of loving thoughts,
Hail Marys and forget-me-nots—
A rosary of altar-prayer
Which may unite us everywhere
Until that end, which is no end
But true beginning: pray, O friend!
That thou, O genial soul and dear!
May'st be my brother there, as here.

* We had just been discussing Alford's "*Queen's English*" when this "laboured impromptu" gurgled up.

JACK HAZLITT.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHOWING HOW NED O'KENNEDY'S TRIAL ENDED, AND GIVING SOME EXPLANATION OF THE IRISH SPOKEN THE NIGHT OF THE SHIPWRECK.

WARREN HASTINGS is said to have declared, after he heard Sheridan's impeachment, that for a couple of hours he thought himself the greatest villain in the universe. It is questionable whether Ned O'Kennedy, when he found the singular combination and harmony of evidence against him, did not make up his mind for a moment that he must have committed robbery, and broken trust. The officials of the bank, whether high or low, were explicit and unanimous. The chief cashier, the accountant, and the "runner," as we call him in Europe, attested and declared, each in his own evidence, a series of facts and circumstances with which Mr. Ned O'Kennedy's innocence appeared quite incompatible.

At the first examination before the magistrates in Saint Louis, when that case called a *prima facie* is organized, not many people were present. Ned O'Kennedy's friends had not been made aware of the state of things, and the prosecutors had no special interest in too early a publicity. In fact, O'Kennedy was a very popular young fellow—freehanded to those who wanted, and the ready champion of the aggrieved, and often put an end to fights, though he rarely engaged in them; and the authorities of the Eagle Bank had too much Yankee acuteness to wish the public present in great numbers.

We are quite aware that justice succeeds in our "cousins'" courts sometimes, just as well as in more pretentious and formal places of judicature. Diadems of horsehair and powder, and crimson cloaks, and ermine have little judicial intelligence or force *per se*; and they have crowned and covered rogues besides Norbury and others of infamous memory. But, somehow, to "gain your cause" is the superlative justice of the great American States; and if, in order to gain your point, you badger Justice, and knock the covering off her eyes, and send her scales spinning or dancing up and down in the air, do not the professional Pharisees elsewhere do their very best to accomplish the same thing by the way they badger unfortunate witnesses every day?

O'Connell defended a case in Cork. The charge was robbery. Three witnesses were brought forward. One caught the prisoner in the act of stealing; a second came up and found the stolen article in the prisoner's possession; and a third was called who aided the preceding witnesses in securing the capture. One would think Justice might lay down her scales and rest herself that morning, and that the whole "crowded court" would do her business at that trial.

No such thing.

O'Connell so confused the second witness, that he swore point-blank the first witness had spoken falsely over and over again; and the third witness was so affrighted by the figure which his companions had been making, that, to avoid complications, he swore at random, and lost his head. Most Irishmen remember the last question of the great Tribune, and the last reply.

"Come now, my good fellow, answer me one question more, and I shall let you down."

"Oh, Counsellor aghra, I will! Do let me down!"

"Well, then, on the virtue of your oath, is not the prisoner at the bar an innocent man? Come, sir!"

"On the vart' of my oath, he is, Counsellor!"

The prisoner was acquitted. A good bill at ninety-one days may prove efficacious on the banks of the Ohio, and a good badgering of a witness on the banks of the Lee! "*All de same wan brudder*" as the Delaware Indian said. "*All de same!*"

Ned O'Kennedy's case, or the case against him, was nearly as clear as the Cork case. He had charge of the reserve vault, of which two of the head clerks had kept separate keys. His business was to hand the specie to the head clerk, and to receive the bag from that official when he desired to return it. The bags were duly investigated at stated times, and everything appeared regular; but one day, in the absence of the head clerk, the second in command was astonished, on opening one of them, to find it filled with metal anything but "precious." Like a wise man he simply sent it back and obtained another; and waited for a day until his superior officer came back to direct the establishment.

The whole thing was clear. Ned O'Kennedy was the only man who ever handled the specie. Ned O'Kennedy had by some means exchanged the specie-bag for another bag while carrying the money to the vault. Although marvellously alike, the material of the false bag was quite different from the material of the true one, and even the workmanship—the stitching—upon close examination, was found to have been done by a different hand. The "runner" or "messenger," however, had a suspicion—which naturally arises in the minds of astute people who think themselves "ill-used" and "looked down upon by upstarts." He, worthy man, watched Mr. O'Kennedy going to a place where dowlas-bags were made; and he brought the identical man who made the false bags, and placed

him before the Court and the accused. He looked at Mr. O'Kennedy steadily.

"Yis, sir," he replied, "that's him as sure as I came from Kentucky."

What could the Court say? And what could Ned O'Kennedy say? And what the Delaware, or John Hennessy, or Lowry M'Cabe, or even Mr. M'Cann say? Had they not the case proved as clearly as the equality of the angles in an equilateral?

It was now Ned's time to act the philosopher and the Christian. His very first thought was, would his sister in Ireland hear of it, and Father Reardon? What would they think? The first blot on the "ould name," they would say, and out there among strangers. And then poor Ned felt his heart moved and his eyes full. The judgment of home—of the poor widow's heart—and of the old priest who had taught him catechism—was more to him than the judgment of the thirty millions of America. He had the feeling that the old, familiar hills, and the trees by the Shannon, and old Ireland, through—would have a consciousness "that Ned O'Kennedy turned robber!"

Never fear, Ned O'Kennedy; as long as your heart is fresh, and you travel back, to feed its love, to the land and associations in which you were cradled, you have the marks—at least one great one—of the "Spirit of Truth," which is also the Spirit of Power. He who forgets what innocence loved, or undervalues what innocence treasured and esteemed, is growing sensual and selfish, and forgets the way to the Post-office. Think you "the Spirit of Love" abideth in him?

"Come, Ned, my boy!" cried Mr. M'Cann, as they met in a private room to await the committal warrant. "Come! Surely you are not afraid of that trumpety accusation, are you?"

"No, no, Mr. M'Cann, not in the least."

"Why are you sad, then, Ned? Why sad?" and he came over to him kindly, and laid his hands upon his *protege's* shoulders, just as an affectionate father would.

Ned was now in danger. The touch of true sympathy is more powerful than the agony of pain.

"Oh! Mr. M'Cann! Oh!" cried the poor fellow.

"What—you, Ned! You! The bravest man in America!"

But Ned had made a supreme effort now, and he was able to explain. He talked of "the poor sister, and the priest, and poor Peggy," and how much *they* would suffer.

"Stop now, Ned!" said M'Cann. "Of course that sailmaker swore falsely."

"Never saw him in my life, sir."

"And the messenger?"

"Oh—a perjurer!"

At this moment Hennessy, and Lowry, and the Delaware made their appearance.

Hennessy at once comprehended the whole affair, and the Delaware looked rather excited. He had heard the whole conspiracy between Brackenbridge, Hazlitt, and Johnston. He had warned O'Kennedy, and prepared the American policemen for the contingency. And now the perjurers had made all his work useless. It was deemed better, in fact, to suppress the defence until the trial, as it was plain the people of "The Hall" would work heaven and earth to render the proofs of *their* guilt and *his* innocence impossible.

"Don't fear! Don't fear!" said the Delaware.

"No," answered Ned. "I do not fear at all. I'm not out of God's hands, nor are my enemies neither! No. I'm not afraid; because, Mr. M'Cann," he said, turning to that gentleman, "nothing can happen me without HIM, an' I'm *not afraid of my FATHER!* Ah, no, Mr. M'Cann; HE has been a good Father to me."

"Nobly said! nobly said! Ned O'Kennedy," was Mr. M'Cann's reply. "You can never be trampled down."

Trampled down! In the FATHER'S hands the child's fate is always secure!

"Still, in all, sir," said Lowry M'Cabe to Mr. M'Cann, "I wish I had the whole three of the vagabones in an open field!" He cried, furiously—"Och! if I wouldn't——"

"Why, Lowry!" cried Ned, laughingly, "what on earth do you mean? 'Tis hardly worth your while to leave St. Louis till I am with you."

Here a knock was heard.

"Now we part," said Ned.

Mr. M'Cann turned round; welcomed the sheriff, who was quite unattended; drew Ned O'Kennedy's left arm through his own right, leaving Ned freedom to shake hands all round, and bid many and hearty good-byes. No one seemed to fear, or seemed depressed, but Lowry M'Cabe; and the last word he said was, he would "thraavel America, an' find the vagabones, so he would, an' bate them within an inch of their dirty lives—the vagabones!"

And so Ned O'Kennedy has, so far, realized Jack Hazlitt's prophecy.

Some delay occurred in bringing Ned O'Kennedy's case to trial; and all the friends made due exertion to vindicate the innocent. Mr. M'Cann was a host in himself; but Jerome, and Hennessy, and Lowry M'Cabe were not idle.

Of course the nuns of the hospital employed all their influence, which was prayer; and day and night the mercy of God on the innocent was besought. *Novenas* without number were said, and holy Masses were celebrated, to obtain freedom for the "friend of the friendless" and the "friend of the poor." Poor O'Kennedy heard all this daily from the Delaware or some other visitor: and derived from the whole that happiness the warmth of other people's hearts pours into ours. He felt from time to time as if it were too much for *him*. How did *he* merit it? Because Ned O'Kennedy had the

grace of humility, and felt how gratuitous all the gifts of God always be. The prison became a place of wonderful comfort and tranquillity! And when he heard of the novenas and prayers, he smiled, because he knew that the power which inspired them answered the appeal. He felt then just like Samuel waiting for a revelation.

And it came—the revelation.

The first interposition was during the nuns' visitation. Mother Mary Vincent, Jack Hazlitt's aunt, went to see the child of a sailor or tent-maker. She heard these people talk of O'Kennedy and the bags; and she heard the tent-maker say—"I made the bags for a man named Johnston; and I intend to go to the trial, for, Mother O'Kennedy visited me often when I was sick!"

"There is No. 1 of God's replies!" said Mr. M'Cann, when he heard of this fact. "Testimony disproved, and the tables turned," he said.

Ned O'Kennedy passed his hand across his eyes when he heard it. He felt as if the light of God's presence was getting too strong, and his heart swelled till the tears came down. "My God!" he said, "my God!"

Most singular of all, however, the original and true bags were found by the Delaware!

Mr. M'Cann, at the Delaware's request, obtained from the bank one of the genuine bags, and placed it at the Indian's disposal. Long and anxiously Jerome examined the bag—its make and texture. He then fell into a train of thought, and was pursuing a series of memories and impressions which connected themselves with his view of the fabric before him.

At length, "Ha!" he cried. "Ha!" cried the Indian, and in a minute he was in the street—in another he was on his way for the Mississippi, and before twenty-four hours a "Choctow" was unbuttoning a pair of gaiters which he wore over his moccasins, and in due time he presented them to the Delaware, who gave his fellow red-man a substantial reward.

God's providence! Something had brought the Delaware far away towards MEMPHIS a few months before. He turned into one of the river-theatres, which float from town to town betimes on the father of rivers. An organ was being played by steam, and pit, boxes, and galleries were full. In the middle of the porch the Delaware met the "Choctow," and remarked the leggings, then new; and, notwithstanding the noise, music, and all the excitement of a circus, he now remembered the likeness which the gaiters bore to the specie-bags of the Eagle Bank. He brought them to St. Louis, and with them the "Choctow" Indian himself.

The Indian had got them from the servant of Captain Johnston, who, with Captain Brackenbridge, was the security the directors of the bank had received for the integrity of the chief clerk.

"They fell into the pit which they digged!"

The day of trial came. Ned O'Kennedy, it must be admitted, entered the court with a light step and a little chastened pride. If people should ever have heard of his imprisonment, they would also of his victory and release; and his "poor sister, the widow, would hold up her head among the neighbours."

The proofs of Ned O'Kennedy's guilt came slowly and power-

The discoveries had all been kept secret, and the prosecutors rested upon their charge as irrefutable. The court was full, and people looked at each other in a stupid, bewildered way—just as if they said, "Whom can one trust? The Irish element was strong, and they were not to be relied upon, because they saw the priest of the parish sitting at the dock; and people's hearts bounded when the counsel for defence rose up.

The reader knows the case. The policeman heard Hazlitt's report to have O'Kennedy charged with robbery. The man whose family had been visited by the prisoner in the performance of a task of charity, swore to his own work. The bags were purchased from a Captain Johnstone. He swore that positively, and could produce some of the material still. And the counsel asked, could any man in his senses think so intelligent a man as the prisoner would have let out to the second clerk the very bag he had dishonestly substituted. The "Choctow" succeeded, and made the chief clerk feel very uneasy, as he, the said chief clerk was the only living man who could have given them to Johnstone—his security. But the outlaw was the man who was felt to be the man of the future. He gave his evidence with such a staid, assured, truthful look and bearing, that no man could doubt or even resist him.

"Brown," demanded the prisoner's counsel, "Brackenbridge and Johnstone plotted the death of the prisoner?"

"Aye."

"If he would not join them?"

"Yis."

"In what?"

"Oh, you know!"

"Where were they going?"

"To Rio."

"What for?"

"Take ship-load of money—an'——"

"And what?"

"Kill all the crew an' take 'im money away."

"Three of them?"

"Oh, no; white men had one, two, three, ten a-board."

"Sent by Johnstone?"

"Aye."

"To murder the other part of the crew and take the specie?"

"Take 'im money. Yis."

The counsel for the prosecution had been looking very indignant for some minutes. He rose in great anger.

"Do you mean to say," he demanded, "that you, an Indian, followed a long English conversation—carried on in an undertone, and that you are able to repeat it here?"

"Yes."

The counsel looked at the jury and shook his head. The appeal seemed to tell against the prisoner."

"Have you ever sworn an oath before?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what perjury is?"

"Yes."

"Have you not sworn falsely now?"

"Let 'im JUDGE, or white man, you, or you," said the Delaware, "spake, 'im small, an' fast, an' Indian will tell all same 'gin."

"Fair," remarked the judge.

The trial was made, and all ears and all eyes were open and awake. The Indian listened attentively, while the counsel read or spoke some narrative; and he seemed to count events upon his fingers, though he looked up to the ceiling of the court. During this process, Lowry M'Cabe was looking at the Indian, and his eyes blazed like burning fire, and his cheeks were flushed like the red sun-down. The Indian went on never minding, but in due time repeated very accurately the dialogue read or spoken by the counsel for the prosecution. He then rose, and in a majestic tone he said,

"'Im judge will read the news o' the big ship from Rio, an' Johnstone, an' Wood, an' the specie."

This time the word "*specie*" clearly pronounced by the Indian startled the hearers momentarily.

"God is just," said the Indian.

Just at this moment MR. M'CANN made his way to the bench. He was very much agitated. He had a whole sheaf of messages in his hands, and he laid them, one by one before the judge.

The judge read—paused—struck the bench! He handed the telegrams to the jury.

The bar looked at one another! The court became like a tomb!

The judge now handed the messages to the counsel for the prosecution—who in *his* turn encountered a surprise. He paused like the judge. He reddened deeply. Then, bowing very low,

"I withdraw from this case!" said the counsel.

And so amid cheers, the like of which have not since been heard in St. Louis, Ned O'Kennedy was pronounced,

"NOT GUILTY." * * * * *

Ned O'Kennedy, Mr. M'Cann, John Hennessy, Lowry M'Cabe, and the Delaware, went off straight to the Convent to "show the

nuns they got their prayer," said Ned, "and to give God our thanks!"

In due time they arrived, rang, and were admitted.

"Mr. M'Cann was beaming, Lowry M'Cabe was clapping his hands, John Hennessy had his eyes on heaven, and the Delaware held his crucifix—looking at it steadfastly.

After a while the good mother came in. She was deeply affected.

"To the chapel!" said the good mother.

"Just what I desired," said Ned O'Kennedy.

And to the chapel they went. And though no organ swelled in grand harmonies, or enthusiastic voices rung out "*Te Deum laudamus!*" never was there a little band more grateful than that evening returned thanks to God in the hospital chapel of St. Louis.

Nothing was heard of but God's goodness and protection—and all the sisters were jubilant in their success. Moral after moral was pointed—and illustration of God's loving providence was set forth. It was near the time for departure—the inexorable bell for vespers would soon ring—and time should be improved.

"Jerome," said the good mother, "you have met Mr. M'Cabe's brother?"

"'Is modder. 'Is."

"You promised to show him to M'Cabe the day this trial would end happily?"

"'Is."

"And you will keep your word, Jerome!"

"'Is—sure I will."

The Indian turned his eyes upon Lowry M'Cabe, but Lowry's were blind with his tears. The Indian shook more and more, and then he, poor fellow, wept also.

"Ah, ma'am, Jerome has kep' 'is word an' more. I saw my brother in the court to-day, an' I was proud of 'im."

In a second, Lowry hung around the Indian's neck sobbing—sobbing both of them.

The Delaware is the escaped convict from Bermuda, and EDWARD M'CABE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SHOWING THE END.

THE Chief Justice of ———— was in many respects a remarkable man; but in some he was distinguished by the noblest characteristics of an exalted humanity. He was, at the period of which we write, perhaps about middle age, not of large stature, but of unquestionable grace and bearing; and calm, full blue eyes, looking bright, trustful, and steady, gave his handsome features an attraction which even an accidental meeting or commonplace conversation could not resist. The Chief Justice was well read in every thing as well as in law, and his felicity of thought and correctness of expression made his addresses appear like masterpieces of composition. His lordship was, moreover, a wonderful compound of deep feeling and judicial coolness, so that the culprit whom he condemned had perforce to believe that no man sympathised more deeply with suffering than the man who decreed punishment. The Chief Justice was in fact all intellect and heart, over which the serenest reason that ever swayed the broad domain of a great mind reigned supreme. He was a man of whom friendship never tires to think, and to whom want never vainly appealed. We are glad to say the original of this picture yet lives—as beloved as ever—and,

“Like some fine music, sweetness to the last!”

is the charm of a circle for which he has made an elysium.

Well, the Chief Justice was in his study one morning in April, and as usual deep in the consumption of rich thought, when a visitor was announced who was deemed worthy of immediate attention. He was a smart, active man of business, and wore an air of great preoccupation. He looked in fact what he was, a man who felt himself in a great necessity, and without any special claim upon the official from whom he came to seek relief.

After some apology, he announced himself to be that mysterious person, “Lloyd’s Agent,” and that from the absence of the Attorney and Solicitor-General, he was utterly unable to decide upon the course he should pursue in a case of overwhelming importance.

“Well, sir?” quietly interrogated the Chief Justice.

“A ship has gone ashore at ———— bay. She was evidently making for the St. Laurence, and came on shore in the fog.”

“And” ————

“Well, my lord, the ship is laden with specie, and only half manned. The log has been kept very irregularly, and the account given of the deaths of ten or eleven men are contradictory and

impossible. The name of the ship has been painted over, and the sailors are all dressed in fine linen. Finally, the specie, when I went on board, had been gathered together in nine or ten great parcels or heaps, as if the men on board had made a division of spoil."

"I see—I see," said the Chief Justice, half musing. "We should not be too rapid in coming to a conclusion," continued the Chief; "but your duty is clear, sir. The vessel has been insured at your office?"

"Partly. We took £200,000. She is insured in other offices to the amount of a million."

"Very well, then. You swear an affidavit, and take a warrant to bring up the crew in custody."

"Thanks, my lord!"

"Not in the least! Had you lost an hour you would have jeopardized the public interests, and to public men the public interests are supreme. They are every man's business, but particularly the man's business who is connected with the administration of justice."

The next day at noon, "Lloyd's Agent" arrived in the city at the head of a company of soldiers, which in two lines enclosed nine sailors. Eight of the seamen were manacled two and two, the ninth was manacled singly.

Wonderful was the excitement which their appearance created in the streets through which they passed. They were fine looking men—but one was quite unlike all the rest. His form was refined, his bearing erect, and his whole presence commanding. People clapped their hands as they looked at him and asked, "is that the captain—the captain of the pirates?"

The windows and side ways were, of course, crowded. Heads and shoulders were thrust out dangerously far, and the line of the military was more than once broken in upon to the great hazard of the invaders, one of whom was wounded by a bayonet thrust.

The prisoners finally arrived, however, at the city gaol; but as they passed by a respectable-looking house in the neighbourhood of the prison, there was heard a shriek—a shriek of such protracted agony—that it seemed to have a distinct life, and to smite the most indifferent of the soldiers with dismay.

The shriek was from Grace Brackenbridge, who has kept her word, "I will see you on the day you land!"

The man, who singly manacled and defiant, enters the prison gate, is Jack Hazlitt, or "Mr. Eardly Wood."

Only a week or ten days were required to prepare for the inquiry, and then the unhappy culprits stood in the presence of the magistrates. Clearly enough eleven men had disappeared from the ship. The unanimous declaration was "they had all died of fever!"

Being questioned on the painting over and effacing the name of the "Caliph," the reply was, "it was a 'freak;' and putting on

fine linen was a "freak also," and gathering the treasure "into heaps," was an amusement likewise. All were freaks.

When asked who became their commander when the captain had died.

"Mr. Wood," they answered, "a passenger."

All looked towards Hazlitt.

"Are you Wood?" demanded the magistrates.

"I decline to say anything at this moment," answered Hazlitt.

The ring of the voice, and the intrepid look of the young man won every heart in the court.

There was a long consultation. The magistrates determined to remand the case for a week, just to try whether any chance information would present itself; and besides every half-puzzle or whole-puzzle in a court is the father of a remand.

The bench was just about to make its award, when one of the prisoners stepped to the front of the dock, and amid a silence which was terrifying, and with a voice that had a deep metallic sound like a bell, cried,

"Gentlemen of the court, listen!" It is not too much to say that the listeners "hushed their very hearts" while the terrible accuser proceeded. "Gentlemen," he repeated, "you see before you a set of the foulest, blackest murderers and pirates that ever set a sail or reefed a piece of canvas! To that I pledge my life and soul!" he said, "and here is the black history," he continued, handing a roll of paper over the dock to an officer who had come to receive it.

The approver was the very man whose life Hazlitt had saved on the bloody night on the line, and whom vengeance reserved for her justification. Hazlitt himself placed the dagger in the hand of fate.

"Pride of heart hath raised thee up while thou dwellest in the holes of the rocks!" Alas that men forget the government of their destiny, or deny or defy it. As all things "co-operate" for the succour of love, all things "co-operate" for the vindication of justice. And the most awful thing which man can contemplate is the combination of man's free deeds to bring about the unalterable decrees of the ETERNAL WILL. Yet we are transformed by pride; and the impetuosity of blind passion sweeps us on and on until we think ourselves beyond the reach of retribution, or ignore its existence. But "even if thou makest thy nest among the stars, I will drag thee thence!" remaineth for ever.

We need not say that now the fountain of information flowed rapidly. Every man had a "declaration" to make, and every man found every one but himself "guilty." The ferocity with which they slew their victims on the high sea now raged to slay one another, and aimed only at some extenuation of their own crime, or of their punishment. The magistrates finally turned to Jack Hazlitt.

"Your name is Wood?"

"Yes."

"Your profession?"

"An able seaman."

"A seaman!"

"Yes, a seaman."

"Do you still decline to make a declaration?"

"Gentlemen—no," he said; "not now."

"Well, then?"

"Well," said the prisoner, in that same old hiss, which was heard like a voice from the other world, and swept around the court like a seething wave—

"*I am guilty of every one of the deeds imputed to me, and many more. I am guilty!—guilty!*" he cried emphatically, and stamping violently at the same moment.

The assemblage absolutely froze with horror; and while they turned their eyes on the self-accusing malefactor, a moan of pain rose from the throng.

A paper was handed to the prisoner.

"Will you sign that?" asked the crown prosecutor.

"Don't write, sir."

"*You* don't write?"

"No."

The attorney looked around with a knowing smile.

"Your mark will do, Wood," he said.

"Very well," answered the wretched exile, who thought with himself he had saved his mother and Nanny a twist of the heart by setting himself down as an illiterate sailor! and he thought of Lelia Moran. Singular, his mind fled from the image of Grace Brackenbridge.

That night, sitting in his cell—sitting on his poor straw pallet, he thought of Grace Brackenbridge and "The Hall." He thought of the fascination which she had given to gold, and the confirmation she had given to free-thinking. Evidently the impulses had been imparted, and the restraints swept away by the same power—and all "*led to this*," he bitterly said, looking down upon the chains which locked his ankles together.

"To this!" repeated Jack Hazlitt, in a hoarse, abstracted whisper.

From this abstraction he awoke, pronouncing the dear old word "Mother!" but immediately his indignation rose against the invading sentiment, so unworthy of his modern realism, and he cried "Nonsense! Am I losing my pluck?—Nonsense!"

Hazlitt recoiled from the memory of Grace Brackenbridge, because failure always kills the affections of the guilty—such affections live upon the success of iniquity.

And yet Hazlitt was not just in his imputations, or in examining the causes of his ruin. He had on surrendering his conscience

shaken hands with his present fate. The United States was the theatre of his wickedness, and his impulses were found at "The Hall;" but any other country would have supplied other agencies, and the same result would have followed from the condition to which his college days had gradually led him. Gunpowder will explode whenever it comes in contact with fire, and no particular hearth or particular hand is required to apply the match to the explosive material. Hazlitt had given up Divine protection; and the paternal Providence which man deserts often allows him to fall "into the pit he has digged."

It is plain that the trial which succeeded the investigation should be brief indeed. The Chief Justice tried the case—if trial it may be called—and nothing was left undone to give a fair chance of escape or commutation of punishment. But what hand could efface the confession, and how lessen the guilt? It was impossible.

Eleven murdered men—murdered in the hour of their trust, and murdered in the discharge of their duty, cried to justice in the name of outraged humanity, and of the very existence of social life. The jury began to look excited at legal details. The crowded court was becoming impatient. The benignant Chief Justice was the only one on whom pity seemed to have descended, although pity could not stay the steady step of approaching doom.

The jury never left the box—nay, they hardly appeared to consult one another. The foreman's voice was hard, and threatening, and indignant when he answered the demand of the proper officer.

"GUILTY! Guilty on all the counts."

A cheer received the announcement from the jury-box! Every one felt reassured. To the unfortunate culprits that cheer was a second death. The life of human sympathy was quenched, and left the wretches in gloomy darkness.

The nine murderers were condemned to be "hanged by the neck:" but nothing was said of the disposal of their bodies. The man saved by Hazlitt was acquitted. He had done the work of Divine justice, and guilt, itself, it was which strengthened him.

The mercy of the administration in the place to which we refer gave a "long day," indeed, to the wretched culprits; or it may be the singular clemency of the amiable judge. We knew him well, and he is just the man who, like Our Lord, "knows how to pity."

Six weeks from the day of trial was fixed upon as the day of doom!

From the time of sentence the prison was changed—the vigilance of the officials was doubled, and, we must add, the comforts of the prisoners were not increased.

The cells of the condemned were in a line practically under ground. They were built in a long excavation, on the edge of which, all round, rose a high wall. The cells were all small, and

poorly furnished. A pallet, a counterpane, and a thick-set deal table were all the cell contained, unless a small pillar, to which convicts were chained after their condemnation, and which served for them at the same time as a seat. A slit in the wall—high up near the ceiling—let in light, and cast on the floor the shadow of an iron bar which quarter filled the slit, which was narrow.

Here, one evening in May, Jack Hazlitt sat perched upon his pillar, alone with his memories, and looking into an open grave. It was the first evening after his condemnation. Long, long, he thought, and ever varying were his feelings, but the presiding and prevailing feeling was one of bitterness.

A Protestant clergyman sent in his card. Hazlitt returned the answer, "not to be seen."

A Catholic priest called; "the prisoner thanked him, but he was not a Roman Catholic."

"Then," said the governor, who came kindly to inquire after him, "will you have any clergyman?"

"I shall think," was the reply.

"Ah, good fellow, I ran your way once. 'Tis a fever—'tis a fever. We can't get on without God."

The governor was waiting for an answer, and Hazlitt seemed to pause. Just then a voice was heard near the iron bar of the slit.

"Holy Mary," said the voice at the slit.

"What is that?" cried the prisoner.

"Holy Mary!" repeated the voice at the slit.

"Governor," cried Hazlitt, "this is not fair. You should not allow a persecution of this kind!" cried the wretched man.

"Do not mind for a moment, sir. It is not a persecution. It is only a starling—a pet belonging to one of the poor debtors, and the magistrates allow him, poor fellow, to keep it; but I shall take care it does not annoy you again."

All this time a little child, the governor's daughter, of nine years, was standing by her father's side.

"Papa! papa!" she cried, "Papa, take me away."

"Why, Nanny?" asked the governor. "Why?"

"Ah, that gentleman does not like Holy Mary!" she said.

"I do want to go—to go," she said.

"Nanny, Nanny!" said her father.

It was too much for the unfortunate convict; he gave a roar—a shriek, and he sprung up, until the chains on his legs dragged him down again.

"Oh! leave me alone!" he said, "leave me alone!"

Such was the condemned man's first sad evening.

Whether the governor gave any hint to the Roman Catholic clergyman, or the reverend gentleman's own zeal brought him again, he did come next day; but again his services were thankfully declined. Hazlitt wrote all day, from early morning until two P.M., and the governor said *that* might have occupied him.

They then had some confidential chat—the clergyman, and the governor, and the priest.

Two, three, four days passed over, and Hazlitt was the same, only a little less defiant in his looks. Moreover he had made the acquaintance of the child, whom he had called for, and he told her the starling might sing its song, and that they would both be friends.

"Then you will love *ma Mère*?" said the little lady; "*ma Mère Marie* is so good, sir, you know!"

"Will you not, sir?—will you not?"

"Yes, Nannie—to be sure!"

He spoke to please the baby, but oh, he began to have such a curious feeling.

The child was a well-bred, sweet innocent—and her name was "*Nanny*." Was it wonderful that a soul re-entered the buried sensibilities of a half score years before? It did enter, but it was yet weak and sickly.

One day a surprise overtook poor Jack Hazlitt—a great one indeed. Thus it happened.

Without waiting for an invitation, or permission, or anything but the collusion of the governor, two ladies walked into the cell. Nanny was with them, and the starling sang his "*Holy Mary*" at the crevice.

For some time there was a dead silence. The ladies wore dark dresses, and were thickly and deeply veiled.

Hazlitt was the first to speak.

"Ladies," he said, "you have made a mistake."

"We think not, sir," answered the taller of the two, in accents so sweet, and voice so gentle, that the ear opened yearning to hear her again.

"You are nuns?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you mistake in thinking me a Roman Catholic."

"Not in our hope to make you a good one," answered the same heavenly voice.

Hazlitt shuddered. There was something supernatural in the feeling of the moment, but his pride rose.

"Madam," he said, "I believe in no revealed religion."

"Ah, well, sir, you will pray with us for faith!"

"I do not want faith!"

"You will never know the want of it until you enjoy the life of it. 'The just man lives by faith!'"

"I am not just, and I do not want your justice, madam. I want to die like a man, and I do not want——"

"Oh, we beg your pardon, sir, and——"

"I will have no intrusion and persecution, madam!"

"Oh, papa! papa! come and take me away! Take me away," cried the little child.

But no papa came.

"Perhaps you had a Catholic sister, sir," said the nun, mildly, "and a Catholic mother, and Catholic friends."

"And this supposed, madam?" demanded the prisoner, warning.

"Ah, then, we want, sir, to be sister and mother to you, for we came from your land, and we are of their faith."

"Sister and mother!" answered the culprit; and then after a pause, he said aloud, "I am thankful to you, but I decline your services. But pray, madam," he said suddenly, "how do you happen to know my country?"

"We think," said the same charming voice——

Hazlitt suddenly rose into one of his uncontrollable furies. His chains shook, and his whole frame quivered. The mood of mind so terrible was upon him.

"Come, ladies," he said, peremptorily, "no more of this! no more of this! Be good enough to leave my cell! Leave me alone! Let me die in peace! Why! by the Eternal——"

"Oh, sir! oh, sir!"

"Well, madam, no matter what I am, I have a right to be left alone. I care nothing about your forms, and ceremonies, and absolutions, and all that. Let me die! let me die in peace! Governor!" he cried, "governor. Come, madam, I am not going to be——"

The nun with the sweet voice shuddered. She gave a deep sigh, a long, long sigh, and stretched her beautiful fair hands out like one going to grasp the air, and she fell back. The other nun was immediately beside her. Crying out for "help," she took her sister in her arms.

"Oh, darling Mrs. Mary Francis," she cried, "darling Mary Francis!" and tearing the veil from the fainting sister's brow, there was revealed the most celestial countenance that the imagination ever pictured!

Hazlitt looked at the pale face for a moment and then gave a cry, the cry of one whose breast had been suddenly pierced by an arrow.

"Lelia! Lelia! Lelia Moran!" he cried, "Oh God! oh God! Lelia!"

The governor now came on the scene, and the governor's lady, and the governor's other daughter, and a shower of tears ended the nun's sudden swoon.

Yes, it was O'Connor Moran's child. Lelia did not refuse Sir Emery Haydock's hand without having her mind made up to wed another. She had been now for some years a nun, and God's mercy brought her to the cell of Jack Hazlitt.

The governor conducted the nun to his own apartment, and locked after them the condemned cell.

Little Nanny was not remembered, and the child had no mind to go. She sat down by the prisoner's feet and flung her little arms round the heavy chains that bound them. She looked up at

Hazlitt lovingly—so lovingly—and, poor baby, saw a tear flowing down his cheek.

"Holy, Mary!" cried the starling at the slit in the cell.

"Poor bird!" cried the prisoner.

The child rose up. She laid her little hands on the culprit's knees, and her little mouth was turned up towards him.

Hazlitt bent down his head and kissed her, and the face of the innocent was wet with his tears.

"You are not afraid of me, Nanny?" he said, softly.

"Oh, no," answered the child! "Oh, no, sir. I think Mother Mary Francis likes you, sir."

"Likes me—a prisoner, Nanny?"

"Oh, sir, yes; she would never have wept so—Mother Mary Francis would not—if she had not liked you ever so much. She does, I know, and——"

"And what, Mary," asked Hazlitt.

"*I like you too*," answered the little angel. "And I will give you my medal, Mother Mary Francis gave me—shall I?"

The child slipped a blue ribband over her head."

"Will you wear it for *Nanny*?" the child asked, "and for beautiful Mary Francis?" she continued.

"Nannie" and "Lelia!" "Nanny" and "Lelia." From the mouths of "infants, and sucklings, you have made perfect praise." Hazlitt's soul bent down—deeply, deeply it prostrated itself—and as he took the medal in his hand, the starling's shadow fell upon the floor of his cell, and the bird sang out its "Holy Mary!"

"Pray for a sinner," answered the prisoner.

It was a relief when the governor came in to look after his little daughter; and, good man, he at once saw the change.

"Nanny seems to have taken a liking to you, Mr. Wood," remarked the governor gently.

"God has sent her to me," answered Wood, with a husky voice.

He still held the blue ribband in his hand.

"Papa?" said the child.

"Well, Nanny."

"Mr. Wood cannot put on Mother Mary Francis's medal. Ah, papa!" cried the child, and she clung around her father's knee and wept.

"I know, darling," said the proud father, "I know.—Mr. Wood," he said, "allow me," and in a moment the chains fell from the wrists and ancles of Jack Hazlitt.

"I have no fear that *you* will abuse your liberty *now*."

That night was the first night of a mystical life. Lelia Moran and Nanny, and the singular coincidence in the combination of names, and the unlooked for presence of the nun and the little child, all seemed to act like a power miraculous—some such power as transformed the soul of St. Paul, and gave the hearts of heroes to the timid Catherines, Dymnias, and Cecilias. The next morn-

Jack Hazlitt awoke from a dream of home, and a kindly Providence mingled with the memory of home home's dearest feelings. The joys of his innocent days rushed back and mingled with the affections of that blessed time. His heart was filled with them, and they crowded his imagination; and in the midst of them all was old Father Riordan, and the old chapel by the Shannon; and Frank O'Connor Moran, and Lelia with her sunny tresses, and Nanny and his queenly mother, and the honest, though mistaken man who had given him his name. He then remembered his father's last hours, and he thanked God. He now knelt down.

"Thank God!" he said, "thank God!"

The transformation was perfect. The only things remaining in his soul were the fresh pure memories of youth—and a sorrow—a sorrow deep, deep, and agonizing, yet wreathing pain with the light of heavenly hope. The interval between the time of peace, and the time of guilt seemed to him a kind of dream; and all the feelings, hopes, and fears of that interval seemed to have died and disappeared for ever.

Jack Hazlitt is under the wand of grace. "The spirit breathes where it WILLs," but its WILL is regulated by the power of prayer which has ascended like odorous incense from many a home.

When Hazlitt knelt by his pallet next day, he employed the words of St. Peter, "Lord, it is good for me to be here!"

We need not say that the Catholic clergyman was now a frequent visitor, and of course Mother Mary Francis came every day. Occasionally a word on old times was indulged in, and answered by the holy nun, who had leave to inform him that his mother was on a visit to his aunt; and after some time going back to Ireland with Nannie and her children.

"God bless my mother!" cried the young man.

"Amen," answered the nuns devoutly.

"Ah," he said, "Lelia, you must allow me to call you Lelia, you know," he said in a softened voice. "Am I not too great a reprobate? Can you forgive me? Can I be forgiven?"

"And you ask that—you whom I have heard reading the parable of the Prodigal Son, and who often made me weep when you read, the story of the 'Good Shepherd.' Oh, you must not ask such a question."

"I am so terrible a criminal!"

"Have you not heard, Jack," she said in her most musical tone, "have you not heard when sin most abounds, GRACE most abounds. Why the very sentiments and facilities God gives you are his angels—ah, angels! You have had a number of them."

Many conferences of this kind ended, as might be expected, in a wonderful tranquillity of soul. To the Catholic clergyman he was a phenomenon—a man who by one bound had cleared the chasm of vice and infidelity, and who miraculously reached a high elevation of sanctity by the effort.

Was the priest right? Who knows? Yet some singular signs were given. One was a desire which had taken possession of Hazlitt to die for his crimes.

"Well," the clergyman said, "the desire, subject to God's holy will, as every good desire must be, is a good one."

"Father," was the reply, "I would not for worlds, not for worlds, lose my present chance."

"You would not?"

"No, Father, no! I know myself too well. And the real trysting place, which I so long forgot—the real trysting place for me and mine is!"—— he pointed upwards.

The clergyman was deeply affected, and no wonder.

Five of the six weeks passed in this manner, and every day intensified the young man's desire to meet his doom, and repair his scandal. He was aware that Grace Brackenbridge was in the city, but he made up his mind exactly how to manage in her regard. He had directed Lelia to send for her and give her constant information of how her former suitor was progressing; and the descriptions had, it may be supposed, their own influence on the young lady. Thus a kind of communication was held which Hazlitt had made up his mind to crown by a personal interview with her on the day before his execution. During this time he learned that providence aided his designs by striking events. Captain Brackenbridge had disappeared, and "The Hall" had been burned to the ground. It was supposed that Brackenbridge met his fate in the conflagration, or *made* his fate in it.

Hazlitt had the grand test put to his spirit of penitence before the final day.

About noon, the third or fourth day before his last, a large shadow fell upon him on the opening of the cell door. His head reeled, and his eyes swam.

There was Ned O'Kennedy!

In a moment the foster-brothers were in one another's arms. Neither spoke a word for minutes. The silence was broken by a groan from Ned.

"True to the last," cried Hazlitt! "true to the last!"

"Oh God! oh God!" cried O'Kennedy.

"Come now, my old friend, my brother, my friend, whom I thought to——"

"Oh, don't speak—don't speak, or you will break my heart!" cried Ned.

Hazlitt remembered.

"Come, Ned," he cried, "come, we will say the Litany of the Blessed Virgin!"

Ned became still more affected, and was poorly able to say, "pray for us;" but he got through.

After much conversation, however, it turned out that Ned

as on no errand of mere sentiment. Ned had arranged, as clearly as possible, a plan for his old master's escape, that very night.

It was in vain.

The Yachtman prayed and wept, but 'twas all in vain. He went down upon his knees, and he kissed his old master's feet.

It was all in vain.

"Ned, my dear old friend and brother," Hazlitt said, "I love you!—oh, I do!" the poor fellow cried. "See here, Ned—we—
you and I, and mamma and Nanny, and Lelia and my father, Frank
and all—WE SHALL MEET AGAIN SOON—VERY SOON. No! not for
the sceptre of the universe would I run the risk of losing God and
all of you again. Come Ned—COME, KISS ME NOW!"

But Ned sat down upon the bed, and simply cried away until the governor was obliged to lock up for the night and send him home.

The awful eve was coming fast. The day for meeting between himself and Grace Brackenbridge was near. He had received Holy Communion six or seven times. He had prayed every day for hours, and many times with Lelia. Ned O'Kennedy never left him when he could find a chance of being with him—not for one five minutes. Jack Hazlitt was the happiest of men.

Many a time he talked to Ned of old friends and old haunts; and he heard from Ned all the "news from home," and even enjoyed the conversation intensely. He heard how Lelia had refused Sir Emery, and how every one said that Lelia had never forgotten her child-love for Jack Hazlitt. And the observation brought a beam on the prisoner's face, though he sighed immediately after. He heard of the fortunes and merits of Frank, and how Jem Grogan and his family now lived in the Great House, and how the old blind man had a nice cottage on the property. Nanny was a constant topic, and the "wonderful good match" she found in Mr. Edmund Browne, who refused to be made "a barronet," and so forth. Jack Hazlitt became his young self again—yet his strength of soul never failed him.

Turning suddenly one day upon Ned, he said thoughtfully, "Ned," you are the person who employed all the lawyers?"

Ned smiled.

"Ned, how much money had you to bribe the officers of the prison?"

"Ten thousand pounds, if I wanted it," Ned replied firmly.

Hazlitt turned an earnest look on Ned O'Kennedy.

"Ned, my friend," he asked most anxiously, "Ned, who supplied the money?"

"Your brother-in-law, Mr. Browne."

"Oh, Ned—Ned, does my sister——"

"Ah," said the yachtman significantly, "do not fear. For the wealth of India Mr. Browne would not cause your mother one

single tear; and as for his lady!—Do not fear, sir! Mr. Browne has been watching for years to do you a service!”

“Turn out!” cried the warder from outside. And the key turned in the lock.

Ned O’Kennedy was glad of the interruption. He was able to carry away a secret, which was that Mr. Edmund Browne had been in the city ever since Hazlitt’s first committal.

The fatal day before the last has come. The scaffold is erected on a rising ground outside the city, and looks towards the western sea. Behind it the woods crowd round and stretch far towards the east. Before, roads cross and converge and hide themselves as if they themselves were travellers. The world is busy. Commerce is active. Trade is alive. Pleasure sweeps by, just stopping to look at the “gallows-tree,” and fixing its place for sight-seeing on to-morrow. The birds are busy, and the flowers, and the rich-vegetation of the laughing May breathes forth its compounds of nameless odour—and all, around the scaffold, where, on to-morrow, the poor strangers are to die! But why reason thus? Whilst we have been writing this one paragraph *have not hundreds of people died?* Certainly. Yet, we never thought upon death!

Let us leave the scaffold, which now flings its gigantic shadow across the gold of the rich sunset. Let us once more go back to the prisoner’s cell. A lady is just leaving. She was in a passion of grief and agony, and is led into the governor’s apartments by that official himself.

It is Grace Brackenbridge.

Ned O’Kennedy is in his usual place: but *his* time came also: and he departed—this time with no other manifestation than a deadly pallor; but he called to the warder for a tumbler of water.

The last night has come.

Till morning the warder sits in the condemned cell. The law will take care of its victim. He shall not escape her award.

Ten, eleven, twelve, *one o’clock!* Hazlitt is still on his knees!

About *one* he bent over the crucifix taken from Lelia’s Rosary, and now lying on his straw pallet. He kissed the crucifix and little Nanny’s medal. He then lay forward and rested his lips upon the feet of Christ, holding the medal in his right hand all the time.

The prison clock, struck *two!*

The warder slept, half unconsciously, and, after he awoke, wondered how the condemned man could kneel so long.

The clock struck *three!*

The warder leaped to his feet.

“Come, sir, come,” he said; “you never can be able for to-day! Come, some rest.”

No reply.

“What is the matter?” the warder asked.

No answer.

The warder rushed across and raised the prisoner to his knees ; but he found the arms cold and rigid.

"My God !" he cried. "My God ! Is he dead ? Is he dead ?"

JACK HAZLITT IS DEAD !

Only Johnstone's "eight" stood upon the scaffold.

The following appeared in the local papers next day :—

"ROMANTIC AFFAIR.

"We recorded on yesterday the sudden death of Wood, the pirate. The coroner's inquest has been able to discover no cause of death, all the organs having been found healthy. He certainly was a man of awful power and fine ability ; and he has paid all the penalty he could pay for his crimes. The oddest and most incomprehensible thing, however, is that he not only became a Roman Catholic during his imprisonment, but induced Miss Brackenbridge—an out and out Protestant—to become a papist also ! The young lady has left for the United States. He had only one half hour's conversation with her. Of course *she is mad !*"

Little remains to be chronicled regarding the other personages of our story. Frank Moran has inherited a large property from an uncle-in-law, and lives the life of a cultivated Christian gentleman on his own estate. Himself, mother, wife, and children, are as happy as virtue makes people. Miss Haydock has "chosen the better part" and entered a convent in Yorkshire. The baronet will never marry, and begins to swear against Puseyism, Ritualism, and Popery. Lowry M'Cabe has become a "strong farmer" on his master's property ; and we regret to say that his brother, "the Indian," tolerated civilization only one month. He is off among the Delawares, where Lowry will never be able to discover him.

"God is a patient rewarder ;" but we draw no moral.

Our friend Ned O'Kennedy is a great man in St. Louis, and is fulfilling Mr. M'Cann's prophecy. Of course he has "settled down" in life, and Mr. M'Cann it was, who gave Peggy a fine fortune. A fine fellow, Mr. M'Cann. We hope to meet him again, for he is always making sunshine.

The widow Hazlitt and Nanny are in mourning ; for by the industry of Ned O'Kennedy, they received a newspaper from California one day, and read the following :—

"MR. JOHN HAZLITT.

"We regret to announce the death of this very able Irishman. He was an A. M. of the Queen's College, Galway, and belonged to the County of Clare. He died a most devout and edifying Roman Catholic."

"Thank God !" cried his mother, though bursting into tears.

"Thank God !" echoed poor Nanny, sobbing deeply.

Mr. M'Cann and Mr. Edmund Browne, with tender pity, answered, "Amen."

"SCHOLASTIC PRIGGERY."

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

YOU opened the pages of your May number to an accusation against a certain number of respectable individuals, who are condemned in a somewhat off-hand manner as a "priggish" and "hypercritical" minority. I trust therefore to your sense of fairness for sufficient space in your next issue to examine the grounds on which this charge is based, and to inquire whether its author, "X," has succeeded in establishing his case against them.

His gravamen consists in "a seeming wish on the part of some classical scholars to introduce the practice of pronouncing English derivatives according to the quantity of the original Latin or Greek words." Now, at the very outset, it is a somewhat significant fact that, by way of substantiating this complaint, he brings forward only one solitary instance of such innovation in the case of words of Latin derivation, and none at all in the case of those of Greek. And this fact is rendered all the more significant by the number of analogous derivatives from either language, culled by him with a considerable amount of misapplied ingenuity, in which, if his "Scholastic Prigs" were only consistent in their "priggery," a like change should be made, but is not. This of itself suggests the suspicion that he had no other instances to adduce. If so, his accusation is at least so far forth sophistical, as involving a general deduction from a particular premiss.

But let us examine the one solitary instance, and see whether it affords a solid foundation for the superstructure of even a particular charge of hypercriticism and "priggery." What is the unfortunate word which has been the occasion of such irritation to the critical and fastidious ear of "X"? It is the grammatical term *optative*, for which, on the strength of his "nankeen" experience, he would vindicate the antepenultimate accentuation of his boyhood. It is of course only natural for him to cling with tenacity to the cherished reminiscences of his school days, especially when, as in the present case, he has good and solid reasons for doing so. But is he on that account justified in branding as "prigs" those whose "nankeen" or later experience happens to differ from his own, and who for reasons equally good and solid stand up for the penultimate?

It is true, indeed, "X" can cite a large and respectable prescription in favour of *optative*. But is he aware of the fact that the objects of his attack can appeal to a tradition still larger, and, if anything, still more respectable? For it is well known, as even Walker, who argues on his side, admits, that in the majority of the centres of classical education the general pronunciation of the

word is *optative*. Consequently, those who so pronounce it can hardly be regarded as an insignificant minority.

Analogy, too, I grant, is almost universally on the side of "X." But, on the other hand, his opponents are borne out by the analogy of at least one other word of similar formation, *creative*, the penultimate accentuation of which he would scarcely be prepared to stigmatize as new-fangled or "priggish." Besides, it must be borne in mind that a Procrustean application of the law of analogy is impossible in the fluctuating pronunciation of any living language, most of all in that of English, which teems with anomalies, and is consequently to be regulated not so much by any *a priori* theory, as by *Usus*,

"Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi."

Once more, as far at least as I can ascertain with limited means of research at my disposal, "X" can claim in his behalf the preponderance of authority. But here again the fact must not be overlooked that creditable authorities can also be produced on the other side, though not so numerous, or perhaps so recent. And it must be added that, if we go by Webster, "X" will be found no less unfortunate in the selection of the words the pronunciation of which he would leave open than in that of the one in the case of which he would proscribe such alternative. For Webster equally ignores *know-ledge*, and the old fashioned omission of the aspirate in *humble*.

Lastly, I allow it would be pedantic—for that, I take it, is what "X" means by his less exact term "priggish"—to adopt a novel pronunciation of a derivative solely on the strength of the quantity of its original. But, on the other hand, "X" himself will scarcely deny that the quantity of the original is an additional and a reasonable ground for retaining a pronunciation which harmonizes with it, provided such pronunciation is previously warranted, as it is in the case of *optative*, at once by prescription and authority. That it is the sole reason on the part of the scholars condemned as "prigs" by "X" it is difficult to believe, though, I grant, a similar phenomenon is recorded by Walker. Indeed, the fact that only one instance is quoted against them would seem to point to the opposite conclusion. For probably they are at least as logical as "X" has shown himself to be in his attack upon them; consequently they would be equally alive to the absurdity of stopping short at that one word, and not extending the application of their theory to other terms of similar derivation, even though it led to still greater absurdities. If so, not only, as I have shown above, do they not belong to an insignificant minority, but "X," so far from establishing even a particular case of "priggery" and hypercriticism against them, has mainly succeeded in convicting himself of the very "prejudice" which he affects equally to deprecate.

For to resume what I have said, the arguments for either pronunciation of the word in question are pretty evenly balanced. On

the side of "X" we have a fair prescription, nearly all analogy, and a preponderance of authority ; in the opposite scale are to be found the quantity of the original, backed by a fair amount of authority, one analogy, and a preponderance of prescription, and, as we have seen, analogy does not count for much. Each, therefore, has a right to the toleration usually allowed to probable opinions. "X" indeed would seem to go further, for he admits that it would be "prejudice" not to "allow a large margin to difference of taste and opinion" apparently not so qualified. It is a pity he does not himself set an example of the moderation he so sagely recommends to others, by "thinking twice" before complaining of his neighbour's English.

M. A.

THE DEAD BIRD AND THE CHILD.

SITTING alone on the green sward there,
 Long lashes veiling downcast eye,
 While small hands hide in the vesture blue—
 Little child, speak to me—tell me why.

Parting a fold in the tiny dress,
 Slowly the soft white fingers stirred,
 And twisting round the trembling lips,—
 "He died last night, my poor little bird."

Holy and strange are a young child's eyes,
 Wondering, and awed, half sad, half shy—
 Gazing, you long after better things ;
 Thinking, you turn away with a sigh.

Tenderly down on the green, green grass,
 Small gold wings that will fly no more,
 Tremblingly, blue eyes gaze for a while,
 Then sobbing, a shower of hot tears pour.

Mournfully watching the weeping child,
 Sadly I looked on the golden wings—
 Yet not for the bird, nor all for the child,
 And yet for both, and for other things.

He brought the bird when the fields were cold,
And chill frosts lay on the branches white—
“’Twill sing,” he said, “in the summer time,”
He said, ’twould sing—and it died last night.

I loved the boy for his mother’s sake,
I liked the bird for its low, sweet song;
The child was dear for his winning ways,
We reared the bird through the winter long.

Not all for the lad, nor yet the bird,
And still for both was I sad that day,
For I dreamt a dream of his onward path
With bright things faded and dead on the way.

Sad and solemn the church-yard lies,
With its waving graves, like the surging sea,
Lonesomely there the white snow drifts,
On one small mound ’neath a dark beech tree.

The white snow drifteth, the wild flowers blow
And winter and summer the birds sing there:
And vain was the dream I sorrowing dreamt,—
The little child rests with the Angels fair.

M. Mv. R.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

VIII. THE CHURCH'S EXECUTIVE POWER.—THE CLERGY.

I HAVE said* that the Church's jurisdiction, like that of any independent State, comprises legislative and executive powers. I have dwelt on the legislative power as much as I think necessary for the present, and will now go on to speak of the executive and, along with it—so far as they may be distinct—the administrative powers of the Church. Before proceeding further, it is well to observe that in the whole subject which I have undertaken to treat of—*the Relations of the Church to Society*—I have in view the rights and the action of the Church as they are in themselves, and as they ought to be regarded by Catholics on Catholic principles, and as they ought, indeed, to be regarded by all men, because, according to the intention of God, all men ought to be Catholics. I do not deal, unless sometimes incidentally, with what may be called the merely human and civil claims of the Church on rational and social grounds, which are supposed to be common to Catholics and non-Catholics, or even non-Christians, and which abstract from the Divine origin of our religion. No doubt, the Church does possess such claims, and they are most justly put forward and maintained against Protestant and infidel adversaries and persecutors, whose unfairness and inconsistency are demonstrated, and, to use a familiar expression, shown up, by able champions of the Catholic cause. But this does not come within the scope I have proposed to myself in these papers. The observation I have just made will serve to account both for my passing by certain arguments which it might otherwise seem I ought to employ, and for my asserting freely, and without discussion or proof, rights that assuredly are not conceded by the enemies of our religion.

The executive department of Church authority, like the legislative, is primarily conducted by the Roman Pontiff, and, under him, by bishops and other ecclesiastics, and, in some details, by laymen. It is regulated to a considerable extent by fixed laws, as is the case in the civil order under secular governments; but this does not interfere with the distinction between its functions and those of the legislative department. The acts appertaining to the executive are of many kinds, and need not be enumerated. Among them are appointments to offices, removals from offices, the establishment and maintenance of tribunals, the trial of causes, criminal, or—as we may call them—civil, the punishment of offences, the granting of dispensations. Financial matters, the arrangement and

* *Ante*, p. 282.

management of ecclesiastical property and some other things may be referred to the administrative department, which there is no special occasion for distinguishing from the executive.

Viewing the end for which the Church has been established, namely, the salvation of souls, I consider that the works of the clerical ministry belong to the executive or administrative department of the Church's *government*. In truth, the clergy are the spiritual rulers of the people. All their preaching and teaching, all conferring of sacraments, and other sacred actions done by priests, fall within the range of ecclesiastical government. All these functions, to be quite legitimate, and some of them even to be valid, require authorization, and imply the exercise of some sort of jurisdiction. It may seem strange to speak of these things as *governmental* proceedings, and I am not very solicitous about their being looked on as such, since the admission or rejection of this view does not alter their connexion with my subject, as, in every supposition, they appertain to the Church, and their relations to Society are among the Church's relations to Society. Still, I will make one or two further remarks in support of my opinion as to their character.

Certainly, every parish is a distinct and appreciable portion of ecclesiastical territory. The parish priest is the immediate spiritual head and governor of this district. He cannot make laws properly so called, but he is charged with the care of the souls of all the inhabitants of the parish; he is the *pastor* of all those persons, as truly the pastor as the bishop or the Pope, though *not in the same degree*, not possessed of the same amount of authority. As the head, and governor, and pastor of that community he performs all the kinds of sacred acts that the members need to have performed in their regard. These acts all enter into the fulfilment of his office as spiritual ruler of the parish. None of these acts can be done in the parish except by him, or dependently on him, or dependently on a higher pastor and spiritual ruler, say the bishop of the diocese, or the Roman Pontiff. These acts never fail to be *pastoral acts*, though allowed to be performed by persons who are not pastors, but always are representatives and delegates of *some* pastor. As the government, then, of the whole Church is pastoral, and consists in the exercise of pastoral authority, and as this pastoral authority is continuously ramified down to the most ordinary sacerdotal ministrations, there is good reason for saying that such ministrations enter into the executive department of Church government.

It is not my intention to treat distinctly of all the details of the Church's executive and administrative action. I will confine myself to a few more important points appertaining to it. First of all, it will be well to consider the position of the *Clergy* towards Society. I have already said all there was need of saying about the general nature of the spiritual powers of bishops and priests, the

origin of those powers, and the modes of their transmission.* The question I am taking up now is how bishops and priests stand in reference to Civil Society.

The clergy are individually, like other men, members of civil society. They are citizens of their respective states. The quality of citizens, derived from their origin, is not extinguished by ordination. They have the same rights as their fellow-subjects. Their exercise of these rights may be restricted, in its substance or in its mode, by ecclesiastical law or by the circumstances of their sacred calling. All reasonable men will agree in admitting two things, namely—first, that bishops and priests are, not alone legally but likewise morally, entitled to take some share in political and other merely temporal affairs, a greater or less share according to the requirements of the public good, in various times and places; and secondly, that, on the other hand, this is not their principal nor most appropriate sphere of action; moreover, that they must be careful not to prejudice either their own spirit, or the due amount, or the usefulness, of their ecclesiastical ministrations by their interference in secular concerns. Where the line is to be drawn, in every given case, must be left to their own conscience, and to the permanent or temporary regulations of competent ecclesiastical authority.

The clergy *as such* are entitled to hold a respectable position in society on several grounds. They are educated men, men often of considerable learning, and generally of much reading and knowledge, systematically trained in several branches. They are sometimes taunted with want of refinement. Wherever this defect exists, it is certainly not attributable to their calling, the tendency of which is in the opposite direction, and it does not exclude or negative either moral worth or extensive and solid mental acquirements, which are of more importance than a polished exterior bearing, though this has its value too, and is to be desired. I need not add that refinement of feeling, refinement of charity, and sympathy, and virtue, count for much more than a certain outward finish that is often found in very unreliable and unamiable men. Priests are, in a perfectly true sense, professional men, charged with the performance of serious and difficult duties which prerequire special studies of fully as high an intellectual character as those of persons engaged, for instance, in legal or medical practice, even abstracting from the peculiar holiness and supernatural dignity of the office to which the clergy devote themselves. I shall have a word or two more to say on this point a little later.

Further, the Church, considered in its more extended sense, is a vast spiritual kingdom or empire, distinct in form, constitution and origin from secular States, and holding a high position on this earth. Bishops are so many princes of this empire. Cardinals are, in-

* *Ante*, p. 117, and foll.

deed, specially called princes of the Church, on account of their immediate relations with the Sovereign Pontiff, and their consequent habitual charge of the affairs of *the whole Church*; but bishops are, nevertheless, truly princes of the Church. Priests occupy an important place as its subordinate rulers. These circumstances, viewed under the aspect of personal prerogatives, give to prelates and to the rest of the clergy, in merely civil society, a certain rank and dignity analogous to that which the people of one nation recognize in the more prominent citizens of another. The Church, in her turn, acts on this principle in the respect she shows to distinguished laymen on occasion of their presence in her temples.

All I have just said is true, because the Church is a genuine and a great independent kingdom. All I have just said is true, but it is not the whole truth. I should be sorry to insinuate that the clergy *as such* are isolated with reference to Civil Society, that the clergy, as such, are merely respectable strangers. This is very far from being the case. Suppose a nation exclusively composed of Catholics—as every nation was intended to be, and ought to be—or take, in its place, what is more real, the Catholic body in any country. This body, this community, consists of one set of human beings who are at once citizens and members of the Church. They need and they possess government, direction, protection, assistance in the temporal order as citizens, in the spiritual order as Christians. They are governed, and directed, and protected, and assisted, in both orders respectively, by two classes of authorized and qualified persons. All these persons of both classes are equally officers or officials of the same community. The clergy are the spiritual officials, entering as much as any others into the framework of that one undivided community of citizens and Christians.

This view of the relation of the clergy to Civil Society must not be distorted into regarding them as officials of *the State* or government. The secular and ecclesiastical powers meet in God, not in the Crown. He is equally the original author of both. He is the Supreme Ruler of the human race, and of every part of it, in every order. Each of those Catholic communities which we have been considering is one with reference to Him. Its king or other single or manifold head, its magistrates, its temporal functionaries of all kinds and degrees, and its prelates and priests are, all alike, *His* delegates, and it is thus they come to be, all alike, *its* officials.

To sum up, then, what I have said of the position of the clergy as such towards Civil Society, they are entitled to hold, and they do hold, a respectable place in Civil Society, as educated and professional men, as the nobles of Christ's kingdom on earth, as necessary and important officials of the social community to which they belong in their respective countries, whether that community be coextensive with the nation or not.

I have spoken of the clergy as *professional* men. The question at once arises—what is the nature of their professional studies and

knowledge? Like other professional men, they are supposed to have received, and they ought to have received, a liberal education in branches not specially belonging to their particular vocation; and as a matter of fact they all have, in a greater or less degree, received such an education, and the more perfect it is the better. It is occasionally said, and truly, that a lawyer, for example, or a physician, ought not to be a *mere* lawyer or physician. In like manner, the Church does not wish her ministers to be *mere* priests. But the question I have suggested is not about their general education, but about that which is precisely professional. The answer is that their special business is with *Theology*. This term is very comprehensive, and, taken in its fulness, stands for the whole range of sacred science. I have no intention of enumerating, much less of attempting to define or describe, its various branches. I will confine myself to one which comes more in contact than the rest with civil society as such, and this is what we call *Moral Theology*. I have already said, elsewhere, and not in a passing way, that the Catholic religion comprises the whole law of God, whether *natural* or *positive*, that is to say freely superadded by the Supreme Legislator. Far the greater part of the Divine precepts whereby we are bound belong to natural law, and are promulgated by our natural reason, though re-enacted, partly in general, partly in particular, through revelation. Among the articles, too, of this comprehensive code is one which imposes the obligation of obeying all legitimate human superiors, and fulfilling *their* just precepts. Hence *all* the conscientious duties of men enter into the Christian religion. All these duties fall likewise within the range of Moral Theology. Catholic ecclesiastics, therefore, are professionally *Moralists* in the widest and fullest sense of the word. Universal morality is as strictly the professional concern of priests as British municipal law is of British lawyers, as medicine is of physicians, and so on.

It is, of course, admitted on all hands that a man of any calling may wilfully act against the principles belonging to it, or may unwilfully err concerning their application. A barrister or solicitor may break the law with his eyes open, or may mistake it; a physician may knowingly eat unwholesome food, or may, with the best intentions, order a wrong medicine. So, too, may a priest commit sin, or unwittingly give an incorrect decision, and, in either of these two contingencies, the course he takes may happen to be accurately judged of and condemned by a layman. Nay more, there are possibly laymen who are better informed on moral, or even dogmatic, Theology than some priests. But, as a general rule, professional men are more competent than others to pronounce on matters that belong to the special branches of knowledge they are respectively supposed and required to cultivate. It is quite true that all ordinarily instructed persons know more of the goodness and badness of actions than they do of law or medicine, or architecture or navigation. But it is equally true that moral doctrine is a diffi-

cult and complicated subject of study, as all those who apply themselves to it, even in a middling degree, soon come to understand.

Yet, men of the world, not apparently qualified by the particular character of their education, pronounce with wonderful confidence on moral questions, sometimes even on those which are more or less sacred. A salient specimen of this sort of assumption was Victor Emmanuel's preaching to the Pope. The same kind of thing is done on a smaller scale by smaller men of all countries. They take a peculiar pleasure in criticizing priests with reference to moral obligations. The principles of these men are not always the soundest. Their tone, however, is decided, and occasionally exhibits the complacency of conscious righteousness. Their display of virtuous indignation and their rigorous exaction, even though excessive, might be creditable, if everything else tallied. I am far from denying that those who are the very opposite of models for imitation ought to condemn and punish wrong-doers, where duty so demands—only it is to be regretted that such duties should be cast on such persons—but unnecessary moralizing does not become them.

What is more provoking is, that laymen often seem to look on themselves as *the* proper persons—just because they are laymen and not ecclesiastics—to decide on points of natural morality. They appear to consider the rational rules of rectitude to belong rather to the world than to the Church. It is quite possible, indeed, that these men will be specially severe towards an ecclesiastic whom they find tripping in such matters, on the ground that *he* ought to know better. It would be a pity to miss that stroke! Yet, all the while, they are in their own eyes, the great doctors of Natural Law, not that they commonly call it by this name, which perhaps they do not well understand, but it is in reality the thing they mean. The duties of men as men, and as members of society, are *their* province. Priests are not sufficiently acquainted with secular concerns, their business is with articles of faith and religious ceremonies. No doubt, I say, secular concerns *as such*, without reference to their moral bearing, are not the proper province of ecclesiastics *as such*. But all conscientious obligations *are* their proper province, and there is no kind of secular concerns which is not much interwoven with conscientious obligations; and, so far as secular concerns are interwoven with conscientious obligations, they enter into the professional studies of ecclesiastics, and consequently must, according to the rules of common sense, be better understood by them, under this respect, than by those who have never studied them under this respect.

ST. COLUMBA'S PENANCE.

“**W**OULDST thou, Columba,” Molaise said,
 “Change into love God’s hate—
 Hate for thy sin, which blood hath shed,
 And homes made desolate ?
 The law hath passed of Nature’s Lord,
 Sped forth the arrow of His word,
 Swift bearing this decree,
 That thou from thy dear land depart,
 And Ireland, country of thy heart,
 Thou ne’er again may see.”

“Mercy!” he cried, in accents wild,
 “Stay, stay, O God, Thy hand.
 Let me not be for life exiled
 From Erin Fatherland.
 As clings the vine to widowed elm,
 As he whom angry waves o’erwhelm
 Grasps solitary spar,
 So doth my heart to Ireland cling :
 Then from its shores, my God, my King,
 O ! send me not afar.”

But mem’ries come of Olive Mount,
 Which saw a God-man weep,
 Weep blood, when first of sorrow’s fount
 He drank the lowest deep.
 Which heard, “Oh ! Father,” Christ exclaim,
 “In pity, let this cup of shame
 Pass from Thine only Son.
 Yet tho’ from ignominy and toil
 This frail humanity recoil,
 Thy holy will be done.”

“Thus spake the Saviour, and shall I
 His chalice cast aside ?
 Shall I contend with God on high,
 His sacred will deride ?
 Oh ! no, though suffering nature faint,
 Though from my soul break forth the plaint
 Of bitterest agony,
 Let me in Jesus’ anguish share,—
 Let me a life-long exile bear,
 Dear Ireland, far from thee.”

W. O. F.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE FATHER HENRY YOUNG, OF DUBLIN.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER XIV.

[*Conclusion*].

WE now approach the closing scene of this long life of sanctity. To quote the words of a dear and intimate friend of Father Young's: "From the first dawn of reason he had soared into the supernatural, and kept rising higher and higher, until at the age of 85 he was, to use his own expression, called 'to go home.'"

Throughout the thirteen years he spent at St. Joseph's, the venerable priest ministered day and night to the spiritual needs of those about him. We find him in that humble sanctuary pursuing the same course of rigorous penitential exercises which he had practised since his youth. The feebleness of advancing age, instead of diminishing his ardour for mortification, seemed only to increase it. He felt it necessary to resist and struggle against the efforts of others to procure him indulgences, which nothing but the positive commands of his superiors ever induced him to accept.

From the time of the severe illness by which he was attacked about seven years before his death, he was placed under obedience as to his diet, and desired to eat whatever was placed before him. This he accordingly did, but with great frugality. He often entreated the matron of St. Joseph's Asylum, who had the responsibility of providing his meals, to supply him only with bread and water, and was much distressed when she sent up meat for his dinner. It was a positive trial to him to have to break through his rules of strict abstemiousness. When visiting a reverend friend he used to walk up and down the room exclaiming, "God forgive them for what they make me do;" and in a most characteristic letter he entreated the Administrator of the Metropolitan Parish, Canon Murphy, to plead his cause with the Archbishop, and obtain from him what he considered a great indulgence:—

"As the day approaches of Dr. Cullen's decision concerning me, I do ardently wish that he would allow me to make bread and water my diet, which is far more wholesome than any other kind, and would save me very useless expenses, loss of time, and useless talk to my attendant, so that I may be like the Trappists; for of every word that we pronounce, we must render account at the Divine tribunal. His grace, you, and I have never heard that my said simple diet injured the con-

stitution of any man. On the contrary, the opposite luxurious diet has done much injury, and shortened the lives of many. Any deviation in the least from wholesome bread and water, suppose only tea or plain meat, would involve me in useless extra expenses and breaches of my renewal of religious vows, for I must procure tea, sugar, milk, &c., also kettle, plates, and other breakfast articles, and fires from early in the morning till evening, even in summer. My own mind and inclination are against such lumber, trouble, expenses, and what not; all which is cut short by my using wholesome bread and water, and my health far better, like the ancient anchorites and other recluses."

It was not only as regarded food that the aged saint persevered in austerities. He used to sleep in a small, wretched box, on a level with the floor, which gave rise to the popular opinion that he slept in his coffin. In 1866, when he had a dangerous illness, he was removed to a bed, which at the time he was unable to prevent; but as soon as he recovered his consciousness, he became uneasy and kept saying, "Who brought me here? I must have my own bed." He could never be brought to accept or tolerate anything approaching to comfort. Illness, weakness, and suffering failed to induce him to give his body rest or relaxation.

In the latter days of his life he used to creep rather than walk from that narrow box wherein he spent the night to celebrate Holy Mass in the church. On one occasion, after a very severe attack, he felt somewhat better, and instantly expressed his intention to offer the Holy Sacrifice next morning. Those about him remonstrated, declaring he had not sufficient strength. His brother, Father Charles Young, S.J., who was visiting him at the time, used every effort to dissuade him, but in vain. Rev. Father Shelley, who had taken charge of his mission during his illness, was at last obliged to promise to attend him, and at seven o'clock in the morning found him out of bed, but so weak that he had to carry him to the little altar in his room and place him in a chair. The sacred vestments were put upon him as one would dress a child. At the beginning of the Mass he moved about, holding on by the altar, and had sometimes to sit down, but when he came to the Consecration new life seemed infused in him. His strength was wonderful, and he went through the rest of the Mass without any difficulty.

Often when the person who waited upon him in his sickness thought she had left him in his bed incapable of stirring, she was surprised at seeing him enter the church, and walk straight to his confessional, where he remained for hours, giving no sign of the pains he endured.

During a mission which took place in the cathedral church not long before Father Young's death, notwithstanding his great age and broken health, he was always to be found in the midst of the crowd assembled in the early morning to await the opening of the church doors, exhorting, teaching, and catechizing. He spent the entire day between the confessional and the altar. On

one evening, towards the close of the mission, he was observed to remain so very long prostrate on the altar steps that one of the priests at last approached him, with the intention of endeavouring to persuade him to take some rest, but on stooping to address him, he found that the holy old man had overtaxed his strength, and fainted in the midst of his prayer. The priest caused him to be carried to his room, where, after some time, he revived. His friends urged him to take a little wine, but nothing would induce him even to taste it; at last he consented to have some tea. When this was brought he asked for a cup of water, into which he put two or three spoonsful of the tea; that and a little bread were the only refreshment he would accept.

To the last his energy took by surprise all about him. During the last retreat he attended at Maynooth he became so ill that he had to be taken home in a state of complete exhaustion. Passing through the College gates, he in the most earnest and pathetic manner gave his parting blessing to the College and its superiors and students, and to the priests of the diocese then assembled in retreat. The Rev. M. Collier, who conducted him home that day, was reminded some time ago of this incident by a poor carman who had driven them to Dublin. It had remained impressed on his mind, and he spoke of it with the feeling which the memory of this great servant of God and friend of the poor awakens in all who knew him.

When Father Henry was borne almost lifeless from the car into his bed, his friends and all those about him thought the end was at hand. But no; the flickering flame revived, and though he was so weak the next morning that his attendant went to fetch help, in order to carry him from his bed to the altar to hear Mass—before she had time to return he had risen and walked to his confessional, where until eleven o'clock he heard confessions, and then said Mass and preached as usual without giving any sign of exhaustion.

At another time his life was despaired of, the medical men entertaining no hope of his recovery. It was the first Sunday of the month, on which day a procession of the Blessed Sacrament takes place. As the procession approached the room where Father Young lay, his attendant left it for a few minutes to receive benediction. When she returned, Father Young appeared quite recovered, and celebrated Mass in his room that same morning.

Father Young left none of his affairs to be settled during his last illness. About four years before his death he had obtained permission to be interred in the vaults of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Marlborough-street. He alludes to this, in a letter to his confessor, as "my chief desire, consented to by our venerable archbishop. My ardent wish is for my poor remains to be near daily Masses and the Tabernacle." He had refused to be interred in a beautiful little mortuary chapel, near the O'Connell

Tower, in the cemetery of Glasnevin, which was erected over the remains of his brother John, and other members of his family. Now, Father Young was at all times scrupulous as to debt, and he manifested this in a most characteristic manner with respect to his burial. He told his confessor that he wished to pay for his coffin, thereby to secure himself against any possibility of leaving debts unpaid at the time of his death, and inquired the price of the very plainest coffin which could be procured, similar to those used for the very poor. Father Purcell told him that a burial in the vaults of a church within the city necessitated three coffins, one of which must be of lead. Much dismayed at the idea of incurring so great an expense, Father Young inquired what would be the probable cost of the coffins. On learning that the price would be from fifteen to seventeen pounds, he expressed great distress that so large a sum of money should be, as he termed it, wasted on him. However, his desire to rest within the precincts of a specially dedicated church prevailed over all other considerations, and he requested his friend to order the coffins; but, in his extreme scrupulosity, he shortly afterwards addressed to him this letter:—

“In my last note I inconsiderately requested that the three coffins should immediately be made. They need not be ordered until I give you the full expense of the three coffins. I enclosed you £1, and now send another. I would give the whole price if I had it, but on counting last night the money I hold I find that I have no more than about £1 10s. The Rev. Mr. Butler regulated last Christmas two years that I should receive £50 yearly, but I since reduced it to £3 a month, according to which reduction I should have received £5 on the 1st instant. Besides my own personal wants, I have extra expenses, which I need not detail. I promise that when I receive the £5 due, I will enclose you £2, and thus gradually lodge in your hands the full price of the said coffins.”

Father Young carried out his proposed plan, and, by small instalments, placed the sum named in his friend's charge, at the same time requesting that if any balance remained after paying for the coffins, it should be disposed of in charity.

We have seen in the course of this narrative how he denied himself the society of those he loved best, and in particular of his own relatives. We find him in his eightieth year writing to one of his cousins—

“I received your kind note a few days ago, but must decline any correspondence, for I do not write even to my only brothers, the Jesuit and Sylvester, much less visit them. As I never read a newspaper, I cannot give you any public news. I never leave this enclosure except to go on Fridays to the Conception Church, Marlborough-street. I am advanced in age, past 79, so these apologies must suffice.”

Writing, shortly before his death, to the Rev. Father Shelley, who had taken charge of his mission during his severe illness in 1866, and with whom he had maintained the most friendly rela-

tions, he says—"I am now the oldest priest in Ireland, and probably in the world, or amongst the oldest;" and concludes his letter with these words—"This may, probably, be my last handling of the pen." That last "handling of the pen" shows how he maintained and carried on to the end the round of Church devotions which he had practised since his ordination, nearly sixty years before.

The last exercise of his priestly functions was to bless a beautiful image of St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour, which had been presented to the Asylum church by a pious lady. Thus the last day he spent before his beloved altar was devoted to honouring the great patron of holy death-beds.

On the following morning, the 11th of November, 1869, he rose as usual, but was so ill and weak that he was persuaded to return to the bed from which he was never more to rise. All that medical skill could effect was done to prolong his life, but in vain. Gently and gradually he sank.

We cannot do greater justice to this most touching theme—the last moments of that aged and holy servant of God—than by simply inserting in our narrative the description a friend has sent us of the close of his long pilgrimage. We cannot transcribe it, nor will others read it, without emotion.

"During the last week of his life, the soul of Father Henry Young was in constant communion with Heaven, and it was remarked that he prayed with extraordinary fervour that the especial blessing of God might rest upon the Council of the Vatican just about to be opened, upon the Holy Father, the prelates, and all engaged in it. When visited on his death-bed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, so profound was his humility, so earnest the spirit of self-abasement and contrition, in which he proclaimed himself an unprofitable servant, and unfaithful labourer, lamenting and bewailing the sins of his life, and the opportunities he had neglected, that it was judged necessary to enforce silence on such matters, except to his confessor. Father Purcell, of the Cathedral, having done everything he could to satisfy the humility of the dying saint, he received the last Sacraments with the utmost fervour. It was evident that his end was rapidly approaching, but it was not anticipated to be quite so near; when on Wednesday, the 17th, exactly one week after his first seizure, he expressed an earnest desire to receive the final indulgence of the rosary from one of the Dominican Fathers. A messenger was accordingly sent to the convent. By some mistake the message was not delivered, but at that very time, Dr. Russell, the Superior of the Dominicans, suddenly experienced a desire to visit Father Young. As he entered the room he perceived a change pass over the countenance of his venerable friend. Hastening to his side, he imparted the final absolution and indulgence, signing to those around to unite in prayer. There was no struggle, no agony, but in a very few minutes the Dominican said with deep emotion, 'A saint has passed to heaven, it is now our turn to ask his intercession for us.'"

Thus, upborne by the Church's prayers, sustained and invigorated by sacramental grace, and surrounded by the ministers of God, peacefully and joyfully did Father Young pass from this land of exile to the eternal home, towards which, with unfaltering steps, he had pressed forward from his childhood.

All present said that they had never witnessed so holy a death. His countenance was radiant with an expression of angelic peace, which dispelled the shadows of the dark valley. About an hour before his death he gave his solemn blessing to St. Joseph's Asylum, its inmates, its benefactors, and all connected with it. He used to say—speaking of the religious life—that the song the virgins sing is even more beautiful than that of the angels.

It was the general belief that he had anticipated his purgatory, and at once entered into a participation of the joys of heaven. On the evening of his death, as also on that following, the numerous Confraternities of Dublin which he had founded and organized, assembled at St. Joseph's, to unite in the recital of the Office for the Dead, for him whose voice had so often led theirs in that work of charity.

The scene within and around the asylum church during the two days the remains of the holy priest rested before the altar he had so faithfully served, surpasses all description. From earliest dawn until midnight, thousands crowded to St. Joseph's, moved by one universal feeling that the body of a great saint lay in their midst. The strong wooden barriers which it was found necessary to erect round the bier, were again and again displaced by the pressure of the throng, and it required the vigilant exertions of a strong body of police to guard against accidents from pressure, and to preserve order.

The highest testimony which could be borne to the sanctity of Father Young was the great anxiety shown by all to venerate his remains. A priest, describing it, says, "It was the triumphant ovation of a conqueror—in truth, the conqueror of death." Burly coal porters and dockyard labourers, pale, worn-out women, extreme old age and childhood's dawn, mingled together, all alike swayed by the same sentiment, subdued by the same deep feeling, that the apostle of the poor had passed from his earthly ministry to plead in their behalf before the great white throne. All struggled to touch with their beads, medals or handkerchiefs, his vestments, or even the coffin; and grateful indeed was the poor woman who, in the truest spirit of an Irish mother, after hours of patient waiting, succeeded in placing the baby hand of her child on the placid form, invoking with prayers and tears the protection of the holy priest for the little soul so infinitely precious to her maternal heart. Others, who were not able to approach near enough, held out their infants beseechingly towards some man whose strength would enable him to make his way to the bier. And most touching it was to notice the gentle appreciation with which the hard-handed son of toil would fulfil the mother's behest.

Through scenes such as these, Irish children learn from the best and holiest instructors, "How blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their works follow them." From this probably arises the fact, that death, as a rule, has no terrors for the Irish.

They almost universally regard it—to use Father Young's own expression—as a summons "*home*." No gloomy terrors of the vaulted charnel-house or creeping worm cast a shadow over those who regard the grave as the harvest field, wherein the seed of the Lord is sown in corruption to arise immortal and glorified; and believe that earth but shelters her sleeping children within her bosom, in trust for the Bridegroom, who is the Resurrection and the Life.

At the solemn office in the cathedral church an immense crowd filled the entire space within and around the church, as also the adjacent streets, although it was a week-day. The people were wrapt in intense devotion; their grief at losing him was profound. All were in tears. The exclamations of reverence and love, and sorrow were overwhelming. When the coffin was being removed down the nave, and through the main entrance of the church, and round to the vaults, the scene was indescribable. It was found almost impossible to make a passage for the coffin, such crowds pressed around it, struggling to the last to touch it with something which might, by that contact alone, become to them as a precious relic.

The pious inmates of St. Joseph's Asylum say that they were quite unable to satisfy the innumerable demands for relics of the holy servant of God. The Archbishop of Armagh requested one to be sent to him, and applications poured in, not only from the devout of Ireland, but from England, America, and Australia, on the part of those who either had known Father Henry Young, or were familiar with his great virtues. His soutanes and other articles were cut up into small particles for distribution, and eagerly sought for until the supply was exhausted.

Accounts have reached us on the authority of competent witnesses, that many cures were wrought in his lifetime by the prayers, and after his death by the application of the relics, of Father Young. But, as these facts have not yet been submitted to the proper investigation by the ecclesiastical authorities, we refrain from detailing them.

Our task is now accomplished. May God bless this little work and commend it to the hearts of the true children of the Church in Ireland, and elsewhere. We lay it at the feet of those who have received and transmitted the precious heritage of the Faith, preserved at the cost of long and strange sufferings, in the humble hope that they will accept it as a feeble tribute of respect and sympathy from an English Catholic.

OUTER AND INNER.

I.

I LIVE two lives, the outer one
 Is full of toil and pain,
 The sunshine from my path is gone,
 No joys for me remain.
 The busy World, it passeth by,
 And takes no heed of me,
 My anthem is a lonely sigh,
 My portion poverty.

I twine no jewels in my hair,
 I wear no garments gay:
 I wreath no flowers sweet and fair,
 For me no minstrels play.
 And all the shining world outside
 To my dull sight appears
 A mockery of pomp and pride,
 Seen through the mist of tears.

There is no brightness in my life,
 No pleasures to command,
 The bitter war, the angry strife,
 The harsh and heavy hand.
 The years drag on all drearily,
 The hours are sad and slow,
 And all of hope that bloomed for me
 Has faded long ago.

II.

I close my eyes a moment—swift
 On fancy's wings I fly,
 And dowered with its royal gift
 A crownèd Queen am I.
 I wave my sceptre—love and light
 Obey its potent spell;
 And in these visions of the night
 Its sweetness none may tell.

But most it comes when bending low
 Before the Altar dim,
 My spirit brightens in the glow
 That lives and loves near *Him*.

Then Angels whisper lovingly,
With lustrous eyes and mild,
Till weary years depart from me,
And leave a happy child.

'Tis nigh when kneeling at her shrine,
I pour my heart in prayer,
And call her "Mary Mother mine,"
And lay my weight of care
Beneath her feet, until I feel
The blessed balm of tears
Comes all my weakness to reveal,
And humbles while it cheers.

Oh! wondrous thing of mystery,
God's dealings with the poor—
He loveth them so tenderly,
What need they ask for more?
If weary lives by passing gleam
Can thus assuaged be—
Oh! what, when 'tis no fickle dream,
But God's eternity?

D. L.

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

At last Lady Diana was released from the task she had found so irksome. Sir David Villiers died, and Lady Diana was free. For the first few days she was full of rejoicing. She had no fear of losing her position at court, for it had been the king's appointment, against which neither James nor Mary Beatrice would venture to rebel. Besides, with consummate tact, she had contrived to make herself liked by both Duke and Duchess. Over Mary Beatrice she even exercised a sort of baneful influence, for the Princess was extremely young, naturally clinging and diffident, and terribly afraid of compromising her husband by any ill-judged act on her part.

Never, perhaps, was Princess placed in a more cruel position than Mary Beatrice. In pleasing the King she generally contrived

to displease the Queen, and then often found the fault of not keeping in the good graces of both was laid on her. Lady Diana, with her winning manners, her knowledge of court secrets, her fearless bearing towards the King and her intimacy with the Queen, possessed great power over Mary Beatrice.

Lady Diana's delight at her widowhood was of short duration. Sir David Villiers' estates were entailed, and passed to a distant relative; and the riches which his wife believed him to have accumulated, and which were to pass to her, were found not to exist. He had always been obstinately silent with his wife as to the disposition of his moneys, and now she found they had melted away. So, save for her place at Court, Lady Diana found herself as poor as when she broke her plight with Philip.

The disappointment was bitter. It is difficult to estimate the effect of such on her character. She had hardened her conscience, had deadened her better instincts to obtain wealth and power, and now they were snatched from her. Riches in her eyes were of a value past all words to describe. How was she to satisfy her inordinate love of dress? How was she to be, as heretofore, the best-dressed woman at Court, the person who led the fashion, whose attire had always been a marvel of elegant taste and costliness? The family jewels passed away from her. How was she to replace them? How was she to gratify her chief amusement (which with her was a passion), card-playing? All these thoughts ran through her brain as she sat alone in her chamber, and her resolution was taken. Ere she laid aside her widow's mourning she would win a greater prize, she would attain a higher position. Her present one was dependent on Court favour, and this should no longer be. Lady Diana smoothed her brow, arranged her widow's coif in the most becoming manner she could, and went forth from her chamber.

"Dearest Rita," said she, when she next met her devoted satellite, revolving as ever round her planet, "you must be all to me now. I am alone in the world. Even poor Dick is not to be counted on. He is out of his senses, I suppose, for he hath fore-sworn the world altogether. I warrant he will seek foreign parts and become a monk. Poor Dick!" And Lady Di laughed merrily at the idea of gay, dashing Dick hiding himself under a monk's cowl, and passing from a dangler of fashion to a tiller of the ground.

"Dearest and lovely friend," said Rita, kissing her hand in a transport of delight, "if I can only be a comfort to you, my whole life will be well spent."

"Pshaw, child," retorted Lady Di, "have you not to marry?"

"Oh! not at present," cried Rita, "and perhaps never. Or if," she added, "it must be, I am sure——" she stopped, blushing. She did not actually like to speak of Philip as her future husband, though the thought in her mind was that Philip would not interfere with her devotion to her friend. Marguerite was ignorant of the

passages between Philip and Di Lindsay. May, believing her to know it, had never mentioned what she had heard, and, as often happens in life, the person supposed by every one to know a fact was the only one in ignorance. No one ventured to talk of Lady Diana in Marguerite's presence; therefore, she remained uninformed on the matter. But she had seen signs of devotion to Lady Diana in Philip, which she had interpreted in her own way; and, besides, she felt very sure that though Philip sought her hand, he did not care to win her heart, nor to bestow his on her. It was this conviction that made Marguerite look quietly forward to a union with him, knowing that she should accept him without affection, and simply to carry out her object of placing herself in her right position. She felt she would do him no injustice.

Lady Diana smiled. "I will finish your sentence for you, *chère*, 'Philip would not interfere.' But, Rita, it is not settled you are to wed Philip, and I, for one, see no reason why you should." Marguerite opened her eyes wide.

"I thought," she faltered, "you wished it, you advised it. 'Tis because of what you said that I have suffered him to pay me court of late."

"Never mind that, Rita. I have pondered over the subject, and I think it would not be a prudent match for you. It is true your dower is large, but that is no reason you are to marry a poor man."

"But I thought—you know we planned," said Marguerite, still bewildered with the sudden change, "that to unite the title and lands together would be a good thing."

"That is the very point," returned Lady Diana. "I have considered it—it looked feasible at first. But what, Rita, should hinder your father from wedding again?"

As she spoke she fixed her eyes keenly on Marguerite's face: she beheld it flush crimson, and tears of indignation sprang to Rita's eyes.

An idolizing friendship deadens but does not destroy the traditions of one's life. "Never!" cried the girl, breathlessly. "He never forgets my mother. He would never put any one in her place; he said so when she died, for Louise told us so, and he never changes his word."

Lady Di's lip curled. "My dear Rita, I thought you were no longer a child like May. As if a man really cherished a romance like this. He may think he does; but if either love or policy told him to wed again, trust me he would do so."

"I am sure he would not," said Rita, indignantly, her eyes flashing. "You do not know him, Lady Di; you do not know the Edenhall nature," and Rita arched her neck and drew herself up to her full height, like a young war-horse ready for battle.

Never had Lady Diana seen such an exhibition of passion in the girl's nature. She stood aloof as if she had been stung. There

was no trace of the yielding docility, the adoring submission, Lady Di was accustomed to receive. She saw that it was quite possible Rita would break loose from her allegiance, and prove a very rebel. Quick as lightning Lady Diana's plans were formed.

"True enough, darling, I do not know an Edenhall's nature; but, without knowing, I have learned to love it," and she extended her hands towards Marguerite. "You know your father, and your word is enough—I'll put aside for the future such a thought as treason. Pardon me, dearest. You know I am a worn-out woman, and you a fresh maiden, who has not had her belief in truth and honour rudely shattered to pieces;" and as she said these words in a low, mournful tone, she covered her face with her hands, as if overcome with emotion.

In an instant Rita was kneeling by her side, imploring forgiveness for having grieved her. It was sweetly given; but Lady Diana did not recover her spirits in Rita's presence, and the poor girl went away sad at heart.

As soon as she was alone Lady Diana's face changed. "Well-a-day," she said to herself, "I must give up that idea. What does a girl's love matter to me? If she be fool enough to wed Phil, let her do it—she'll reck the day; but my plans are not to be marred by her folly. I will brush her out of my path, if need be, as I would an insect."

Thus thought Lady Di; while Marguerite lay weeping on her bed, pondering how she could best comfort her heart's idol.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM that time forward, Lady Diana spared no pains to captivate Marguerite, and she accepted the invitations lavished on her of visiting Lord Edenhall's house in Pall Mall. Up to this time the acquaintance of the Earl and his daughter's friend had been slight and distant, and it was some little time before the stern and self-contained man yielded to the fascination of the clever woman who had made up her mind she would charm him. But she succeeded at length, and Lord Edenhall was never so pleased as when Lady Diana was his daughter's guest. Marguerite had never known before how brilliant and sparkling her father could be till Lady Diana drew him out. Never had she been so happy. Religion was nearly thrown overboard in her dream of delight. She still attended Mass in the Royal Chapel, and tried to shut the ears of her mind to Père de la Colombière's discourses. She avoided meeting him and totally neglected the sacraments. She was wrapped up and absorbed in a dream of earthly love, and the merciful Father who never punishes save in compassion, and never

corrects save to heal, was watching the time when the dream should be dispelled, and a rude awakening take place.

The only member of the Edenhall family with whom Lady Diana did not succeed was May. She could cast no glamour over that fair young mind. The clouds flit over the clear waters of a lake, but they do not stir its depths. So was it with the soul of Margery; and Lady Diana, finding her arts fail, did her best to keep out of Margery's way. The poor child had never had such liberty before. She found Marguerite planning for her how she should spend some days at Kensington, or how she should meet Alethea, till her heart bounded again with joy at this new consideration on the part of a sister who had been latterly so forgetful of her.

It thus came to pass that May and Alethea were both present at a conference given by Père de la Colombière to the nuns of the Conception living at the Grange or Farm to which we once led our readers. It was the Feast of the Visitation, and a day to be marked for ever in the lives of the two young maidens. We will tell the reason of their joy in Father de la Colombière's own words. On this day he wrote as follows to a Visitation nun in France:—

"We are keeping the Feast of the Visitation, and have, thanks be to God, celebrated it well, considering the country we are in; besides many persons who went to communion, there were two young ladies about twenty years of age who chose this day to consecrate themselves to God by a vow of perpetual chastity, after having made a general confession. Upon one of these girls God is beginning to pour very special graces.

"Our Lord sends me every day souls which seem to me to be chosen ones, and who give themselves to Him most generously. Three are now thinking of entering religion, and two others have been under my care for some time who are not far off from it. I have sent off the two men who wished to enter religion, and of whom I wrote to you. Ask our Lord to give them real inspirations. I write to you this good news of what I believe God is preparing for His glory. As for me, I do nothing. I am not eager, and I remark that our Lord sends me after waiting three, four, and five months, souls whom I would scarcely have dared to ask for. Please give us your prayers, for if you will thus help me, I hope our Lord will not regard my sins, and will be greatly glorified in this city.—Ever yours in Jesus Christ,

"LA COLOMBIÈRE."

Very radiant were the faces of May and Alethea as they took their places among the nuns to listen to the long promised description of the holy nun of Paray-le-Monial.

"I need hardly remind you, my sisters," said the Father, "of those words of Holy Writ, 'Wonderful is God in His saints.' You have pondered over them often, and you have tried to comprehend this great lesson that God chooses to work in His poor creatures, 'Greater things than these ye shall do, because I go to the Father.' He is knit up with us, for do we not feed upon His Body and Blood? Therefore wondrous are the works He shall do in a soul that corresponds to His grace, that gives herself up to His love.

There are many such souls on earth now, sisters, and I believe it has been my singular privilege to be brought into communication with one of them. About two years ago, I was sent to be superior of our residence at Paray-le-Monial, a small insignificant town in Burgundy. There exists there a Convent of the Visitation Order, founded by Father de Barry, of our company. The holy founders of the order were both living at the time, and with their blessing the little colony came forth from Lyons. More than once the saintly Madame de Chantal (who will, I feel sure, be ere long raised upon the altar of the church), visited this house and thus left a benediction resting on it.

"As I told you on a former occasion the superior of the Visitation placed Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque under my direction, and thus I became acquainted with the marvels of grace passing in this soul.

"Our blessed Lord has appeared to her frequently, and may be said to guide her by the words of His own lips. Only, as He who was subject for thirty years to His own creatures, would ever impress on His children that the path He loves for them is that of obedience, He would not permit this holy soul to obey even His own words, without referring to her director, however unworthy that latter might be. One day she said to our dear Lord, 'But to whom, Lord, dost thou address Thyself? To a poor creature and to so wretched a sinner that her unworthiness would be capable of hindering the accomplishment of Thy design. Thou hast so many generous souls to execute it.' And our merciful Lord, who loves also that His children be like unto Himself, meek and lowly, deigned thus to answer, 'What? do you not know that I make use of the weakest instruments to confound the strong? that it is in the little and poor of spirit that my power commonly manifests itself with the greatest splendour in order that they may attribute nothing to themselves?' And then she, simple and fearless as a child with its mother, made answer to her dearest Master: 'Do Thou, then, give me the means of doing what Thou commandest.' He answered, 'Address yourself to my servant, Claude de la Colombière, and tell him from me to do what he can to establish this devotion, and to give this pleasure to my Divine Heart. Let him not be discouraged at the difficulties he will meet with, for there will be no lack of them; but he must remember that those are all-powerful who distrust themselves and place their whole confidence in Me.'"

Here Father de la Colombière paused, and seemed to wish the sisters themselves to speak.

Mother Elizabeth remarked, "Father, is this saint as yet hidden in her community, or do all around her appreciate her great gifts and graces?"

"Thanks be to God," answered the Father, "as yet she is hidden, and has to suffer, as far as it is possible to suffer in a holy

and fervent community. The Visitation nuns are trained to have a horror of singularity; it is a tradition of their order, and they do well to be jealous of it. Therefore, Sister Margaret has naturally something to undergo, and she rejoices in it. Her virtue, my sisters, is solid; profoundly humble, humiliation and reproach are her delight. She was thoroughly tried in her noviciate. Often was she sent to make her meditation while sweeping the court, but no outward employment could distract her from union with our Lord.

"And now, sisters, let us learn a lesson from this holy soul. I want to instil in you all a great love and devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. That heart was cleft open for us on Calvary, let us hide ourselves within it. That heart broke with love for us, let us at least give our hearts in return if we cannot make them break with love for Him. I want you to cultivate in yourselves a special devotion to the adorable humanity of our Divine Lord.

"From this revelation to sister Margaret Alacoque it is certain such a devotion must be most acceptable to Him. I shall come nither again, sisters, if Father Whitbread sends me, for I desire, if our Lord permit me, to kindle in the hearts of all religious an intense devotion to the Heart of Jesus. I believe that God has destined this to be an especial work of the Company, and for some mysterious reason He has chosen the most unworthy of its sons to sow the first seed—others shall water—He shall give the increase. Who knoweth," said the Father, while a flush came into his usually pale face, and his eyes lit up with celestial light, "whether on this very spot a shrine may not arise wherein that Sacred Heart shall be specially honoured and invoked?"

"O Sisters! let us take courage: the sky is black overhead, and heavy with clouds; imprisonment, torture, and death may be your portion, but God's works shall never perish. Sooner or later the faith shall arise again in England. Sooner or later the Virgin Mother, whose feast we keep to-day, shall again reign over the land that once was hers from north to south, from east to west. England is the first country in which the voice of a Catholic priest has dared to proclaim the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Believe my words, sisters, I speak the truth, by the devotion to the Sacred Heart, England shall be saved.

"Oh! to win this fair gem for our Master's royal crown, shall we not give our prayers, our sufferings, our lives, our all?"

Unable to restrain his emotion, Father de la Colombière quitted the room.

[To be continued.]

MY TWA LUVES.*

BY JULIA M. O'RYAN.

O H, the growing grass an' the breering corn,
 An' the winnowing birds waukrife ;
 Oh, the laithfu' leuk o' the April morn
 When I fell in luv wi' Life !

I'd kenned him saxteen years before
 (That felt like twice saxteen,
 Wi' ae mither that sat by my father's door
 An' ane in the kirkyard green).

An' aye wi' a dour an' darkling face,
 An' a cauld an' churlish e'e,
 An' I thought that I ne'er could be aught to him
 Nor that he could be aught to me.

But now 'twas a youth wi' a smile o' Spring,
 An' a waulie, aefauld air ;
 Wi' an' e'e o' the lift where the laverocks sing
 When they sing an' ye see na where.

Wi' words like the woo o' the turtle-doo,
 As 'twere a' for me alane ;
 I thought na to prove anither luv,
 I'd even my luv wi' nane.

It was but ae year—a' fair fa'en days
 An' leesome nights—wen by ;
 The skies were true, and the streams were fu',
 But where were my luv an' I ?

Oh, the sorrowfu' day to sup at noon !
 Oh, the dreck o' the waefu' wine !
 Oh, to tell wi' my tongue that my faithless luv
 Had never been luv o' mine !

* [Goethe wrcte an Irish Keen, which is given in Duffy's "Ballad Poetry." Here is an Irish heart overflowing in Lowland Scotch. A few words may be translated for readers who are not diligent students of Burns. *Breering*, budding; *winnowing*, fluttering; *waukrife*, wakeful; *laithfu'*, coy; *draunting*, scorning; *aefauld* (one-fold), sincere; *laigh*, low; *lea-rig*, grassy ridge; *fier*, sound, hale; *buirldy*, stalwart; *leesome*, pleasant; *lift*, sky; *dour*, sullen; *to prie*, to taste; *heckt*, promised; *sicker*, securely; *waulie*, smiling.—ED. I. M.]

'Twas a gay fause-face* cauld Life pit on,
That it fits him whiles to wear:—
Gin we luv'd na his smile, when his smile is gone
We'd mind na his gloom sae sair.

Then wi' draunting mock an' wi' laigh heart-main
We delvit, Life an' me,
Till I thought we twa, syne sic unfriens
Maun sune part company.

I streaked my saul, an' wi' faulded hands
Wad faitour† Life forgie:
But, jealous maist where he lo'es the least,
Still Life held fast by me.

Now we are na friens, an' we are na faes;
We're no what we ance ha'e been:
But just twa kimmers wha gae their ways
Wi' a twa-three wrangs atween.

II.

Oh, the gracious leuk, sae cloudy-calm,
An' the lown an' tender breath
O' the kindly auld October morn
When I fell in luv'e wi' Death!

I had thought, gay aften times before,
That a grewsome carle was he,
When it seemed, though he darkened my open door,
That he teuk nae tent to me.

Now he ca'd me, ance in the twilight fair,
An' twice till the fu' noontide,
To win awa to the open air
An' to lie in the lea-rig side.

I harkit—eh! but I had nae choice:
When ance his pipe ye hear
Ye list na the sound of ae ither voice.
Nae ither ca's sae clear.

An' still 'twas the same fier, auld-warl chiel,
An' yet no the same to me:
There's that in the visage that kens me weel
That I aye grow blithe to see.

* Mask.

† *Faitour*, faithless.

2 M

We walkit the very ways amang,
An' the paths *we* passed langsyne;
An' still did his slow, saft-fa'ing fute
Keep pace for pace wi' mine.

An' saft he sighed he was hecht my hand;
An' sicker he signed my name
In the rustling leaves o' the gowden beuk
That's shut in his ha' at hame.

Oh, the luvè that spak from his buirdly breast
By the tarrawing waters fa'!
Oh, the luvè I gied, when he wooed me best,
In the silence o' the snaw!

Yon Spring wad come wi' the cuckoo back,
Yon morn wad rise wi' me,
An' life wad hold to the tryst he brak,
An' I'd hae nae heart to gie.

My heart is *his*, not for a' the charms
O' my first fause luvè to prie
Wad I yield the rest o' his faithfu' arms
An' the light o' his easefu' e'e.

He's trothed me close wi' his clasp o' care;
His luvè I wad share wi' nane;
An' gin his favour be no that fair,
I ken that he shaws but ane.

WITCHCRAFT. Ø

WE are quite conscious of the ridicule to which a profession of belief in witchcraft must expose us in an age of such enlightenment as the present. The scalpel and the microscope have failed as yet to show traces of a spirit-world, and the warmest advocates of the theory of development shrink from proposing a "disembodied state," as the goal to which our race is tending—so that the belief in a spiritual existence, and consequently in witchcraft, to which our fathers clung so fondly, finds neither foundation nor support in the whole range of modern science.

But like many another outcast it stood high in favour once. It was cherished and defended by the representatives of learning and of power; and exercised a great and often fatal influence upon the fortunes and even lives of our ancestors. The history of its progress and gradual decay has been ably treated of by Mr. Lecky; and those who feel a sufficient interest in it will find very pleasant reading in that chapter of his "Rationalism in Europe," to which he has given the title "Magic and Witchcraft." Now and then, indeed, Mr. Lecky allows himself to be carried away by prejudice; but on the whole, his work shows a spirit of fairness and impartiality rarely to be met with in rationalistic writings; and the occasional phrases, that grate so harshly on a Catholic ear, may be set down to the cause which he himself has pointed to in his "Introduction:" "No one can be truly said to understand any great system of belief if he has not in some degree realized the point of view from which its arguments assume an appearance of plausibility and cogency, the habit of thought which makes its various doctrines appear probable, harmonious, and consistent" (p. xix.) Without wishing to deny the great value of Mr. Lecky's labours, it may, we think, be fairly said that he too has failed to realize the Catholic "point of view," as must all those who have no practical acquaintance with the Church. The "habit of thought" which makes our "various doctrines appear harmonious and consistent," is not of rationalistic growth; and the best intentioned critic is likely to misinterpret facts and judge harshly of persons in our history, when himself uninfluenced by the spirit which dictated the one, and guided the other.

If the number of convictions for an offence be admitted as evidence for the existence of the offence itself, or, at least, for a *belief in its existence*, then the belief in Witchcraft must have been widespread and enduring. When we reflect that from the reign of Henry VI. to that of George II.,* when the statute against Witch-

* The last execution for Sorcery took place in 1716.

craft was repealed, about thirty thousand* persons were put to death, for this crime, in England alone, we can form a fair idea of the hold it had upon the people. Nor was it in England only that a suspicion of sorcery sent men and women to perish in the flames or on the scaffold. The Duke of Wurtemberg gave orders for a grand Witch-burning on the Tuesday of every week, at which from twenty to twenty-five, but never less than fifteen victims were to be consumed. And the order seems to have been only too faithfully carried out—for a catalogue still exists in the library of Hauber, containing the names of 157 persons burned in the Bishopric of Wurzburg between 1627 and 1629.† During the nineteen years' rule of John VI., Elector of Treves, numberless executions took place—suspicion fell upon all classes alike; citizens, senators, priests, even the rector of the University, himself one of the judges, were accused and condemned. Such was the state of popular excitement, that of two whole villages two women alone were left; and within seven years, the victims from twenty villages, in the immediate neighbourhood of Treves, amounted to 368‡.

About this period, a fear of Witchcraft seems to have gained complete possession of England, France, and Germany. In 1556, 400 persons are said to have been burned at Toulouse. And "towards the end of the civil wars, the crime of magic was become so common, that the prisons of the parliament were too small for the multitudes of the accused, and the judges could not find time to try them."§ From 1581 to 1585, Remi passed judgment on 900 persons in Lorraine—and a few years later de Lancré was sent to make inquiries in Labourd, in Gascony, where over 1000 persons were convicted of magic.|| The contagion spread even to the infant States of America, as is proved by the record of the judicial murders perpetrated in Salem Village in the year 1692. In that one village of Massachusetts from the 10th of June, when the first execution took place, until the 22nd of September, when as Noyes, the Minister of Salem, said, there were hung "eight firebrands of hell," "twenty persons had been put to death for Witchcraft; fifty-five had been tortured or terrified into penitent confessions."¶ Of the means by which these penitent confessions were obtained we shall have occasion to speak later. Crespet in his book "*De odio Satanæ*," tells us that in France, under Francis I., the number of persons accused of magic amounted to 100,000.**

Italy too, at least in some parts, was more than tainted with the

* Barrington upon the 20th Statute of Henry VI.

† Görres "*Die Mystik*," Book VIII., c. 45.

‡ "*Gesta Trevirorum*," vol. III., c. 301.

§ Florimond de Raimond, "*de Antichristo*," c. VII.

|| Görres, Book VII., c. 43.

¶ Bancroft, "*Hist. of United States*," c. XIX.

** Cited by Görres, Book VIII., c. 7.

evil. The account given by Retegno, whom Julius II. sent as inquisitor to Brescia, Bergamo, and Como, in 1505, shows that close upon 1000 persons were tried every year by the inquisitor and his vicars; and that several hundreds had been burned in the course of a few years. And we read that St. Charles Borromeo received upon one occasion the abjuration of 150 persons, inhabitants of the Canton of the Grisons, who had been addicted to Witchcraft.* The evil spread far northwards too, for we find the Government of Sweden sending a commission to inquire into alleged magical phenomena in the village of Mohra, in 1559. This commission declared the suspicion well founded, and reported that there were in Mohra seventy witches who had seduced 300 children. Of the witches twenty-three, of the children fifteen were condemned to death. The documents relating to this strange trial are still to be seen in the Royal Archives of Stockholm.

The cases which we have cited, without entering upon the question of the justice of the sentences or the motives of many of the principal actors, will suffice, we think, to show that the belief in Witchcraft was not limited by country, race, or creed; and that during a certain period, notably the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it had a terrible hold upon all classes of society. Of our own country we have made no mention; for, strange as it may seem to those who assert us to be a superstitious, priest-ridden people, scarcely a trace of the Witch-hunting mania, so prevalent in other lands, appears in our history. In 1327 Bishop Ledred, an Englishman, accused the Lady Alice Kettel and her son William of practising black magic in Kilkenny. Her stepson, Sir Roger Outlaw, Prior of Kilmainham, took upon him her defence, but he too was included in the accusation, and put upon his trial. The result, however, we are glad to find, was the acquittal of the accused, and the forced retirement of Bishop Ledred to his native England.† This, and the case of the Presbyterian Witches of Carrickfergus, towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, stand alone in our annals; and it is worthy of remark that in neither case were the accusers or accused of Irish origin.

That an enormous amount of cruelty and wrong must have been perpetrated during the period in which the belief flourished, the most zealous Witch-hater will find it impossible to deny. The very method of investigation commonly adopted would seem to have had for object, not the impartial trial of the accused, but the punishment of a person already condemned. No doubt there were among the judges men of a humane and upright disposition, sufficiently impressed with the responsibility of their position to resist the senseless clamour for blood which was certain to be raised when a case

* Giussano, "Life of St. Charles Borromeo."

† D'Arcy Magee, "History of Ireland," vol. I., p. 308.

of pretended Witchcraft occurred. But on the whole they seem to have been more willing to imitate the example of James I., who himself applied the torture in the case of some Scotch Witches,* than to follow the wise instructions of the Roman Chancery.† Very many seem to have thought that an accusation of Witchcraft was in itself sufficient evidence of guilt; and the rack, the thumb-screws, and worse, were always at hand for those who dared to assert their innocence. That they were usually successful in obtaining a penitent confession from their victims, before sending them to the gibbet or the stake, is undoubtedly true. But when we remember the means by which such confessions were extorted, we can only wonder that any were courageous enough to withhold them. Imagine a feeble woman or a frail young girl, for these were the usual victims, delivered over to the power of men without a sentiment of mercy, humanity, or shame. Deprived of food, sleep, and rest, and subjected to numberless indignities at the hands of men like Matthew Hopkins,‡ what wonder that they sought a release from their sufferings in the confession of their crime? In case they persevered in the assertion of their innocence, they were almost sure to lose life and reputation in the hands of the public torturer—if they confessed, they could lose no more; at worst the agonies of the torture-chamber were exchanged for a speedy death on the scaffold or at the stake. Besides, the accused were usually told that repent-

* "The wisest fool in Europe," as James was called, prided himself not a little upon his skill in discovering witches. When returning to Scotland with his bride, Anne of Denmark, in 1590, his fleet seems to have met with rough weather. This was attributed to magical influence, and after a lengthened investigation in which James took a principal part, and the accused suffered the most terrible tortures, many persons were put to death. (Of one Fian or Cuninghame, Sir W. Scott says, "the nails were torn from his fingers with smith's pincers; pins were driven into the places which the nails usually defended; his knees were crushed in the boots; his finger bones were splintered in the pilnie winks"). This event strengthened James's youthful passion for witch-studies, which he ever after pursued with great interest. He is known to have himself applied the torture to the persons accused, for the purpose of forcing from them a confession of their guilt; and his book on Demonology is still extant, in which he lays down minute directions for the evocation of spirits by means such as the formation of "circles triangular, quadrangular, round, double or single according to the form of the apparition they crave."

† The instructions alluded to are dated Rome, 1657. Had they been attended to by both Catholics and Protestants, we should have been spared the horrors which the history of witchcraft reveals. They condemn the way in which trials for witchcraft were carried on, insist that mere suspicions could not justify the imprisonment and torture of any one, and prescribe wise and moderate means of treating the different cases which might arise.

‡ Hopkins, a native of Essex, came into notice as a witch-finder about the year 1644. A short account of his life and the means he adopted to terrify his victims will be found in Sir W. Scott's "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," p. 245. The one pleasing event mentioned in the narrative is that Hopkins himself being subjected to the trial by swimming, was unable to sink, and so stood as clearly convicted of witchcraft as any of the hundreds he had condemned.

ance for their crime, not a denial of their guilt, was the way to freedom, and the promise of pardon led them to confess anything their persecutors desired. Speaking of the trial at Salem, Bancroft tells us that "no one of the condemned, confessing Witchcraft, had been hanged, and that no one who asserted his innocence, even if one of the witnesses confessed perjury, or the foreman of the jury acknowledged the error of the verdict, escaped the gallows."

As yet we have not entered upon the question of how far the charges brought against the accused were capable of proof, and upon what kind of evidence they were pronounced guilty. In glancing at any record of the trials, the reader, no matter what his faith in Witchcraft may be, must be painfully impressed by the injustice which almost everywhere prevailed. The most notorious criminal of our own day would not be adjudged a week's detention on such evidence as sent hundreds of our forefathers to a shameful death. In many instances the charge was brought forward because political or other grounds rendered the murder or banishment of the accused desirable, while public opinion demanded a show of justice. This was the case with Joan of Arc; the Duchess of Gloucester, wife of Duke Humphrey; Jane Shore, and many others. Personal ill-feeling, a desire of notoriety, or greed of gain prompted the prosecution in many others; as in the Salem cases, the trials which took place under the guidance of James I., and the infamous mockeries of justice presided over by Matthew Hopkins. It is impossible to read the narratives which Mr. Lecky, Scott, and Görres have collected without a growing feeling of indignation at the shameful cruelties perpetrated in the name of religion and morality.

After a declaration such as this it may appear strange that we should profess our entire belief in the possibility of Witchcraft; and still worse that we should admit as convincing the evidence brought forward in certain individual cases. Yet so it is. Evil-minded men may pursue their own designs under cover of honest principles, which may be discredited and disowned by the multitude, owing to the wrongful deeds of those whose boast it is to follow them. But the principles will still be true; and there will be always some who can read them in another light than that shed on them by those who disgrace them. The belief in Witchcraft has been fruitful of many and great evils; but the possibility of Witchcraft, the fact of its existence, are independent of them. It must be confessed that a vast amount of imposture and superstition grew up, and in the popular mind became identical with magic; and that with the critical aids which modern research has placed at our disposal we can throw light on many things which our ancestors found dark indeed. But it should be remembered that to discredit isolated examples of magic leaves the general question still untouched, and least of all warrants the rejection of a theory which only aims at proving these supposed facts possible; just as the kindred subject of spiritism is wholly unaffected by the light in

which we may regard the performances of the Davenport Brothers and Dr. Redmondi. It may be that the handcuffs are taken off, and escape from a locked and corded box made possible, by the intervention of some kind spirit, as say the former ; or it may be the result of mere physical strength and dexterity, as is asserted by the latter. But even though we grant that Dr. Redmondi has convincingly proved his case, we are not therefore warranted in denying the general possibility of spiritism, nor yet its reality in certain cases. In many modern theories, too, we meet with hotly disputed questions, which, if they could be satisfactorily disposed of, would tell enormously in favour of the more received opinions, but which even if disproved, only deprive them of a proof the more. Newton's theory of gravitation is not rejected because some of his proofs are, nor is Galileo's solar theory because he erred in some of his demonstrations.

We may fairly take for granted that the majority of those to whom this question has any beyond a mere historical interest, will concede to themselves the possibility of the existence of demons ; and this once admitted, the received tradition as to their fall and present state cannot be rejected as impossible. There *may* then exist a class of spiritual beings, gifted with wondrous power, and animated with an intense and ever-enduring hatred of all that is good and holy. Unutterably miserable themselves, they may view all happiness as an increase of their own misery, and be anxious to drag down all others to their own level. For beings such as these man is a fitting prey. His passionate desires, and his own imperfect powers of satisfying them, must often make him willing to receive aid from some one stronger than himself ; he will be disposed to sell, for what he looks on as a present good, all his hopes of the future. If, then, spirits, such as we have pictured, can enter into communication with man, and place at his disposal, even to a limited degree, some of the powers we have supposed them to possess, may we not fairly expect many of the results which the history of magic records ? In virtue of a compact, effects due to the power of the demon are produced at the will of man, and the soul of man is the wages of the demon. All objections to the possibility of such intercourse must arise either from our knowledge of the nature and powers of the parties to the contract, or from our judgment of what God's Providence demands. Now, our knowledge of our own and the demon's nature is most limited ; and nothing in either can justify an adverse conclusion. At first, indeed, it would seem that a wise and powerful Ruler dare not allow man to injure himself so fearfully as we suppose, still less that he could permit man's wicked passions to bring evil on his fellow man, through Satan's intervention. But these are only varied forms of the one great problem, which each succeeding age has thought itself best qualified to solve—the permission of evil ; and whosoever can reconcile all the sin and misery, and

crime that lie festering around us with a supreme and watchful providence, will find little difficulty in explaining the seeming power for evil which the demons are said to have exercised on man.

Still, while merely proposing here the theory which makes Witchcraft possible, because evil spirits *may* exist, I may not myself lay claim to the philosophic spirit which would rest in such neutral ground. I cannot look upon life as a rationalist would have me do. I love to recall the memories of my childhood, which pictured to itself nature animate with spiritual life, which saw the interposition of good or evil angels in most if not all the many joys and ills of existence, and could almost, as Dr. Newman so beautifully says, detect the glories of bright angels' robes in the green grass, and fruits, and flowers with which our earth is clad in spring and summer. I admit that all this is eminently unscientific,—out of place in “the advance of rationalistic civilization.” But I am content to be laughed at by my more scientific fellows, so that I may not be ever weighed down by what I taste and grasp and see, so that I may be allowed to picture to myself something beyond the cares and miseries of life, and breathe ever and anon an atmosphere untainted by the gin-shops and prisons, the crowded lanes and factories of our nineteenth century.

P. F.

JOHN RICHARDSON'S RELATIVES.

A STORY.

PART II.

It was fortunate, George could not help adding to himself, the fellow hadn't gone the day before, or Mary could not have found him, and got the promise on which John, good fellow (worth a hundred thousand of the other), had lent his whole reserve.

"Don't you be out of the way to-morrow on any account!" he said aloud, as he turned to leave the office.

"I shall not be out of the way at all, this week," John replied. And so for the time, each resigned himself to await Johnson's return.

Next day at an early hour George went again to Johnson's office, expecting this time to find his brother-in-law returned and busy in the customary place. But "still out of town" was the result, and nothing more was to be learned. Again, but less confidently, he dropped in on John.

"Not come back yet!" he said. "It is very provoking, and I can't account——." But there he was stopped by the thought that perhaps he could account for it: as suddenly and most unpleasantly there came across his mind a remembrance of the profound and, in truth, deliberately discouraging silence, preserved by his wife when at breakfast he had spoken assuredly of finding Richard at home this day.

John saw and interpreted the abrupt break-off. He saw, too, that if indeed Richard Johnson meant to play him false, George was not in the scheme; weakness there may have been, but not treachery on his part. But his (John's) own danger made this but a very partially consolatory assurance. He said nothing, and tried hard to look nothing that might betray his apprehensions. It was better policy, he felt, not to appear even to George to doubt Richard Johnson's promise.

The third day saw the same little first scene enacted; no Johnson yet. But this day, George's heart, and indeed conscience failed him as he turned from his brother-in-law's door. He did not, he could not, go to John. Where indeed was the use going without Johnson?

The next day, and the next, and the next again went by, and not merely was there no sign of Richard Johnson's return, but his letters had been forwarded first to one town, then to others in succession, according to orders duly received. The weather was temptingly fine; he rarely took a holiday, and "it was better," he now thought, "spend a ten or twenty pound note on one's-self than risk

and lose possibly hundreds to another for nothing." So he in fact was making a tour of it.

"And why shouldn't he stay out?" his sister asked. "Why should he neglect his own business?"

George was silenced by this reply to the few words of complaint that he had ventured on; and, heavy-hearted—only indeed just a little less so than he was in his own trouble—he went from his wife to his business. For he began to see not only what had come, but what would not come to pass. It would be easy for Johnson to make excuses when so much time had gone by, to say that circumstances had altered, that he was himself straitened, and so on if he really meant to dodge John. Good John! George's own naturally good heart smote him hard. But what could he do now? How many wise sayings rose to his too ready memory: "a secret is yours till you part it, then it is your enemy's;" "a word goes forth slowly on foot in the morning, yet a coach and six horses cannot bring it back at night;" and many, many more! "What could he do?" George now repeated to himself, now that he had done what he ought not to have done? Though he didn't see how he could have helped himself after that first mistake (which yet he found hard to regret heartily) of securing his own safety at John's risk. Had he been able to bring himself to tell Mary a downright lie, she would have read the truth in his face. What could he do now except get up a quarrel with her, perhaps? for she was cool as a cucumber. She did not mean to quarrel with him, nor to let him, if he were so inclined, quarrel with her brother. He now felt assured that if she had not actually prevented Richard's securing John, as promised, she would do so were he to move anew in the affair on his return. Indeed by the equal significance of her words and of her silence when her brother was alluded to, she contrived to convey this impression to her husband's mind as the best way to deter him from making any such attempt.

Meantime John Richardson had had to go out of town himself to see after some business that could not be altogether entrusted to any of his assistants. And this circumstance (which probably had been counted on as likely by his brother's shrewd wife) also helped to make it easier on the one hand to avoid recurrence to the past, and harder on the other to return on it.

"Let bygones be bygones now; 'tis best for you!" Mrs. George said significantly, when at length Richard Johnson's return was announced, and George felt himself powerless against her stronger, sterner will. He did what was he thought the only thing he could do, he worked late and early to make or to save money. But circumstances were still dead against him. He plainly saw that it must be some time before he could withdraw the borrowed sum from his business, unless he were to give it up for good and all. Nay more, he might, he thought—or his wife led him to think so—

even need Richard Johnson's help elsewhere, before things could be counted on to change materially for the better.

Meanwhile ashamed not less than troubled, he could no longer bring himself to visit John as of old, nor even to go where he might expect to encounter him; so that at last if he saw his brother coming up one street, he, when and where he could, turned off into another.

John, on his side, felt that his calls unsought for might be unwelcome as those of a spy or a dun; nor indeed was he any longer desirous of making them. He understood George's position, having arrived at pretty nearly the same conclusion come to somewhat earlier by George himself, as to the part played by Mrs. George in the matter of the loan; and he could make allowance for his difficulties, yet he could not help feeling a something very near contempt when reminded of George's own share in the transaction. And as this was feeling too painful to be courted, he resorted to him as seldom as possible in word or thought.

To this gradual alienation of the brothers, another, and perhaps it may be thought a somewhat whimsical cause, contributed its share. John, never liking thoroughly George's wife, now took a thorough and keen dislike to her. Looking on her—as he could not choose but do—as the evil genius of both his brother and himself, he felt an insuperable objection to give her, whether speaking to herself or others, the same sweet name by which he called his own high-minded and warm-hearted wife. And as Mrs. George never had been known as Polly or Molly, Marion or Minnie, it would not do for him now to call her out of her proper name. To meet George, who certainly would ask for his Mary, without following suit so far, would look positively unchristianlike, since it could under the circumstances bear no two interpretations. John, therefore, on the whole was glad, whilst sorry, that he and George so very seldom met.

Thrice only during some months did the brothers Richardson voluntarily come together. Once was when John, under pressure of a need of his own, went to George's stores to ask—in no very sanguine hope as to the answer—if the latter could possibly pay him back in part.

"Impossible!" was to be read in George's countenance, even before his lips pronounced the word in unmistakable accents of truth and of regret.

He made no offer, even the faintest, of now applying to Dick Johnson. He doubtless, John thought, knew it would be vain. Indeed John himself saw and felt (what Johnson probably would plead) that it was one thing to give his name in a quarter where, as he well knew, only dire necessity could force the lender to press George, and another to give cash out of pocket to his brother-in-law's brother. And so he made no reference to Johnson's name

himself. He saw that the money should come from George or from nobody ; and as yet it was impossible to George.

"He was barely and hardly tiding over the very difficulty that had made him John's debtor. When he could—the very earliest moment—John might rely on him ; he should not need to be reminded."

John did rely on him, indeed so far as such promptness of action could be carried out independently of Mrs. George. "Some time or other, no doubt, he will pay," was his thought when they had parted, "when perhaps I shall need it even more than I do now." Not a very cheery sort of self-consolation this ! His next attempt was better : "Well, all things considered, he's worse off than I ; he has my money, I only wish I could afford to let him have it ! but I, thank heaven ! have not his wife. He bears that misfortune as I could not. With her and the world's wealth, it would still be 'Joan in the corner,' marring all else with me."

Yet whilst he made the best of things, even to his own mind, it would not be easy to imagine any circumstances that did not include duns at the door in which a man of business should have greater need of his capital than John Richardson at this juncture had of his. An opportunity such as he had long wished, and hoped, and waited for, seemed within his reach ; and yet should it, as he expected, even offer itself, he could not now avail of it. It was just one of those turns of

"The tide
That, taken at the full, leads on to fortune ;"

and he must, so far as he could see, let it ebb away from him. The contract for a building that, planned and executed as he felt conscious he could plan and execute, would fix his professional standing, was almost waiting at his office-door ; yet lacking capital he must let it go. To own that it was for want of means to keep ahead of calls that could not in such a work be peddled with from hand to mouth would injure him in one way. To let it be supposed it was because his hands were already overful might do so in another ; as that might divert from him the smaller jobs of which he more than ever needed many, now that he could not count on undertaking larger. His mind was full of these perplexities when the second meeting of the brothers came to pass. This time it was George that came to John ; though he took half a dozen turns in a neighbouring street before he could bring himself to do so. When at length he summoned resolution and went in, John was at his desk and alone, as he was upon George's former visit of ill-omen ; but now he was seated inactively, his head resting on his hand. He looked up, and half rose to meet his visitor. Then they shook hands : a ceremony that sent home to the heart of each alike the change in old relations, and the sameness of old feelings.

"Did you hear old uncle Tott has been dangerously ill?" George asked without further preface.

"No."

"Nor did I till——Mary told me," he was about to say, but checked himself, and said instead, "till Monday last, and I was busy all day yesterday."

John made no comment. He was rather at a loss to know why this news should have brought George to be where he was, looking awkward, nervous, and, as in truth he felt, ashamed to be there, and anxious to be gone.

"He fell in something like a fit on Monday afternoon," continued the latter, "the house was in awful confusion, nobody knowing what to do when—when we went over." Having thus as best he could, intimated the fact that his Mary at that moment reigned lady paramount over the whole house of Tottenham, a house in which she never before had found opportunity for so much as setting foot, he went on more easily: "I thought I'd let you know, if you hadn't heard; it is but right you should know."

"Thank you!" John said, seeing that George had paused as if expecting some reply. There was no irony in his tone, though perhaps he felt that there might very well have been.

Not so, George. He felt, or fancied that he was doing John a favour, telling him a something to his possible advantage which he might not otherwise learn till too late; and it was this feeling or fancy that alone had given him courage to present himself to John. "Other people will be visiting or inquiring for him, no doubt," concluded he, suggestively.

"He will the less need one more, then," John replied. "He can all the better spare me."

"I don't know that," returned George, with something like the frank cordiality of old times in his tone. "And you should have your chance with him as well as any other."

John made that little upward motion of the head with which an Irishman conveys what a Frenchman does with a shrug of the shoulders. "One of us two is enough at all events," responded he. "You will let me know should he ask for me, or if there be any real reason why I should go now where I never have been wanted."

"Well, then, good-bye! you'll do what you think best, no doubt," George said as they parted.

"You would not go to see him?" Mary John said inquiringly when her husband had told her the substance of his talk with George that morning.

"Certainly not!" John said: "you would not have me, surely!"

"I would not, I suppose," she said less decisively. "But——"

"But everybody may not think as we do," added John, interpreting a pause whose significance he thoroughly understood. "We

cannot help that, dear. And what could be gained by going (if I were so minded)? I do not see what! If the poor old man is insensible to outer things he would not know me; and then doctors and nurses only have any business to be with him. If he has come to himself—which," he added, a little shamefacedly, though with a half smile, "I recollect that I forgot to ask—I might just as well say to him frankly, 'Here I am, sir! ready to take anything you may be pleased to give or leave me;' for my visit could really have no other meaning. And not you alone, but anybody, it seems to me, may fairly judge of the expediency of that. If he was alone and neglected, it would be a different case. But he is not. Surrounded and cared for, as I am sure he is by George and—his wife (to say nothing of doctors and other people), he does not need me, nor even you, dear. And though, in truth we need him, we are not likely I think to benefit by him. Nor do I believe that any claim I may possibly be held to have would be promoted by an attempt to put in my claim in person."

"You don't object to inquiring for him, surely?" persisted Mary, who had motives of her own (quite apart from any expectations, great or little, from the sick man) for knowing beforehand precisely what her husband would do, and what, led or driven, he would not do.

"Surely not; that would be unkind, almost un-Christianlike," replied he, "we can easily learn from Franklin how the poor old man gets on."

"What makes you smile?" Mary asked, looking at him with surprise.

"Be honest, and say 'laugh,'" returned John.

"Well, no, you did not laugh, quite."

"Something very—very like it," he returned, now laughing outright. "I could not really help smiling, as you please to call it, for I could not help imagining at that moment some of the scenes that are passing or likely to pass in that house; the comic and the tragic strangely mingled. I'd give a good deal—if I had it to spare—to have seen what followed 'when—when we went over,' as poor George told it! 'Tis a long time now since I heard him stammer—he's grown such a cool man of business; 'twas like bringing back old times."

Nothing, however, could have come to pass more simply, more quietly, nor seemingly more as a matter of course than the state of occupation which John pictured to himself and his Mary as established and maintained by Mary George.

On the particular Monday named by George to John it chanced that whilst marketing or shopping she met her brother Richard's wife; and, interested in some matter of nursery management mooted by the latter, went with her and a little girl in special question to the house of a certain Dr. Franklin, with whom they desired to hold a consultation.

Arrived there, Mrs. Johnson—the strictly literal kind of woman who was thoroughly suited to the man whom she had married—proceeded to obey the “Knock and Ring” prescribed in the newly picked-out style of black-lettering on a brass tablet affixed between “Night Bell” above, and “Day Bell” below to the door-jamb. She did both in a manner that meant money, more money than the pound of a passing patient, to the discriminative ear of the doctor’s elderly man servant: for Richard Johnson, Esq., did things creditably when he had to do them; and in seeing Dr. Franklin considered what was due to his own position as well as to the doctor’s pains. The door then opened softly, widely, and, as it seemed instantaneously, as flintiest doors do even yet upon appeal from an “Open Sesame” that needs no magician to enforce its spell; yet disappointment awaited Mrs. Johnson within. For as both ladies, unquestioning, were moving on towards the accustomed waiting-room they were stayed by a respectful counter-movement of the servant, and the unlooked-for announcement of “The Doctor is not at home—I am sorry to say—Mrs. Johnson.”

“Not at home!” repeated both ladies.

“Surely this is——” began Mrs. Johnson, and pausing to make sure she took out her watch.

“He was at home as usual not ten minutes ago, ladies,” responded the man. “But he got a sudden call, Mr. Tottenham, old Mr. Giles Tottenham——”

Here pausing, he looked at Mrs. George Richardson. Knowing as became an attendant, old in his own service, all the roots and branches of the family trees whose golden fruit fell into his master’s hands, he did not think it well to blurt out over hastily, though but to a grand niece-in-law, even the modified ill-news of an old, self-isolated and little cared for man, being (as was conjectured) at the point of death.

“In fact, ma’am,” he said, now addressing Mrs. George, “he was sent for very suddenly to the old gentleman. Something like a fit, ladies, as far as I could learn,” he added with caution at second-hand befitting the representative of a man who might be looked on as professionally the embodiment of caution.

“We are sorry for that, on all accounts,” Mrs. Johnson said, thus relieving her sister-in-law, who did not well know what to say, from any call for a reply. “Tell the Doctor I’ll call on him to-morrow.”

“But the Doctor will be able to call on you, ma’am, I dare say,” suggested the man.

“Oh, no, thank you!” Mrs. Johnson said quickly, “It’s of no consequence, or at least not enough for that. Just say I called, please, and that I’ll come again about this time to-morrow.”

She saw no occasion for turning a five guinea series of prescriptions into a ten by bringing Dr. Franklin, a busy, fashionable, as well as clever practitioner, a mile and a half drive from home, while

a fact the walk to him was no more than their customary exercise to her and to her little girl. This point settled, the sisters-in-law turned from the Doctor's door-step, taking the direction in which Mary George's shortest way home lay.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," cited Mrs. Johnson, by way of striking a happy mean between condolence and congratulation. "May not this—if it is true—bring something to George?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied her sister-in-law.

"If I were you," said Mrs. Johnson, "I'd call there at all vents."

"The very thing I was thinking of," returned Mary George, eagerly. "And I'm glad *you* said so. It may help to influence George to take my advice. He has been inclined—I think too much so—to follow his brother's lead about the old man."

In saying this she recurred to the troublesome bill met by John, concerning which she had, before applying to her own brother, vainly striven to make George appeal to his granduncle, and of George's absolute immovability on that point. And she was about to add—

"But, after all, it was as well perhaps that we did not try him at that time, it might have turned him altogether against George;" then remembering the probability of the whole business being unknown to Mrs. Johnson, she checked herself and ended with, "But this time I certainly will, if I can at all, have my own way."

"Well, then, Mary," concluded Mrs. Johnson, "don't let me delay you. I'd go farther with you but for Kate Anne. She looks rather heated already with her walk, and I counted on a rest at the Doctor's. Let us hear your news when you have any. If I were you, I wouldn't lose much time."

"Lose time, indeed!" Nothing could be further from Mary George's mind just then. So intent was she on saving it, that she could not even spend so much of it as might enable her to reach home on foot, but took a cab from the next stand she came to, and so hastened on her way "to pick up George," as she said it to herself, without whom she could not well venture to present herself for admittance to old uncle Tottenham's household.

She had but reached her own door when George himself was out to meet her; the sight of a cab with his wife in it leading him to apprehend an accident, a sprained foot at the very least. A few words accounted for the unusual self-indulgence upon her part. And, much to her surprise, not very many more were needed to induce George to accompany her, and that forthwith. Making no delay than beyond a moment to change his office coat, get his hat, and say a few words to a clerk, he took his place beside her, and they went on their way as quickly as the cabman could

be tempted—by an extra sixpence—to risk driving along busy streets. Few words were exchanged between wife and husband meantime.

"I was afraid you'd be as obstinate as you were that time about the bill," she said as she settled herself back in her place so as to be as much as possible out of sight of strange eyes.

"That was quite a different case," rejoined he; "I knew pretty well what I was about in not trying him then. I was sure, as I told you, that it could do me no good, and that it might do me harm."

"Very likely it would make no difference at all," rejoined she.

Now she was fully qualified to judge of the force of his objections, time and circumstances having informed her of what her husband could hardly be expected to enlarge on, namely, that his unlucky speculation, closely looked into—as it would have been by any lender except tender-hearted John—would be found little likely to touch the heart or purse-strings of a frugal and experienced man of business, such as old Giles Tottenham was known to be. But to assert one thing and think the contrary was a combination not quite without precedent on the part of Mary George, when perfect candour might compel her to own that she had been mistaken.

After this, both remained silent, each thinking characteristic thoughts of what might or might not follow in the course that they were taking. George, with a masculine dread of scenes, and dislike of squabbles, dwelt still more on those who did or doubtless would surround the sick bed, than on its prostrate occupant, and by the time they were mid-way on their little journey was almost half sorry for thus taking the first step tending towards what might seem to his cousins and his cousins' wives, an usurpation of their equal rights; while his Mary, with that intrepidity which seems specially imparted to women in those positions that make men grow sensitive and nervous, thought little or nothing of dangers that she would perhaps enjoy rather than otherwise if crowned by conquest. She, undistracted by any such asides, went straight forward to the main point, wondering to herself, would the old man recover sufficiently to settle his affairs, if he had not already done so? How was it probable he did or would arrange them? Would Giles Daunt be likely to inherit more than the others, because of being a namesake, if the old man had his senses? If he died intestate, would the law give the four grand-nephews share and share alike? or would any more distant relatives be enabled to put in a claim? This last question, resting as might be supposed, on a plain point of law common to all cases, she thought George might be able to resolve, and was about to put it to him, when turning to look at him she saw reason to think again before she spoke. No over-

spurred race-horse shows plainer signs of distress than those visible on George's face and air, as at that moment he wiped from his flushed forehead the dew, not of exercise, but thought.

"Two pins would make him turn back again," she said to herself. "I had better say nothing of it now, and fortunately here we are!" Tapping at the window for the cabman to stop, she said aloud, "I think we had better not drive nearer the door, we can get out here;" and so they did.

Nothing could have been more happily contrived than this avoidance of a sensational arrival. They thus were enabled to avail of one of those little circumstances upon which, as on hinges, the greatest events sometimes turn. It made their entrance as easy as if into their own house; and a servant sent out hurriedly for something or somebody had left the door ajar; so that George and his Mary actually found their way without let or hindrance to the old man's chamber door, and there were met and welcomed by Dr. Franklin as people fallen into their natural and proper places where aid was sorely needed. So masterly, indeed, had been Mary George's movement that she had arrived before the doctor had had time to secure the attendance of a desirable nurse. And the delicate and difficult duty of selecting one was now resigned by him and accepted by her to their mutual satisfaction. So it came to pass that the functionary whose own authority in the sick room might most readily prompt and enable her to resist Mary George's rule, became thus engaged by her; instead of rival or opponent, her obedient humble servant.

A young girl named Alice Travers had for some years back been companion to the late Mrs. Tottenham, and since the old lady's death had held the place, if not the name, of mistress of the old man's household. She could, under no easily imaginable circumstances, cope with Mary George; and at the present crisis, silent and bewildered by terror and sorrow—for, however stiff and cold old Giles Tottenham had seemed to those who had natural claims on him, he had been consistently courteous and even kind to this young stranger—she thought only of the poor patient; and was ready to welcome any or everybody likely to be of more use to him than she was herself. And it was not merely with ungrudging, but with grateful admiration that she watched and waited on Mary George's able administration of affairs.

At the very first, indeed, every one concerned felt relieved by having the direction of every one else undertaken by a head and hand thoroughly capable of meeting the emergency. And by the time that other relatives, as forecast by George, having in blood alone as strong a claim as George himself, to intervene in their own persons, or the persons of their wives, naturally did come to the house, the old man had recovered consciousness; and his silence and submission seemed to set the seal of legitimacy to every act of Mary George's *coup d'état*. So that instead of the squabbles imagined by

John as likely to follow on the "going over," everything hitherto progressed by a routine that seemed invincible and tranquil as the course of nature.

Nor was there in this, all facts and circumstances well considered, so very much to be surprised at.

Mary George was now filling the office in which she showed best, and that which perhaps she most thoroughly enjoyed. It has been well observed that people like doing that which they are conscious of being able to do well; hence Mrs. George Richardson found a certain pleasure in even the pains of nurse-tending. She was a woman formed by nature, and a notable and not too sensitive mother, to be by the sick bed-side, the delight of doctors, and indeed of other men. When blood was to belet, she did not even turn pale. When leeches were required, she administered the proper quantity of cream with the same composed exactitude with which she coloured George's tea. Whilst the old man's life was in peril, she slept, or rather waked in the house, looking in on the professional nurse from time to time the whole night long, at intervals so uncertain as to keep the poor woman incessantly upon the watch. She spoke in monosyllables. She walked on velvet. And when the old man's convalescence reached the point of enabling him to partake of ordinary food, she still was no less in her special element. Everything that he fancied or was recommended was, when procured by her found to be of the best, and—a condition he by no means despised—was, for its quality, the cheapest of its kind. Never was the doctor's *dictum* of "little and often," more trustworthily carried out in practice. Everything, as hot or as cold as it should be, was served to a moment, and done to a turn.

[*To be continued.*]

THE HEART OF HEARTS.

GOD'S Sacred Heart—oh ! sweetest words
 That ever waked the slumbering chords
 Of music in a human heart—
 More tender than the breeze that floats
 And sighs amid the wind-harp's notes,
 When evening's lonely steps depart.

More soft than tones of earthly love,
 Or mellow voice of plaintive dove,
 Amidst the quiet summer trees,
 More gladdening to the spirit's ear
 Than songs that soothe, and words that cheer,
 Or message from the parting seas.

The Heart that loved us first and best,
 And showed its depth by such fierce test,
 Our cold forgetful hearts to move.
 One tear God's anger had appeased,
 One sigh man's fearful doom released,
 Yet He would die, His love to prove.

Amidst men's sons most fair He stood,
 Alone unselfish, noble, good,
 The friendless' and the sinner's friend.
 The bruised reed He would not break,
 The outcast leper ne'er forsake,
 Nor little children from Him send.

The red beads scar His brow these days,
 As when the Paschal moon's white rays
 Shone round Him in His agony.
 For those He trusted, faithless proved,
 And wounds are made by hands that loved,
 And last and least of all is He.

We lavish love for trivial claim,
 But yesterday, to-day the same,
 For Him alone there's none to spare.
 Neglected, slighted, and forgot,
 His pleading low still answered not ;
 Few grieve for Him, for Him few care.

Ah! go and mark His home each day,
 And count the few who come to pray,
 And look into yourself and see
 The forced weak love, the hours that seem
 So long because they're spent with Him—
 Poor Sacred Heart—alas for Thee!

Still Peter's Master, Mary's Lord,
 Each old sweet name, and tender word,
 Reproachful run to lips this hour.
 Oh! let thine eyes meek pity fall,
 On mine, the coldest heart of all,
 And melt it with Love's mighty power.

T. Y. N.

THE IRISH COLLEGE AT ROME.

A STUDENT'S SOUVENIRS.

AN inexperienced young Irish student, scarcely able to speak one word of Italian, I arrived at Rome by rail from Civita Vecchia on a gloomy evening of October, a good many years ago. Some way or other I managed to make it understood that I required a carrozza to convey myself and my trunk to the Irish College of St. Agatha, on Monte Cavallo. After much disputing among the porters and cabmen, accompanied by a great deal of violent Italian gesticulation, which certainly frightened me a little about trusting myself to any of them, I fell to the lot of two worthies, one of whom acted as cabman, the other pretended to be a commissionaire. The drive was a rather long one, for the terminus was then on the Vatican side of the Tiber. It was also through some of the narrowest, dirtiest, and crookedest streets in Rome. This, of course, naturally added to my distrust of my conductors. However I found that they were not quite so bad as I suspected. They meant no further evil than a little gentle pillaging. After turning up a narrow hilly lane, the carrozza suddenly stopped before an immense wooden door, and to my intense relief I discovered that I had arrived safe at my destination.

The porter, an old Italian, past seventy years of age, made his appearance, lamp in hand. He had once been considered sufficiently presentable, in face and figure, to act as footman in gor

jeous livery, at the back of a Cardinal's carriage. But as he was now a withered up old man, I was not very much prepossessed in favour of the first representative I had met with of the Irish College. As he was quite unable either to understand me or to satisfy the rapacious claims of my worthy friends, he called to his assistance the only other servant who had remained in Rome during the absence of the superiors and students at Tivoli on their vacation. This was a tidy little old Irishman of rather a hot temper. Though evidently regarding my coming as simply a source of trouble and annoyance to himself, he came to my rescue, and after a sharp battle, carried on, I dare say, less for my sake than to gratify his own combative propensities and his thorough dislike of the "blessed Italians," as he called them, he succeeded in getting them to part quietly with only twice as much as they were entitled to.

In the morning, at breakfast, James informed me that I should have to set out in the course of the day for the country house belonging to the College, which was situated on one of the Sabine hills within half a mile of the ancient city of Tivoli. As the "diligence" did not start till the afternoon, I had several hours at my disposal, which I devoted chiefly to wandering through the empty rooms, corridors, and chapels of the College, with all that interest which it was natural that I should feel in a place where I was to spend so many of the best years of my life.

Though only in the possession of the Irish for the last thirty or forty years, the Irish College at Rome is extremely ancient. It consists principally of two ranges of buildings at right angles to one another, one range running along the *Via di Magna Napoli*, which leads from Trajan's Tower to the great Church of St. Mary Major, the other running up the slope of the Quirinal hill, at the side of the narrow lane which I have already mentioned. On the lower portion of the rectangle, of which these two ranges of building form sides, stands the venerable Church of St. Agatha, attached to which is a lofty square tower open at the top. The upper part of the rectangle is occupied by a small but pretty garden, in which the students are sometimes allowed to take their recreation.

I found that each student had a room to himself, generally of a fair size, but scantily furnished and quite unadorned, except perhaps that a few cheap pious prints broke the monotony of the white-washed walls. Even the three or four rooms fitted up as chapels, were by no means remarkable for expensive decoration. The old church, however, is a gem worthy of the Virgin Martyr of Catana. Of course, like most of the Roman churches, it has nothing striking in the exterior. This, indeed, could not be helped, as it is so closely surrounded by the wings of the College. Within, all is chaste and beautiful, and though existing even in its present form many centuries, it looked newer, fresher, and more perfect than many of our northern churches that have been erected within the last twenty years. The arches of the nave are supported by two graceful rows

of pillars of the Ionic order. The walls are decorated with frescoes representing the life and martyrdom of St. Agatha; and the high altar of pure white marble is a model of simplicity and good taste. But the dear old church had attractions for us, students, as Catholics and Irishmen, greater far than those which were derived from its beautiful architecture or venerable antiquity; for, in the vault beneath it, lay enshrined one of the best and purest hearts that ever beat with love for Ireland, that of Daniel O'Connell.

After a very early dinner I started in the Diligence for Tivoli. About sunset we reached the bridge of the Anio, the Ponte Lugano, where the road, which had been almost perfectly level since we left Rome, began to ascend the hills. As these were covered with olive trees for miles all around, I fancied, in my ignorance, that we had got into some immense mountain forest, and all that I had ever read of Italian brigands flashed back at once upon my memory. After a slow drive of half an hour, we reached a cross road where the driver of the Diligence stopped, and made signs to me to get down. He then directed a young boy to act as my guide, and a few minutes' walk brought me, at last, to the country villa of the Irish College.

The superiors and students received me with great kindness, especially some of the latter whom I had known before they left Ireland, natives of the same diocese as myself. These felt themselves called upon to make me happy during the few days of liberty that remained to them before the end of the vacation. I was able to make them some return by the little budget of news I brought from Ireland about their families, friends, and school-fellows, the local politics, the ecclesiastical changes in our diocese, and many other matters in which their long absence from home naturally made them feel the deepest interest.

This pleasant mode of life, which I will describe hereafter, soon came to an end. Five or six days after my arrival, the vacation was over, and all had to return to Rome, where we entered at once upon a retreat. This retreat, by which the scholastic year commences at St. Agatha, is much longer than that which is made at Maynooth and the other ecclesiastical colleges at home, it lasting for almost nine full days, from the evening of the 23rd of October, till after Mass on the 1st of November. It is conducted by one of the Passionist Fathers from St. John and Paul's, on the Coelian Hill. The lectures are given in Italian, but the freshmen who are supposed to be unacquainted with that language, usually get the assistance of some English-speaking priest. I entered upon this, the first retreat I had ever made, with the deepest feelings of responsibility, as I had been carefully instructed that accordingly as I made it well or ill, it would be sure to have a lasting effect for good or evil upon my whole future career in the service of the altar. But I must confess that in spite of all my good intentions, my mind would often wander away during the sermons and devotions in the chapel, or amid

the meditations I endeavoured to make in the silence of my chamber; and the thought of home, which I could easily repress during the change and excitement of the outward journey, and the pleasant recreations of Tivoli, would often bring tears to my eyes, and fill my soul with sadness, as I remembered those dear friends from whom I was to be parted for so many a long year; some of whom I was fated never more to see upon this earth. During the solitude and solemnity of that first retreat I learned from experience, as a poor young student, far away from my native land, in that distant Italian College, how much need there is of that consolation which our dear Lord has given those who leave brethren and sister, father and mother for His sake—the promise, namely, that they shall possess life everlasting.

After the conclusion of the retreat, we, the new men, were called up before the superiors for examination, that they might decide to what class each one of us was entitled. This examination was not very difficult. The principal thing required was a sufficient knowledge of Latin to enable the student to understand the lectures of the professors, and the scholastic treatises in that language. As the regular ecclesiastical course at St. Agatha's lasts six years, it would not be advisable, without substantial reason, to add another year or two to it, by making a young man read humanity or rhetoric over again, as the expenses connected with the place are somewhat heavy, the College not being a free one; and as there is, moreover, always danger that too long a stay in Italy may seriously injure the student's health, and disqualify him for the laborious duties of the mission on his return to the ruder climate of Ireland.

During the three or four days between the end of the retreat and the opening of classes at the Propaganda we had sufficient time to visit some of the principal sights of the city. I beheld, with rapture and amazement the magnificence of the Vatican, the sublime grandeur of St. Peter's, and the classic beauty of the Colliseum; but I certainly felt an interest deeper far when, from the steps of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo in the Corso, on the 4th of November, the feast of that Saint, I beheld, for the first time, the calm and gentle countenance of Christ's present vicar on earth, the saintly Pius the Ninth.

On the following day we entered at last on the regular routine of the ecclesiastical student's daily life. At the Irish College we were divided into four distinct bodies or companies, called by the Italian name "*camerata*." Each *camerata* consisted of about twelve or fourteen young men, who were governed by a senior student, styled the "*prefect*," whom, as he was responsible to the superiors for their good conduct, all the others were bound to obey. The position of prefect, though most honourable, was one that the students were not generally ambitious of filling, as whilst there were but few privileges, there was a great deal of labour and responsibility attached to it. Each *camerata* was lo-

cated in a different portion of the college ; and the members of one were not allowed, without the special permission of the superiors, to speak to those of another, even during the hours of recreation.

The students arriving each year from Ireland were all placed in the fourth, or lowest, camerata, which might be regarded as a sort of novitiate. Those who were thus made to form one body in the beginning generally continued to do so during their whole time in the college, with the exception of occasional intervals of separation, when some of the seniors might be removed into a higher camerata, or some of the juniors left behind in a low one, at the general promotion at the commencement of each scholastic year. The result of a small number of warmhearted, innocent young men, with common aims and sympathies, being thrown together so closely in a foreign land, day after day for so many years of their life, was that they naturally came to regard themselves as members of one family, and to feel for and love one another as brothers. There was, too, an honest and healthy development of character. Where the community was so limited, there could be no room for concealment or hypocrisy, and there was no necessity for severity on the part of the superiors in the enforcement of discipline, as they knew the habits and dispositions of each member of a camerata almost as well as a parent knows those of his own child. Nothing can be falser than the charge which has been so often made by the enemies of religion, and which now serves as an excuse for Bismarck's vexatious interference with clerical education in Germany, that the total seclusion of the ecclesiastical student from the world hardens his heart, and renders him a mere machine in the hands of the Church, incapable of truly sympathising with the wants and sufferings of the people. No young priest certainly ever left St. Agatha's who was not at least as affectionate, as kind, as generous, and as pure, as when in the guileless innocence of youth he left the home of his childhood six or seven years before.

The student's day was divided as follows :—Having risen at five in summer, at half-past five in winter, he dressed himself in his soutane, and devoted the early part of the morning to prayer, meditation, and hearing Mass. There was breakfast at seven, bread and coffee, and then twenty-five minutes for study. At a quarter to eight on school days (of which except in vacation time, there were generally four or five each week) the bell rang to bid us proceed to the Propaganda, which was half a mile away. Each student then put on his hat and soprano, the latter a sort of outer soutane, open in the front, except at the neck, without sleeves, but with two long narrow stripes of cloth hanging like wings from the shoulders. This soprano, which was the only kind of overcoat we ever wore outside the college, had also a red border, about three inches wide running down its whole length on both sides in front,

which was the distinctive badge of the Irish students in Rome. When all were ready, the prefect gave the signal, and we set off in a body, two by two. We reached the Propaganda at eight, and then the more advanced students in the school of theology attended the lectures of three different professors in succession for an hour each up to eleven o'clock. This was perhaps a little too much, as besides the difficulty of keeping up one's attention for such a length of time, the student suffered somewhat from cold in the winter, sitting so long without any bodily exercise, and still more, in the summer from the heat and bad air of the crowded lecture halls. The new men, who were studying philosophy, fared a good deal better, as they had only two classes in the forenoon.

On arriving home, we retired to our rooms to study in silence till twelve. Then after some devotions in the principal chapel we had dinner, during which, as also at our other meals, some interesting and edifying book was read by one of the students. After dinner we made a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the church, and then we had three-quarters of an hour for recreation. This was not of a very active kind as far as the body was concerned, but it certainly gave exercise enough to the mind. The members of each camerata, except on certain days when they were allowed to walk in the little garden, met together in a common room, and seating themselves plunged at once into conversation, in which they discussed with a great deal of freedom, fluency, and energy, the respective merits of their professors, the philosophical or theological difficulties they had met with, the college gossip, and whatsoever else might happen to interest or amuse them. The rival scholastic opinions were often debated in these little meetings, with almost as much ardour as they had ever been by Probabilist or Rigorist, Thomist or Scotist.

To cool I suppose any little heat that might have arisen during the recreation, it was followed immediately by a quarter of an hour's spiritual reading. The arrangements for the next six or seven hours till supper varied considerably according to the different seasons of the year, as they depended principally upon the Ave Maria or Angelus bell, which is rung just before dark, and changes a quarter of an hour on an average about once a fortnight, becoming a quarter later each turn from Christmas till midsummer, and a quarter earlier during the other half of the year, the earliest Ave being at five o'clock in December, and the latest at eight or a quarter past eight in June. Nearly all our students had to attend at least one of the evening classes at the Propaganda. These commenced for the philosophers and junior theologians three hours before the Ave, but the class which was attended by the senior theologians did not begin till an hour later; when all these classes were over, we took a walk for an hour usually along the Porta Pia road, and after making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the beautiful little church of Santa Maria delle Vittorie, kneel-

ing beneath the Turkish flags that were taken at Lepanto, we had exactly time to reach the gate which has since been made so famous by the events of the 20th of September, and then get back to the college before the Ave rang. We were not alone in our patronage of the Porta Pia. The advantages it possessed with regard to quietness, cleanliness, and good air, made it the favourite evening walk of nearly all the ecclesiastics of that part of the city. During the hour before the Ave they had it almost entirely to themselves, whilst scarcely a layman was to be seen except an odd beggar or a French soldier standing sentry before a convent; hundreds of clerics might be counted from the Quirinal palace to the villa Albani outside the gate. They were to be seen clad in almost every colour, black, white, red, blue, and purple. In fact almost every ecclesiastical costume, and every grade in the church was represented; cardinals, bishops, secular priests, members of the most different religious orders, and students from the various colleges, many of whom had come from the most distant parts of the earth. The aspect of the place must, I fancy, since have greatly changed, as now the city railway station is in one portion of it, and the headquarters of King Victor Emmanuel in another.

Deducting the time that was occupied in attending the evening classes at the Propaganda, and in taking the walk on the Porta Pia road, there remained nearly four hours for private study in our rooms after dinner. At 8 P.M. we left our rooms and all met together to say the rosary in the chapel. Then we had supper, and after that recreation, during which at this hour we were bound to speak Latin or Italian. This arrangement had a double advantage, as besides giving us some fluency in these languages, it slightly checked the vivacity of our disputations. In the winter time, however, I fancy it would be somewhat better for the students' health if they were allowed to walk a little to warm their feet before retiring to rest. At half-past nine the bell rang for night prayer, and at ten every one should be in bed, and every light extinguished.

Altogether, on ordinary days, four hours of the student's time were spent in the lecture-halls of the Propaganda; one hour in passing to and from that college; about five hours were spent in our rooms, during which we were supposed to be engaged in study; three hours were given to recreation, two and a half to devotion, one hour to meals; and the remaining seven and a half to sleep.

On Sundays there was a considerable change in the routine. There was, of course, no school, but instead we attended High Mass in the church. We had also an hour of recreation in the morning, and a long walk of three hours in the evening. Each week, too, there was always one, and sometimes two or three, vacation days, on which we had the same amount of extra recreation as on Sundays. On such days we were sent in the evening to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in some one of the many

churches in the city. We then either made a little excursion into the country, or visited some interesting place within the walls. In a short time we thus managed to see almost everything, to know Rome nearly as well as if we had been natives, and to become thoroughly acquainted with all the principal palaces, churches, and ruins. During these long evening recreations, we, the children of that distant isle that never was trodden by soldier of the Cæsars, might be seen in many a classic spot, famous in the world's history, with our three-cornered hats, closely buttoned soutanes, and red-striped sopranos, enjoying ourselves at some innocent amusement, disputing a point of theology, talking of the prospects of the Church, or chatting over the news from home. Some evenings we would seat ourselves on the ancient wall of the city, between the Latin Gate and the great mother church of St. John's, and look out, for, perhaps, hours together, at the desolate Campagna, the broken aqueducts, the distant towns, and the picturesque Alban mountains. Another favourite haunt was a quiet and secluded spot, near the humble gardens of St. Gregory, and surrounded by some of the principal ruins of Imperial Rome. Here, on a summer evening, we would recline lazily on the grass, with the Capitol and Via Sacra in front, the still majestic Coliseum within a few yards of us on one side, and the mouldering ruins of the Palatine within a "bow-shot" on the other. Sometimes, too, we would cross the Tiber, and ascend the Janiculum, to visit the Blessed Sacrament in the Church of San Pietro in Montorio, where Tyrone and Tyrconnell sleep their last sleep—those brave old earls who suffered and lost so much for Ireland and the faith; and when our devotions in the church were over, we would rest for a while on the terrace before it, with the whole Eternal City stretched out beneath our feet—its streets, squares, gardens, and fountains; its convents, churches, palaces, and ruins; its obelisks, towers, and domes. On another occasion, wearied by a long walk on the once crowded but now solitary road to Ostia, we would sit down by the desolate banks of the Tiber, near the beautiful basilica of St. Paul's, and amuse ourselves with watching the yellow river as it descended towards the sea. To-day we might be listening to the military band in the fashionable gardens on the Pincian hill, with a hundred gay and brilliant equipages driving round us, and to-morrow we would be with the martyrs in the Catacombs, or loitering on the road-side, amid the tombs of the old Romans, on the lonely Appian Way.

From what I have said, it is clear that we were not, as young men generally are, very fond of active bodily exercise. The new students, it is true, fresh from Ireland, would often during the first winter indulge in football or some similar game, especially when, as sometimes happened, we spent a whole *vacanza* or vacation day in the country, dining at the vineyard belonging to the college, which was situated outside the walls, on the Via Salara, over the catacombs of St. Priscilla, and quite close to the confluence of the

Tiber and Anio. But after the heat and malaria of a single Roman summer, they were so much Italianized as to care very little for such things, and to think that they had quite enough of exercise in a walk, which was, certainly, pretty quick in December, but extremely slow and gentle in July.

The scholastic year, at the Propaganda, ended with the examinations in the beginning of August, but our regular holidays did not commence till after the distribution of prizes, which generally took place about the first of September. We then left Rome for the country villa of the college at Tivoli, which I mentioned at the beginning, and remained there for six or seven weeks. It was a fine, large, commodious, healthy house built on the side of one of the Sabine hills—the outskirts of the Appenines, at an elevation of about 900 feet above the level of the sea, and 700 above the plain of the Campagna. From the windows in front there was a magnificent prospect. Close to us were lofty and romantic mountains; around us for miles was a forest of olive trees; beneath was the Campagna, stretching away to the Mediterranean, and dotted here and there with the stupendous ruins of the classic and middle ages: To the north was the wild chain of Soracte, and to the south the Alban hills. To the front was Rome, of which, though sixteen miles away, the principal buildings could be easily distinguished with the naked eye. The villa had originally belonged to the Greek college, and though for many years in the possession of the Irish, the good people of Tivoli still call our students Greci, very stupidly, one would think, as they ought surely have long since discovered a very marked difference in character between the natives of Athens and Corinth, and those of Kerry and Tipperary.

During the vacation at Tivoli we had, of course, no longer any severe study, and nearly all our time was devoted to recreation. Still, as everything was conducted on a sort of monastic system of complete seclusion from the world, we had not much more liberty than at Rome. No student, for example, could go outside the walls of the villa, except in company with the members of the camerata. Within the house we usually amused ourselves with reading interesting English books, which we procured from the college library, or else by playing at chess, draughts, or backgammon, games which were strictly forbidden during the more busy times of the year. We spent five or six hours each day in the open air, amid the exquisitely beautiful scenery of the Sabine hills. One favourite walk was amongst the olive trees on the Roman road, another along the romantic valley of the Anio, beyond the Tivoli gate of San Giovanni. On either of these we were always sure of having a little feast, as the first was famous for the quality of its figs, the second for the abundance of grapes. Occasionally we took a longer walk than usual, and visited the majestic ruins of Adrian's villa, the warm baths of the Solfatara, or some romantic little Sabine town, perched so high up above the every-

day world, on the top of a lofty Apennine, that in spite of all the changes and improvements of modern times, the inhabitants remain still almost exactly the same in character as they were some twenty-six hundred years ago, in the days of Romulus and Tatius.

Having thus described the domestic life of the Irish students, I will now endeavour to follow them through the class-rooms of the Propaganda. The young man, who arrived from Ireland with a fair knowledge of the classics, passed easily for philosophy, and had to attend during his first year two classes, the one of logic and metaphysics, the other of science. This last was professed in Italian, of which the freshman, as a rule, knew nothing, and, accordingly, almost the only advantage he could derive from listening to the professor, was the accustoming his ear to the sound of that language. He did not, however, lose much, for the lectures seldom went further than the rudiments of arithmetic and geometry, as the blacks and easterns, who formed the majority of the working part of the audience, were completely ignorant of these matters. I knew one decidedly clever Egyptian, of more than twenty years of age, who could not for a long time comprehend how it could possibly be that two and three only made five, whilst twice three were six.

The second year the student had to attend lectures in Hebrew, moral philosophy, and the higher branches of science. The Hebrew chair was filled with great ability by our own vice-rector, Dr. Moran, now Bishop of Ossory. The chair of science was held by a most distinguished scholar, who had a reputation amongst us, much the same as that of the late Dr. Callan with the students of Maynooth. For the last four years, which were devoted to theology, there were rather too many lectures to attend, four each day, and even five if we continued the study of Hebrew. As these lectures treated of the most important matters, dogmatic and moral theology, Scripture, ecclesiastical history, archaeology and canon law, it was impossible for even the most talented man to master all of them thoroughly.

The average number of students in each of the classes of theology was about forty. These were members either of the Propaganda itself or externs from the Irish, Greek, and North American Colleges. But as the first year's theologians had some classes in common with second and third year's men, and the theologians of the second year had other classes in common with those of the third and fourth; the result was that a young man, in going through the course of theology, was brought closely in contact, not only with the men who began at the same time as himself, but also with those who commenced one or two years before and one or two years after; and he had to encounter, as rivals for the scholastic prizes, natives of almost every country on the face of the earth. I remember being in the same class, one time or other, with Englishmen, Scots, Americans, Frenchmen, Belgians, Germans, Danes, Italians, Por-

tuguese, Russians, Poles, Dalmatians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Egyptians, Hindoos, Armenians, Syrians, Chaldeans, Chinese, African Negroes, and South Sea Islanders. The Irish, however, formed by far the most powerful nationality, as besides those who came from St. Agatha's, there were also large contingents supplied by the Propaganda and North American Colleges. I do not think that, allowing even for their superiority of number, it would be too much to boast that they were, as a rule, the ablest men attending the schools. They had certainly to fight hard to deserve that reputation, and not alone with the Americans, Germans, Greeks, and other representatives of the European race, but even with the children of the East—Egyptians, Armenians, Chaldees, and Chinese. I remember one of the last mentioned nation who, besides ranking amongst the best theologians of his class, was also an accomplished linguist, speaking with ease and fluency in addition to his own language, Latin, Italian, English, and French.

The students of course, who lived at the Propaganda, had extraordinary opportunities of acquiring the gift of tongues, as they had amongst them natives of so many different countries. At St. Agatha's we were not so well off in this respect, and it was quite possible that if a young man did not exert himself, he might return to Ireland after his six or seven years, without attaining any great proficiency, even in Italian, as, except with the servants and professors, the chance of conversing with the natives of the country did not fall to our lot as often as might have been expected.

There was, naturally, a good deal of rivalry in the schools, and not alone amongst the students as individuals, each one seeking his own private honour and reputation, but even as representatives of different bodies, as natives of different countries, and members of different classes, and different colleges. At St. Agatha's all, even the dullest and least successful, felt proud when a good number of prizes were carried off by our own men at the annual distribution, and after our own we were anxious for the success of our countrymen of the American College and Propaganda, though, certainly, they fought against us, for their colleges, quite as vigorously as if they had been Germans, Chinese, or Hindoos. There was also a strong feeling amongst the members of each year's class not to let themselves be beaten in the contest for the common prizes in ecclesiastical history and theology by the classes that went before, or came after. Still, of course, the great interest the examination had for each man was, how it would affect himself. The position that each one held, from the first place down to the last, was published. The result was that every one had a strong selfish motive for working, and not alone the men of talent, who expected to get the prizes, but even those of little or no ability. These had just as much ambition to get far away from the last place, as the others had to gain the first.

These annual examinations were, however, conducted on a system that rendered them, as it seems to me, rather inefficient tests of the student's talents and learning; and very often those who succeeded best at them were not the men who stood highest in reputation. As a rule only one single subject was proposed in each class, upon which we were supposed to be able to write away for four or five hours together, on a hot, broiling August morning, a long Latin essay carefully reflecting the professor's opinions and mode of treatment; in fact the nearer one would keep to his very words the better chance he would have of success. To gain a prize then it was, in general, necessary to have taken down the whole of the professor's lectures on the subject, and carefully committed it to memory. But, as the amount of matter in which we were liable to be examined was extremely extensive, being the entire, or almost the entire business that had been gone over during the scholastic year in four different classes, including dogmatic and moral theology, ecclesiastical history, and Scripture, or canon law, it was impossible for even the most talented man to be thoroughly made up upon everything. If, then, he went in for a medal, neglecting other things, he usually devoted almost his whole attention to some few important subjects, which he considered most likely to be given by the professor for examination. If he guessed right all went well with him, but if, as often happened, his calculations proved false, and some unexpected subject were given, he found himself completely unprepared, and after perhaps having held the first place in his class the year before, he might now tumble down to be amongst the last. Success in these examinations, depending to such an extent on chance, the result was that the students did not judge one another's abilities so much by them as by the *defences* in which a man had to maintain a thesis, according to the syllogistic method of arguing for a whole hour against all the objections that could be brought against him by two other students, selected from different colleges from his own. These defences were specially interesting at the annual inspection of the schools by the Secretary of the Propaganda, as on that occasion the very best men were selected by the professors to defend and object.

The only substantial defect that, in my time, could be alleged against the system of ecclesiastical education which the Irish students passed through in Rome, was the absence of a class of English literature. It could not, indeed, be expected that this want should be supplied at the Propaganda, as the students attending its lecture halls were composed of such various nationalities, and spoke so many different languages. At St. Agatha's we had to write and preach a certain number of sermons, and there was usually an annual exhibition or academy about Christmas, for which there was some practice in declamation. Still, if a young man came from Ireland, with a defective English education, to supply that want he

had to depend in a great measure on his own exertions. However, as there was a good supply of classical English works in the College library, of which all might avail themselves, it was astonishing what a marked improvement might be noticed in the most backward men, even in English, after they had spent a few years in Rome.

But any defect in this respect was, for the man of ordinary capacity and industry, far more than counterbalanced by the many advantages to be derived from studying in the Eternal City. These advantages did not depend upon any special excellence of the professors. It was by the spirit of Rome itself, and the associations connected with it, that the mind was exalted and refined; for around us, on every side, even in our daily walks, were the trophies of genius, the tombs of heroes, and the shrines of saints—the memorials of the great empire that has passed away, and the glories of the Everlasting Church. We beheld the ceremonies of our holy religion presided over by the Vicar of Christ, and carried out with all their full splendour and magnificence, in the grandest temple of the Christian world. We saw the great men of the Church who either lived in Rome or were constantly flocking to it from every part of the earth. We had the opportunity of frequently hearing the ablest preachers, and not alone in Italian, but even in English, such men as Manning and Burke. Our visits to the churches, the palaces of the nobility, and the galleries of the Vatican, made us familiar with the masterpieces of ancient and modern art, with paintings by Dominichino, the Caracci, and Raphael, and with statues by Michael Angelo and Canova; or like the Apollo and Laocoon, by the mighty though forgotten artists of Greece. The homes of our childhood could hardly be better known to us than the great wonders of architecture, St. Peter's, the Pantheon, and the Colliseum. The Capitol and the Forum reminded us as scholars of Roman power and Roman freedom, of Horace, of Cicero, and of Cato, of Pompey and Cæsar. The tombs of the apostles, the Catacombs, and the shrine of the Holy Cross, spoke to our hearts, as Christians, of the virtues and victories of the martyred dead, the struggles of the faith, and the Redemption of the world.

T. H.

A FAVOURITE NOOK.

'TIS little changed, the old, dear spot ; the alder bending softly
o'er—
The noisy stream, the shaded pond, the river murmuring as
before.

I know the robin sings at eve thy favourite strain upon yon
tree,
The full rich notes so clear and sweet that ever come with thoughts
of thee.

The crane will stoop from wearied flight to pause awhile in quiet
here,
The wood-quest coo, the restless wren still hop 'mid shadowy
brambles near.

The blackthorn seat, the moss beside, where hyacinth white and
sorrel wave,
And wild pink-sweet and maiden fern—alas ! to-day I saw thy
grave.

Two years ago we both stood here—'tis scarcely changed, this old,
wild spot,
Two years ago, two swift, long years—the dead, alas ! are soon
forgot.

A lock of hair all streaked with grey, a hundred tender thoughts of
thee—
And thou art gone where pain is not, and these are all now left to
me.

Oh ! if I could, no hand should touch a single branch once
trained by thine ;
This spot would ever sacred be to thy dear name and Auld-lang-
syne.

But change must steal with time o'er all, and years will bring their
change e'en here,
To tree, and flower, and shaded pond, and to the few who held
thee dear.

Yet here for me old times come back, and one sweet hour in
dreamy May—
One twilight-hour—the robin sang, we lingering listened to his
lay.

Standing now where we stood that night when the summer moon in
glory shone,
Standing alone, I sadly think—the best friend of my life is
gone.

The oldest friend, the longest tried, the dearest, kindest, best to
me—

Ah! fully here to-day I know how much Death took from Life
with thee.

Around this favourite spot of thine my footsteps often, often
range;

If I can help it, nought save time its old, dear look will ever
change.

M. MY. R.

"NOTHING FOR ME!"

A PLEASANT paper was written once describing the adventures of a letter, which, after being marked in some prominent way on the envelope, was dropped into the Receiver of the General Post-office in London, and then tracked through the various processes of classification before starting, and through the various stages of its journey afterwards, till it reached its destination. If we could thus accompany a letter from Skibbereen (for instance) to Sacramento—*via* Cork, Dublin, Liverpool, New York, Chicago, then over the Rocky Mountains down towards the Golden Gate—we should pronounce that our travelling companion, the letter in question, had got excellent value for its money, a very long ride for threepence. But this is but the external history of a letter during the least interesting portion of its career. Deeper interests by far are wrapped up in it at the two ends of its journey—the feelings which dictate it, the effects it produces. For, though Sir Rowland Hill and the penny post, and railway communication, and the newspapers, which make everybody know everything that happens at a distance better than what happens near home—though these causes and others have abolished to a great extent secrets and private news, and have abolished also correspondence of the elaborate Sévigné type; nevertheless there are still letters which are real letters, not mere business circulars, letters of which a friend of ours condensed the essence into this formulary—"Here we are, alive and well, and thinking of *you*."

To dwell, however, on the *pros* and *cons* of universal letter-

writing in this generation of post-cards and shilling (soon perhaps sixpenny) telegrams, is not our scope at present—in which matter there are decidedly *cons* as well as *pros*. The view which has struck us is this. A Magazine—we mean of course a real Magazine of miscellaneous character, not one of the nondescript race so much in vogue, which consists of two or three novels running abreast, with (to vary the figure somewhat violently) a convenient amount of *padding* between them, "also considerable gauze"—such a literary miscellany as ours, in fact, is like a post-bag full of letters addressed to individuals, with this difference that with us the same letter is meant for several just as much as if written for each alone. Not, however, that all the letters are intended equally or at all for all the readers. By no means. This is the special point we have been coming to from the first, not by the most direct of routes. In fastening on this point now, let us surround ourselves with the associations which cling round the idea of letter-bag rather than letter-box. Very distinct in their character and belongings are these two institutions. Letter-boxes, you know, are excrescences stuck on to the inside of hall-doors, with a slit accessible from the street, in accordance with the wish expressed by the Post-office authorities in the tenth of their "Suggestions to the Public:" to the end that the letter-carrier, hurrying from house to house, may not have to wait till the domestic down stairs has quieted the paroxysms of the kettle "on the boil," but may, after pushing in the newspapers, and slipping in the letters, and ringing the bell—for alas! the delightful old post-man's knock is fast fading away into the twilight of tradition in fashionable neighbourhoods since the abolition of knockers, and bells are but dull things in comparison, utterly incompetent to express shades of feeling, or types of character—well, after this parenthesis, as obstructive to his progress as an unpaid American letter, let our postman hobble forward on his beat, heedless what deposit of good or bad news about money matters or other matters he may have left behind in the letter-box. Now, if the public obey the mandate of St. Martins-le-grand, let the door of the letter-box be provided with a grating or a window, so that one may know what lies within the cage without opening it. Have you not often, seeing too or three white things lying at the bottom of the letter-box, been reminded of that "cynosure of neighbouring eyes," of schoolboys' eyes prying into the hedges in early summer—a bird's nest with eggs in it? There is one—and remember, we are now coming directly to our point—there is one not absolutely a child, who is wont to scamper down to the gate before breakfast, especially on sunny mornings, by a path beset with appletrees—which makes the letter-box, the goal of her scamper, all the more like to a bird's nest—and, when she finds no eggs therein, she turns home disappointed, or even if there be eggs in plenty, but—"nothing for me!"

And here at last is our point. We intend to labour more ear-

nestly even than we have hitherto done to make sure that all the members of the large family circle amongst whom the contents of our monthly letter-bag are distributed, may find therein something to interest them. But the kind reader must not be surprised if many things seem meant for being "let alone." Perhaps the very part which you glance over with a smile of benevolent contempt is the only page that gives pleasure to another of our friends. We must beware of giving to the old Pagan formulary "Man the measure of all things," any such selfish limitation as a Frenchman of my acquaintance gave to the well-known phrase *Chacun pour soi*, which he translated by mistake, "every man for myself." My own individual taste, the judicious reader will say, is not the measure of all that is tasteful and agreeable; and caterers for many tastes have to try to arrange matters so that when the Irish Monthly Post-bag is opened out—as it will be, please God, month by month for many and many a long year to come—there may be found in it something for everybody, and not one may turn away with the cry of disappointment—"Nothing for me!"

WINGED WORDS.

II.

1. HEAVEN is not to be won by short-hand work at the last, as some of us take a degree at the University after much irregularity and negligence. I prefer a steady pace from the outset to the end, coming in cool and dismounting quietly. [More desirable certainly, Mr. Landor; but we must put no limits to the mercy of God, and death-bed repentance is very much better than death-bed penitence.]

2. The human heart is like heaven—the more angels the more room.—*John Paul Richter*.

3. There are moments in life when the past and its memories, the present and its complications, the future and its possibilities, concentrate themselves in our minds with a startling clearness, and an almost intolerable keenness.—*Lady Georgiana Fullerton's "Rosemary."*

4. How often some small detail of a great sorrow will suddenly bring down a thunder-shower which the will forbade to fall while looking broad calamity full in the face.—"*Dunmara*."

5. Fortune never will favour the man who throws away the dice-box because the first throw brings a low number.—*John Stuart Blackie*.

6. Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.—*George Eliot.*

7. A panting man thinks of himself as a clever swimmer ; but a fish swims much better, and takes his performance as a matter of course.—*Ibid.*

8. Do not waste energy, apply force where it will tell, do small work close at hand, not waiting for speculative chances of heroism, but preparing for them.—*Ibid.*

9. If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow, and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. As it is, the quickest of us walk about, well wadded with stupidity.—*Ibid.*

10. God's ways are certainly not our ways ; but we must try to make His will ours at least.—*S. F. R.*

11. I think it is Pinamonti who makes a comparison between alms and the milk drawn from cows. If you neglect to milk your cows, they dry up ; and if the rich neglect the duty of alms-giving their wealth is likely to melt by degrees. And worse—their hearts dry up.—*Sr. M. B.*

12. Life can never be completely happy, for it is not Heaven, nor completely wretched, for it is the road to Heaven.—*Madame Craven.*

13. The foolish are afraid of others ; the wise are afraid of themselves.

14. Men who propose to themselves great ends, meet always with a sort of failure, as the flower fails in order to give place to the fruit.

15. Has it ever occurred to you that the saints must have been considered in their day rather disreputable people ? Leaving violent persecution out of the question, what a raising of eyebrows and shrugging of shoulders, and how many indignant smiles and looks of mild surprise, and gentle dismay, and polite disapprobation, they must have occasioned.

16. If we are always performing works of supererogation, we may unfit ourselves for performing duties.

17. If I had my will, every nose that poked itself into other people's affairs, would be cut off. But in that case how many men and women would be incapacitated for taking snuff !

[Our "able scissors" are indebted for the last four thoughts to the highly gifted American Catholic Novelist, the author of "*The House of York*," who only allows herself to be known under the initials M. A. T.]

NEW BOOKS.

I. Snatches of Song. By MARY A. M'MULLEN (UNA). (St. Louis: Patrick Fox.)—Who was it that spoke first of "registering a vow" as a way of expressing a very fixed determination? Does the process cost more or less than registering a letter? Cost what it may, the book-taster of this establishment hereby registers a vow to discharge his functions more assiduously than he has lately done—to smack his lips audibly after partaking at once of whatever may be set before him. To carry this *gourmand* (or *gourmet*) figure no further, we tender our apologies to authors and publishers for our unnecessary delay. Among the new books which have unduly accumulated on our table for several months back, five or six, which have made their way to us across the Atlantic, ought in particular to have received a more hospitable welcome. Reserving for more adequate discussion hereafter the most important of these, the *Elements of Philosophy*, by the Rev. WILLIAM H. HILL, S. J. (Baltimore: Murphy and Co.), we must first introduce to our readers this handsome volume with golden harp and shamrocks on its green cover, of which we have above given the name. Any one might guess that Una is a true-hearted daughter of Erin, even if her name were not revealed at full length. She is certainly not liable to the reproach we brought against Miss Eleanor Donnelly, of keeping her Irish feelings too much under control. Every one almost of these pages throbs with Celtic fervour. There is even a little of what seems an unreal exaggeration in the warlike tone of many of Una's political poems which we should wish to see modified. Why should people say in verse what they could not say in plain prose? Even in a merely literary point of view we think Una is more successful as an imitator of Adelaide Procter than as a second Speranza. In the union of patriotism and poetry there is one whom she resembles more than Lady Wilde or Barry Cornwall's daughter—namely, the late Miss Downing, "Mary" of the *Nation*, a volume of whose poems was edited a few years ago by the Most Reverend J. P. Leahy, Bishop of Dromore, under the title of "Voices of the Heart." Like Miss Procter, our Irish American poetess is quite too fond of that lax form of four-lined stanza in which only the second and fourth lines rhyme, and not the first and third. This metre partially spoils one of the best of her pieces, "The Painter"—

"———He seized the sunset's splendours,
He captured mountains in their lofty pride,
And chained proud leagues of raging, storm-lashed ocean,
On bits of canvass two or three feet wide."

But it is quite inexcusable that in the lines "To a Youthful Friend" (p. 189), when a regular, full-flowing measure has been adopted in the opening verses, the artist should, through sheer carelessness, break down in the middle of a stanza and relapse into the more slovenly parsimony of rhymes. The criticism that Goldsmith puts into the mouth of one of his characters is often applicable enough to our modern artists of all kinds (including critics), "the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains." There is a very commendable variety in the subjects sung in those two hundred dainty pages of toned paper; and this variety is evidently brought out purposely in their arrangement. Some of the poems are indeed too sacred for their surroundings, "Gethsemane," "the *Eux Homo*," and other holy lays, being somewhat grotesquely mixed up with war songs, and addresses to Father Burke and William Smith O'Brien. "Una" is another added to the long list of Laureates of St. Agnes; and she has treated very successfully two legends which had been already told in verse, at least twice each. St. Mary's Bells at Limerick will ring out their chimes for ever in Mr.

Denis Florence M'Carthy's "Bell Founder," if not in Bessie Rayner Parkes' musical verses; and the story of the Monk and the Bird, which old Rodriguez (or is it Nieremberg?) tells so well, is hardly improved by Prince Henry in Longfellow's *Golden Legend*, still less by Archbishop Trench. Miss M'Mullen relates this latter legend admirably, but her "Rock of Cashel" contrasts much less favorably with the Rev. Dr. Murray's solemn and musical lines. The piety, vivid Catholic faith, and Irish warmth of heart that speak through these graceful pages will make them popular, especially among our dear countrymen in America, who will feel towards them somewhat as Una herself feels towards the subject of one of them—an ivy leaf brought from Shane's Castle, on the shores of Lough Neagh.

II. *A few Pages from Real Life.* By C. I. OSBORNE. (London: Chapman & Hall.) Very tall men are sometimes mated with very small women; and perhaps this principle of contrast guided in his selection a distinguished ex-humourist of the House of Commons. Yet not the wittiest sally of Mr. Bernal Osborne was ever so provocative of laughter as the rambling nonsense of Mrs. Bernal Osborne. The nearest approach to sense in her "Few Pages" (which unfortunately are by no means few) is the following inimitable bit of kitchenmaid Hegelism:—"Life becomes an objective romance to read the endings thereof, when romance has been expunged from subjective life." If this book had appeared on the eve of the second last election, it would not have improved Mr. Bernal Osborne's chance of cracking his parliamentary jokes as member for the Catholic city of Waterford; for it would have been no recommendation to be connected (even by marriage) with such a mass of silly bigotry and incoherent rubbish. No wonder that a certain reviewer of these two volumes of "bald, disjointed chat" has come to the conclusion that Mrs. Nickleby herself may have been a Page from Real Life.

III. *The Great Conde and the Period of the Fronde: a Historical Sketch.* By WALTER FITZPATRICK. (London: Newby.)—It is unfair to object to a thing simply because it is not something else; but it is not easy to perceive the *raison d'être* of an elaborate account, in two volumes, of one of the most over-written periods in French history. Well written and interesting these volumes are, no doubt; but it seems to us that Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his estimate of the two Cardinals, and in several other important matters, puts too much faith in certain flip-pant chroniclers, whose accuracy is not above suspicion. How comes it that the diligent compiler of two historical tomes, every page of which bristles with proper names and knotty questions, has been able to put such restraint on himself as not to give one word of preface, annotation, contents, or appendix, or even to cite a single authority at foot of page or margin? Charles James Fox, in setting about his "History," imposed on himself some such pledge of total abstinence from notes—which has hardly raised his character as an historian. By the way, let us protest here, rather than in a foot-note, against Mr. Fitzpatrick's title of "*a Historical Sketch*," which consults for the eye rather than the ear. The second syllable of that adjective monopolizes the "stress of the voice" so completely, that one cannot aspirate the first syllable sufficiently, and people therefore make a very proper distinction in this respect between "*an Historical Sketch*" and "*a History*." The present Sketch, without any pretensions to originality or vigour, is skilfully arranged, and written very agreeably.

IV. *The History of the War of Ireland from 1641 to 1653.* (Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill.)—This small volume contains an account of the struggles which took place in Ireland about the middle of the seventeenth century, written, it is believed, by a British officer of Sir John Clottworthy's Regiment, who was an eye-witness of what he relates. It has been carefully edited from an unpublished MS. by the Rev. Edmund Hogan, S. J. The *Spectator* and other English journals agree that it is a substantially genuine narrative by a soldier engaged in the wars described. To some of our readers, perhaps, that epoch is known chiefly through Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's magnificent ballad, "The Muster of the North," with its introductory note beginning—"We deny, and always have denied, the alleged massacre of 1641." The present frank, soldier-like narrative, written as

it is by an enemy, is a valuable testimony on the Irish side. The new details furnished about the death of Bishop Heber M'Mahon, and the capture of Sir Pheelim O'Neill, are of the deepest interest. But many will thank the editor most for the remarkable *catena* of evidence he has put together in his Introduction from the *Saturday Review*, and other impartial critics, as to the utter unfitness of Mr. James Anthony Froude for writing history impartially, as to the untrustworthiness of his citations, his curious use of quotation marks, &c.

V. *Denvir's Penny Irish Library of History, Biography, Poetry, and Fiction.* (Liverpool: John Denvir, 68, Byrom-street.)—An Irishman in England has for a year or two published, for the benefit of his countrymen there and at home, a series of little penny books on such subjects as "Ireland's Monks at Home and Abroad," "A Catechism of Irish History," Lives of Marshal Mac Mahon, Sarsfield, O'Connell, and Hugh O'Neill, with some stories, and several books of poetry. These are generally executed very well for the purposes in view. The selections of poetry would be better if they were mere selections. The original pieces are indeed very creditable; but there are such treasures of Irish song still ungathered that it is a pity not to cull the very choicest that springs up on either side of the Atlantic. The compiler of these three or four penny books of Irish poetry has not shown as much judgment as we were prepared to find in one who begins so admirably, putting on his first page "The Bells of Shandon," and then, just opposite, D. F. Mac Carthy's touching lines to the memory of Father Proust, which reproduce quite exquisitely the metre and the very tone and spirit of the P. P. of Watergrass-hill. Why give any portion of the limited space which a penny can buy, to poems which many have off by heart, and which all have at hand in Duffy's sixpenny volumes? And why give to Thomas Davis "Up for the Green?" which was written by John Edward Pigott?

VI. *Manual of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.* (Baltimore: Murphy and Co.)—This very neat and compact little book, which bears the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Baltimore and of the Bishop of Philadelphia, contains very full directions for the organization of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart, with special rules for each of the officers of such a Sodality. The second half of the book is a collection of the best prayers and practices connected with this Devotion of the Church's predilection. The size, binding, and general get-up of this tiny manual, seem to have been selected with great judgment with a view to its practical utility.

We may append to our brief word of commendation for this little *Manual of the Sacred Heart Sodality*, one or two matters slightly connected therewith. Our readers have, we trust, a personal interest in the Irish Banner of the Sacred Heart which is about to be forwarded to the Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart at Paray-le-Monial, where it will be suspended—so the Mother Abbess has promised—over the very Shrine of Blessed Margaret Mary. In our March number we implied that till now there was no votive offering from Catholic Ireland at Paray-le-Monial. We gladly retract this statement. Ten years ago the members of the Apostleship of Prayer in Ireland purchased a silver lamp to burn for ever before that holy Shrine. One Convent of Mercy alone collected ten pounds to supply oil for this Irish Lamp of the Sacred Heart, and were informed that Ireland had then provided generously to keep the lamp burning there for many a day.

As we are on the subject of *errata*, we may confess another. More than one of our American readers has called our attention to a mistake which occurs at page 14 of our January number. Dr. Peter Richard Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis, is not dead, as we stated there: for the biographer of Father Young is not responsible for the error. "I had the pleasure of wishing him a Happy New Year two weeks ago," says a correspondent, "and found him hale and cheery, with the promise of many years of life."

MR. TYNDALL AT BELFAST.

THE British Association has, for the second time since its establishment, chosen Belfast as the place of its annual meeting. We are happy to recognise in this choice an evidence that the cause of science reckons upon the sympathy and support of the Irish people, and we record with pleasure that in the present instance these anticipations have been realised. A widespread interest in the progress of science may, in an intelligent people, fairly be taken as an index of the national prosperity, and for this reason, if for no other, we are glad that the August meeting of the British Association has attracted so large a share of public attention in Ireland.

But while we congratulate our countrymen on their awakening interest in the advance of knowledge, we must point out a danger to which their enthusiasm may expose them. The public mind in Ireland has not received that preparatory training which will enable it to judge philosophic theories with safety. Philosophy to it is comparatively an unknown land, and must be trodden with extreme caution. For centuries a struggle for life engrossed all the energies of the Irish nation; the revolutions that have passed over the world of thought have affected it but little. The lamp of learning had long gone out amongst us before Greek systems began to be taught by Arabian scholars in southern Europe. Scholastic philosophy rose and became supreme in the schools of the west; it was assailed by formidable foes, was defeated on many points, and at last shut up in the few strongholds of which it still keeps possession; but Ireland took no part in the intellectual conflict which agitated Europe. Descartes, Bacon, Malebranche, and Leibnitz, lived and fought against the dominant philosophy, but their names reached Ireland only in the stories which the priest or friar told of his school-days in Salamanca or Louvain. We have hitherto taken but little interest in the wars of the learned, or the questions which excited them.

But now another order of things has begun. The struggle for life is over, and free play is given to the national energies. A spirit of life begins to move over the field strewn with the bones of the dead. The old enthusiasm for knowledge seems to be springing up in the heart of the nation. A movement is setting in which promises that the ground lost during centuries of suffering will be regained, and permits us to look forward to an Ireland of the future intellectually worthy of the Ireland of the past.

At the outset of such a movement the utmost caution is necessary.

sary. It is well to be enthusiastic, but it is necessary to be discriminating. At the present moment this warning is peculiarly seasonable. Side by side with the well-established results of modern research a number of crude theories, some of late invention, some the cast-off errors of distant ages, are put forward under the name of science. These theories are, in many instances, merely absurd, in some they are really noxious. Mixed up with undeniable scientific truths they are made to look specious, and uttered in lofty language by men distinguished in the scientific world they come to be imposing. Theories of this kind have been freely mooted at the recent meeting of the British Association, and to one of these we would now draw special attention.

Mr. Tyndall, as President of the Association for the year, was called on to deliver the inaugural address. He acquitted himself of this duty in a manner which will, we think, add little to his fame, and will detract much from his popularity. We willingly accord to his discourse the praise that it is distinguished by all that "clearness and vigour of literary style" which he justly attributes to many modern scientific writers. But here our commendation of it ends. It has been called learned, though we fail to perceive its claims to this eulogium. It does indeed remind the reader of the disputations *de omni re scibili* with which wandering schoolmen formerly astonished the Universities of Paris and Coimbra. But at the present day, to talk freely on a great many subjects is not necessarily regarded as a sign of profound learning. It is now generally admitted that even public speakers may talk much without talking well. We must, however, do Mr. Tyndall the justice to observe that there is a certain unity in his apparently rambling address; indirectly or directly, all he says tends to prepare the mind for that profession of materialistic faith in which his discourse culminates.

In the beginning of his address he traces the history of the atomic theory, but in such a way as to leave the impression that atomism is more or less a materialistic doctrine. He dismisses with a passing notice the supporters of this system whose names would be a guarantee that it is perfectly reconcileable with orthodox belief, and puts forward as its chief exponents a set of enthusiastic dreamers whose best title to fame is that their extravagances were combated by men much better than they. For reasons different from those of Mr. Tyndall we are ourselves deeply interested in the final triumph of the atomic theory, and on this account we could have wished that it had been introduced to the public under more respectable patronage than that of Democritus, Epicurus, Giordano Bruno, and Père Gassendi.

The mistakes into which Mr. Tyndall has fallen with regard to the personal history of Giordano Bruno, are those into which bigotry will lead even the most gifted minds, and we may there-

fore pass them by without further notice.* We regret that he has gone out of his way to repeat once again the trite falsehoods about Galileo, but this too we may pardon to the spirit which prompted it.

Having finished his historic review of the atomic theory, Mr. Tyndall next proceeds to consider Bishop Butler's views on the question of the union of soul and body in man. It would appear, at first sight, that a dissertation on Dr. Uhleman's theory of Egyptian hieroglyphics might replace the *exposé* of Butler's philosophy without prejudice to the unity of the discourse. But in explaining the Bishop's views, an opportunity is afforded of enlarging on the arguments which tend to disprove the existence of a soul, and for the ardent materialist such arguments are never out of place.

Having traced the line of thought followed by the immaterialists, and pointed out the arguments which tell against them, Mr. Tyndall passes to an exposition of Mr. Darwin's theory of the evolution of species by natural selection. The transition is not so abrupt as first appearances might lead us to believe. If there be no souls in nature, Mr. Darwin's is the most convenient way of accounting for the development of organised bodies. It conducts us by easy

* We are moreover dispensed from a detailed refutation of Mr. Tyndall's errors on this point by the criticism to which his remarks were subjected in a letter addressed to the *Dublin Evening Post*, and signed "Sapere ad Sobrietatem." From this letter we make the following extract:—"When, for instance, he informs his auditory that Giordano Bruno, the Dominican Monk, was persecuted, and ultimately executed for his philosophical opinions, he ought to have known that he was stating what was not the fact. Highly gifted, profound, and penetrating, Giordano started as an originator of advanced views in physical science; by degrees he became a free-thinker in religion, and eventually a teacher of the most abominable impiety and blasphemy. He had to fly from his own country because he was a disturber of the public peace, and his subsequent career shows that he became obnoxious to every civil government under which he lived. He had to be driven even from Geneva, where he would not be tolerated by the Calvinists, and the same fate befel him in England and Germany. In fact the man who openly denounced Moses as an impostor, and held that the whole Scripture was a mere fable from beginning to end, was easily led into other excesses, and it was for the latter, and not for his philosophical opinions, that he underwent the extreme sentence of the law." Very different from this sketch of his character is that which he himself traces. "In my thoughts, words, and acts, I do not pretend to anything but sincerity, simplicity, truth. . . . Giordano speaks in plain terms, he gives its own name to that to which nature has given its own being; he does not cover what she has left visible; he calls bread 'bread,' wine 'wine,' the head 'the head,' the foot 'the foot,' and the other members by their own names; he calls eating 'eating,' drinking 'drinking,' sleeping 'sleeping,' and so of the other natural acts. [There is no exaggeration here, it is to be regretted that his straightforwardness in this respect should have interfered with the readableness of his work.] He takes philosophers for 'philosophers,' peasants for 'peasants,' monks for 'monks,' ministers for 'ministers,' preachers for 'preachers,' blood-suckers for 'blood-suckers'; idlers, mountebanks, charlatans, triflers, cheats, actors, and parrots for what they are, &c." [It is hardly surprising that his contemporaries were unable to appreciate this uncompromising honesty.] *Opere di G. Bruno Nolano*, Vol. ii., p. 108.

stages from the simplest to the most complicated living forms, from the "*protogenes* of Haeckel" to the highly endowed race of Catarrhine monkeys, from which "at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the universe, proceeded."* There is but one link wanting to connect this long chain of life with the inanimate matter below. Mr. Darwin scrupled to add that last link; but Mr. Tyndall is restrained by no such delicacy, he boldly establishes the connexion. "Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter, which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."

With this confession the discourse might have aptly closed. The remarks which follow about the theories of Kant and Fichte appear to us altogether irrelevant. Considered as merely ornamental, they may, however, have their value. It has become fashionable for popular science lecturers, in Albemarle-street and elsewhere, to intersperse their discourses with learned allusions to the idealists of Germany. The practice is likely to be more advantageous to the lecturers than to the idealists. How often does a timely reference to Fichte or Schelling give an appearance of profundity to what is in reality but shallow sophistry, and throw an imposing air of mysterious wisdom over what borders very closely on the absurd! We do not presume to say whether or no the men who talk so glibly of Kant and Fichte have ever read their works. In the case of these philosophers, not every one who runs may read, nor is every hand-book of the history of philosophy a safe guide through their obscurities. Personal experience assures us that some of Fichte's ablest followers would be startled at hearing his system summarized in the sentence, "Fichte, having first by the inexorable logic of his understanding, proved himself to be a mere link in that chain of eternal causation which holds so rigidly in nature, violently broke the chain by making nature, and all that it inherits, an apparition of his own mind." We have ourselves heard a somewhat similar epitome of Fichte's system submitted to the criticism of a gifted philosopher who, in the school where Fichte taught, had given years to the study of his doctrines. His verdict was given with German bluntness and unmistakable candour; it was expressed in the single word *unsinn!* (stuff!)

Mr. Tyndall has been unfortunate in his reference to Kant and Fichte, but he has been doubly unfortunate in his excursion into the domain of mental philosophy which that reference tempted him to make. He evidently did not weigh well the value of the terms which he used, and this inadvertency has led him into strange

* "Descent of Man," vol. I. p. 212.

blunders. Speaking of the difficulty of combating idealistic doctrines, he evidently considers he has stated an insuperable difficulty in the following words :—

“When I say I see you, and that I have no doubt about it, the reply is that what I am really conscious of is an affection of my own retina. And if I urge that I can check my sight of you by touching you, the retort would be that I am equally transgressing the limits of fact; for what I am really conscious of is, not that you are there, but that the nerves of my hand have undergone a change.”

And further—

“Mr. Spencer takes another line. With him, as with the uneducated man, there is no doubt or question as to the existence of an external world. But he differs from the uneducated, who think that the world really is what consciousness represents it to be.”

It would, perhaps, diminish Mr. Tyndall's awe of the strength of the idealist position to know that the retort which he puts into the mouth of its defender is substantially incorrect, and, taken as a reply to the assertion which it is designed to combat, may be justly described as unqualified nonsense. Consciousness is a faculty by which we become cognisant of certain modifications of our own being. It makes known to us the existence, and, in a certain measure, the peculiar character of our own acts. It is not true that when I see an object I am conscious of an affection of my own retina. Consciousness makes us aware that a certain act of sensation representative of objects external to us has taken place within us. It gives us no intimation that we have a retina, and, had we not a mirror or the faces of our fellow-men before us, we should probably never have made the discovery. It is furthermore highly absurd to question the representative value of the act of sensation on the ground that consciousness does not represent it to us otherwise than as an affection of ourselves. Consciousness would cease to be consciousness if it made known to us anything further. As well might we question the testimony of a witness solely because we know him to be a relative of our own, as doubt the truth of the representations made by the senses because consciousness tells us nothing more than that the act producing them is ours. The faculty of consciousness has nothing whatever to do with external objects; to doubt of their existence because we are not made acquainted with them through this medium, is not more rational than to doubt the existence of sonorous waves because they are not immediately visible to the eye; it is a scepticism which far transcends that of Gorgias or Protagoras.

The compliment to Mr. Spencer that he differs from the uneducated in not thinking the world really is what *consciousness* represents to be, will hardly be considered excessive flattery by those who have realised the meaning of the word *conscious*. It seems

us that the most eager vanity should find in such a **tribute but** small subject for self-congratulation.

It has been the fate of many philosophers before Mr. Tyndall to commit serious blunders by attributing to consciousness an infallibility which they denied to direct perception. There is absolutely no reason for supposing the first mode of perception to be more reliable than the second. Nay, there are no subjects with which we are more imperfectly acquainted than those which we know only through the medium of consciousness. It teaches us little of the nature of our acts of thought and sensation, and absolutely nothing of the physical organs which immediately concur in the eliciting of them. It never could have informed us of the existence of a nervous system, or helped us to a knowledge of the structure of the brain. These things we have learned by other modes of inquiry. And if the question be asked, how it comes to pass that the mind can possibly perceive other objects better than it perceives its own acts, we may make answer in the words of Père Gassendi himself: "in the same way in which the eye that sees all other things cannot see itself." *

Mr. Tyndall concludes his address by an energetic vindication of the liberty of scientific discussion. He declaims violently against any attempt to restrict that privilege of teaching every doctrine which the popular teachers of science arrogate to themselves. But he is confident that the champions of the freedom of science will triumph. He feels that "the mild light of science breaking in upon the minds of the youth of Ireland is a surer check to any spiritual tyranny which might threaten this island than the laws of princes or the swords of emperors." "Where," he dramatically asks, "is the cause of fear?"

In the remarkable memoirs of himself which Mr. Artemus Ward has left us, he tells that he was on one occasion roused from a profound sleep into which the parson's Sunday sermon had thrown him, by hearing that worthy personage demand in a voice of thunder, "Why was man made to mourn?" The startled sleeper, utterly forgetful of the solemn surroundings, astonished the waking members of the congregation by exclaiming aloud, "I give it up—it's a conundrum." Mr. Tyndall's question completely puzzles us, and at the risk of being thought wanting in philosophic gravity, we are constrained to reply in the words of the American humourist: "We give it up—it's a conundrum." We know of no threatened encroachment on Mr. Tyndall's liberty of thought or liberty of teaching. He is free to lecture where and when he pleases. He can enunciate with perfect safety doctrines which are utterly subversive of the mutilated remnant of faith to which England still clings. He has nothing

* Mais me direz-vous, comment se peut-il faire que je conçoive mieux une chose étrangère que moi-même ? Je vous répons, de la même façon que l'œil voit toutes autres choses et ne se voit pas soi-même.—*Objections against Descartes' Meditations.*

to fear so long as the leading organ of public opinion in these countries can find "no theological reason for recoiling from the conclusion to which he would conduct us,"* whilst fashionable ladies flock to his lectures, and men professing Christianity "listen with attention" while he parades his unbelief, and join in the vote of thanks with which his efforts are rewarded.

We have traced the course followed by Mr. Tyndall in his lecture, and pointed out what seem to us some of the defects which disfigure it. But it was not our design, in bringing it under the notice of our readers, to content ourselves with an estimate of its literary merits. We have drawn attention to it, because an opportunity is thus afforded us of commenting on a dangerous theory, of which it is an exposition; because we wish to protest against the doctrines which it is designed to uphold and to spread; because in it is advocated a system which we believe to be equally opposed to Christian teaching and true philosophy, and which it is, therefore, our duty to expose and condemn. It is not our present purpose to explain in detail the various errors which go to make up that form of unbelief known by the name of Materialism. We will confine our attention to those of its leading doctrines which bear more directly on man's being and man's condition. We propose briefly to explain their significance, and to point out a few of the reasons which lead us to condemn them as dangerous in religion and untenable in philosophy.

A belief has existed throughout all the historic past that our human being is made up of two distinct and essentially different substances. The majority of men have ever held that the physical organism which we touch and see, which grows in youth, declines in old age, and at last dissolves into the elements of which it was composed, is, during life, united to and pervaded by a higher and nobler substance which they have called the soul. To this higher principle have been attributed the faculties on which depend the phenomena of sensation and thought; and many schools of philosophy ascribe to its immediate action the vital functions of a still lower order. It has, furthermore, been generally believed that this subtler element of our being outlives the dissolution of the body which it animates; that in it the individual personality of man survives after death; that somewhere beyond the grave the "I, myself," of this life, lives on in conscious activity, still sensible to the impressions of pleasure and pain. The grounds upon which this belief rests are accessible to every intelligence. The uneducated mind grasps them by one of those natural reasoning processes which we sometimes hear termed instinct. Philosophers, ancient and modern, have minutely discussed them, perhaps without adding new force to the convictions produced by nature's reasoning. But nature and philosophy have almost unanimously adopted the

* *The Times*, August 20.

spiritual theory of man's being. "*Non omnis morior*," in a sense different from the poet's, has ever been the thought with which men have prepared themselves to go through the "strait and dreadful pass of death." That the sins of life are to be expiated after death is a tenet of even the rudest theologies. Nearly all forms of religious belief assert the existence of a hereafter where some form of enduring happiness is to be the reward of virtue. Be it a hunting-ground where he is to course for ever over endless prairies; or a Valhalla, where combats and banquets are to follow each other in never-ending succession; or Elysian fields, where the society of the good and wise is to be the joy of life perpetual; or a Christian Heaven, where the contemplation of the unveiled Divinity shall sate the soul with supernatural bliss,—man has ever pictured to himself some region beyond the confines of this life, where his ideal of happiness will be realised, and he himself shall live beatified.

In direct opposition to this belief is the doctrine of which Mr. Tyndall is the latest exponent. In the theory of the Materialist there is no room for the soul. For him the action of the forces inherent to matter adequately explain the phenomena of organic as well as of inorganic nature. The same forces which bind together the particles of oxygen and hydrogen which form a drop of water work out unaided the most complicated vegetable and animal organisms. Guided by no higher influence than the fundamental laws of attraction and repulsion they give life and sensation to the organism they have fashioned; they form of themselves a sentient being, and take the form of life and sensation in the being they have made; and continuing still further their formative energy, they produce in the brain of man the busy centre of thought and will, and themselves become thoughts and wishes in the laboratory which they have created. That the forces of matter should produce mere local motion, or should take the shape of sensation and thought, is due solely to the circumstances in which they act. The forces of the particles of carbon which are held in equilibrium in the limestone we tread under foot, might, without the concurrence of any other power, become the elements of life and energy in an animal frame. The attractions and repulsions which cause the molecules of phosphorus in a decaying tree to glow in the twilight, might, in the brain of a Newton or a Leverrier, constitute a large part of the mental activity which resulted in the theory of gravitation or the discovery of Neptune.

These consequences follow naturally from the fundamental principles of Materialism; this, and much more, is involved in Mr. Tyndall's formula of materialistic faith: "in that matter which we, in our ignorance, have covered with opprobrium," are contained "the promise and potency of every form of life."

Thus may, in brief, be stated the leading doctrines of the materialistic school. Put forward in the language which we have used they wear a modern look, but fundamentally they are of very

ancient date. They have been adapted to many stages of scientific progress; have been preached in many tongues, and have allied themselves to many schools of thought. It is furthermore a remarkable feature of their history that they have been most earnestly advocated and most widely received in countries whose inhabitants have fallen from a state of lofty national virtue into luxury and corruption; and at times when some great moral infection was wasting the life of the nation. Six hundred years before the preaching of Christianity, Sakja Muni propagated among the degenerate Brahmins of India a system which has much in common with the one we have just described. A century and a half after Buddhism had taken its place among the religions of the East, at the time when the spirit which had carried Greece triumphant through the Persian wars was dying out, amid the luxurious refinement of the age of Pericles, lived and flourished the founder of materialistic philosophy—the “laughing philosopher”—Democritus of Abdera. He taught that the world, and all it contains, have arisen from the chance concussions of myriad atoms which float through endless space. In number infinite, in duration eternal, they are whirled by some inexplicable power through an unending vacuum; they strike against each other, and out of the chaos which ensues arises, by some unintelligible process, a world of beauty and order.* Some few atoms smoother and lighter than the rest mix with certain compounds of their coarser fellows, form in them a soul, and produce the phenomena of animal and intellectual life.

His successors have been able to add little to the system, as designed by Democritus. They have been able to strip it of some of its grotesqueness, and to add to it certain embellishments derived from the scientific theories of the ages in which they lived, but they have done nothing more. Mr. Tyndall has hung round it all the ornaments which modern scientific facts and modern scientific follies could furnish, but even under his hands the skeleton remains the same, grim and ghastly as when first created. He has made a place in the system for “natural selection” and the polar attractions of the ultimate elements of matter; but even with these additions, the main features of the cosmology of the Greek philosopher remain unchanged.

More than a hundred years after the death of Democritus, when the glory of Greece had in a great measure departed, Epicurus lived and taught. He was a follower of the philosophy of the Abde-

* Mr. Tyndall in his exposition of the theory of Democritus lays down the following as one of the principles of that philosopher: “Nothing happens by chance. Every occurrence has its cause from which it follows by necessity.” Democritus gave utterance to many heinous absurdities, but out of respect for his memory let us trust that he did not believe that because an effect is produced by the action of necessary causes it cannot therefore be said to have happened by chance.

rite, but extended the application of its principles. He deduced from it the system of morality to which it logically leads, and his labours in this respect have identified his name with a moral law which is in perfect harmony with the worst passions of man. Later still, when the corruption of its citizens was bringing the long career of the Roman Republic to a close, Lucretius instructed his effeminate countrymen in the doctrines of Democritus and Epicurus, and thus contributed in his degree to his country's fall.

When the Roman Empire had been overthrown, and the states of modern Europe had arisen out of the ruins, the Christian Church was found to have become the directing power in the new order of things. The minds of the new converts to Christianity were filled with the Christian idea of man's spiritual nature; personal communion with an unseen world was an obligatory act of Christian worship; the highest reward held out to virtue was an intellectual good to be enjoyed when life was over; and the repression of sensual passion was declared an indispensable means of attaining to the ideal of Christian virtue. While such a system was supreme there was no chance for Materialism. For a thousand years the religion which had been elevated to the throne of the Roman world by Constantine continued to encourage and direct the progress of civilisation in the west, and during these years Materialism made no disciples in Europe. In the thirteenth century the power of the Church had reached its zenith, and causes which we cannot now stop to enumerate soon after led to its decline. Internal dissensions, the rebellion of temporal princes, the relaxation of the religious spirit in the ecclesiastical body itself, diminished the strength and impaired the effectiveness of the Christian organisation. At this moment a combination of circumstances, which it would be out of place to describe here, gave a new impulse to the study of the relics of pre-Christian civilisation. The works of ancient art, and the systems of ancient philosophy, were exhumed from the graves in which they had been buried; and the defects of the one, and the errors of the other, found imitators and supporters. The time had arrived when it was natural to expect that Materialism should revive. Its resurrection was not long delayed. It rose, and with its reappearance a movement began which has continued down to our own day. Pomponatius, Cardanus, Paracelsus and many others, embodied in their strange systems the leading materialistic doctrines. The movement gained strength from the great discoveries in experimental science which at this time followed each other in rapid succession. Bacon and Locke aided its progress, perhaps without any intention of doing so; Hobbes did for it all that a weak intellect and a slavish soul could do. At the close of the reign of Louis XIV. Materialism harmonised thoroughly with the state of public morality in France, and accordingly, in its most disgusting form it was preached with applause in the salons of the French aristocracy by Diderot and

Lametrie. It has since won many victories and suffered some defeats, but on the whole it has steadily gained ground. In England its progress is in direct proportion to the decay of that remnant of Catholic faith to which the nation still adhered after it had broken with the centre of Christian unity. In Germany it has driven the rival philosophies from the field; and here, in this land of foolish philosophers and wise statesmen, it has set up its throne and its dwelling place. Here it has established the centre of its apostolate, and here it has found the most zealous and eager missionaries. The ardour of Mr. Tyndall and even of Mr. Huxley is but lukewarmness when compared with the fiery zeal of Feuerbach, Büchner, Moleschott, Vogt, and Cotta. No fear of offending popular religious prejudices deters these enthusiasts from deducing and maintaining the logical consequences of the principles they profess. "Man," says the first of the philosophers we have just named, "is distinguished from the beast only inasmuch as he is the superlative of sensualism. If the being of man be sense—not a shadowy abstraction—the spirit, then all philosophies, religions, and institutions that contradict this principle are not only erroneous, they are also radically destructive. If you wish to make man better make him happy, and if you wish to make him happy go to the source of all happiness—the senses."* No scruple about uttering arrant nonsense withholds these zealots from advocating the cause to which they are devoted. "Empirical research," says the illustrious Cotta, "has no other aim than to find the truth, whether according to human notions it be consoling or comfortless, beautiful or ugly, *logical* or *illogical*, *reasonable* or *absurd*."

Our space does not permit us to enter more at length into the history of Materialism. We have done thus much in order to show that its appearance in an age or in a nation marks a low ebb of public virtue, that its spread among a people coincides with some period of moral decay, that the tale of its progress is usually written on a page of history dark with the record of many crimes. The coincidence will perhaps become intelligible if we consider in detail some of the consequences to which the fundamental principles of Materialism necessarily lead.

The laws of matter are fixed and unchangeable: no one insists more strongly on this point than the Materialist. If the thoughts and wishes within us be the offspring of purely physical laws, then our thoughts and wishes are as necessary as the laws which regulate them. Free will is a chimæra, and the common notion of morality an absurdity. Let Mr. Tyndall make all the reservations he may about the necessities of our emotional nature, and talk in mysterious language of those undefined higher questions which are to exercise the great intellects of succeeding ages; if even the mitigated form of Materialism which he professes be true, the depart-

* Ges. Werke, Bd. II., s. 37'.

ment of Religion which concerns our good and evil actions is an idle phantasy. If Mr. Tyndall, prolonging "his vision backward beyond the boundary of experimental evidence," discerns aright, if intellectual life has its "promise and potency" in matter, and is subject to its fixed laws, then the boundary between sin and sanctity fades away. They are both manifestations of the same necessary law. It becomes as necessary that under circumstances we should entertain a wicked thought or consent to an evil action, as that a lighted match should fire a train of gunpowder, or that mercury should become solid at 39.4 below zero. As little can a man prevent himself from doing a good action in certain surroundings as he can prevent his heart from beating; and there is therefore the same amount of moral responsibility attached to the one act as to the other. In presence of this theory, the distinction between virtue and vice, between philanthropy and egotism, between heroism and cowardice, disappears. It is an accidental arrangement of external and internal circumstances, a relation of our organism to its "environment," which determines the peculiar character of our actions. Praise and blame, reward and punishment, lose their meaning. The bonds which hold society together are rent asunder. Law, as a regulator of external conduct, or as a preventive of crime, is a foolish superfluity. The actions of each man and the commission of every crime are determined by fixed laws which supersede every other enactment. Justice which draws a distinction between voluntary and involuntary acts, and punishes the wrong-doings that are voluntary, is a disorder in the world of the Materialist, an outrage on nature's fundamental law. The thoughts and language of men become meaningless when confronted with this philosophy. To warn, to advise, to reprove, to admonish, to threaten, to promise, to resolve, imply that we can in a great measure make our own future; whereas our future, like our present, is the result of laws over which we have absolutely no control. Half the words of our vocabulary, and more than half the questions that are asked by men in their intercourse with one another, lose their significance if the notion of Free Will, and the idea of moral responsibility which rests upon it be disturbed; and the materialistic theory not merely disturbs, it annihilates them. If the Materialist be not deceived, the rest of mankind are helplessly in error. There is no possibility of correcting the universal mistake; the system of thought and language which has been built upon the delusions we have mentioned have so far become a part of our nature that a remedy is hopeless. The Materialist himself, in the very exposition of his theory, must use at every moment forms of speech and turns of thought which become absurdities in contact with the principles which they are used to express.

But not alone would this dismal philosophy overturn the fundamental notions upon which human society rests, and make the mind of man a tangled wilderness of vain conceptions, it would

extend its desolating influence still further, and would create a blank beyond the grave. According to its gloomy tenets the light of life goes out with death, never to blaze forth any more. The craving for existence—the longing to be, which philosophers have ascribed to all things, and which accompanies us to the last, is an empty desire, something against which it is useless to struggle, but, nevertheless, a disorder in our nature. There is no after history of man. The union of a certain number of material atoms constitutes our whole being; when the bond that holds them together is dissolved, all that we are or have been perishes in the separation which ensues. The carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and other substances which made up our body, and whose secret workings gave rise to those higher phenomena which we, in our ignorance, attributed to a soul, enter into new combinations, are absorbed into other structures like what ours once was; but the history of our being is finished. That dream of future bliss, and that dread of future pain, were alike deluding visions. The Paradise of the elect and the horrors of the Stygian Lake were both mirages of excited minds. We enter no future bright or gloomy, but “melt, like the streaks of a morning cloud, into the infinite azure of the past.” Heaven and hell, reward and punishment, if not absurdities because we are irresponsible, become impossibilities because we exist not.

There will, no doubt, be some minds for which these last consequences of Materialism will be its best recommendation. Such minds will continue to exist as long as final impenitence continues to be one of the sins of man. “According as his passions get the better of him, the unbeliever persuades himself that man is like the beast,” says Massillon.* We are far from including Mr. Tyndall in the category described in this quotation. We believe it possible that a one-sided mental training, the absorbing study of a particular branch of human learning, may render the mind less capable of appreciating arguments which are furnished by departments of knowledge outside of its own peculiar province. This we believe to be the explanation, though still not the excuse, of Mr. Tyndall’s unbelief. Every one who is given to a single study is naturally led to explain everything by the phenomena of existence with which he is most conversant. With Mr. Lecky, we are not surprised “that, in the present day, when the study of the laws of matter has assumed an extraordinary development, and when the relations between the mind and the body are chiefly investigated with a view to the functions of the latter, a strong movement towards Materialism should be the consequence.”†

We will not pursue farther the consequences to which Materialism necessarily leads. Mr. Huxley, in one of his most brilliant

* *Sur la vérité d'un avenir.*

† “Rationalism in Europe,” vol. I., p. 293.

sentences, assures us that "consequences are the scarecrows of fools, and the beacons of wise men." Like others of its kind, this latest contribution to our stock of wise saws is, we think, more pithy than profound. For ourselves, we had rather be ranked amongst the fools who are scared by consequences, such as those we have pointed out, than take our place with Mr. Huxley among the sages who despise them. But in pointing out the results to which Mr. Tyndall's theory inevitably conducts us, we have aimed at something more than drawing a hideous picture of a hideous philosophy. It has been our object to demonstrate its absurdity by demonstrating its antagonism to the unanimous conclusions of human reason, and we venture to hope we have succeeded. We think we have shown that the ideas of virtue and vice, of moral responsibility, of law, and of retributive justice which pervade the minds of all men without exception, are logically incompatible with the teachings of Materialism; that thus the reason of man, whether he wills it or no, protests against this destroying philosophy; that almost every thought we think, and every sentence we utter is an absurdity if Materialism be true; that the world is a mad-house, and all men fools, if Mr. Tyndall be not grievously in error.

We might stop here. When we have shown that a philosophy contradicts the universal, unchangeable, and therefore necessary conclusions of the human reason, our confutation of it is complete. Before it approves such a philosophy, the mind must admit that it can itself be hopelessly, irremediably deceived; before sanctioning the theory submitted to it, the tribunal must declare its own incompetency to decide on any theory whatsoever. In proving this we have proved enough. But should some of our readers be curious to examine for themselves the more direct arguments with which Christian psychology meets the attacks of Materialism, we will here lay before them one which is popular enough to be easily understood, and forcible enough to demonstrate clearly the falsehood of the system against which it is directed. We set out with a warning to those who dislike the tortuous paths of metaphysics to quit us here and join us a few paragraphs further on.

Consciousness is a reflex act by which a thinking being becomes cognisant of its own acts. The subject which is endowed with such a faculty must be absolutely one. In an act of consciousness two different agents cannot have a part. A thousand may concur to its being, but the same individual which is the object of the act must itself be the agent which elicits it. If two distinct agents be supposed jointly to elicit an act of consciousness, we may ask whether the acts, even if acts of perception, be exerted by the two individuals on themselves or on each other: if on themselves, we have two acts of consciousness instead of one; if on each other, we have two acts, neither of which is consciousness.

A compound formed of the union of two molecules, supposing each to be endowed with the faculty of consciousness, could not itself be conscious.

But in the case of the material atoms with which physicists have to deal, and which they have not yet elevated to the dignity of conscious beings, the argument admits of a simpler form :—In a material body each atom of matter preserves its individuality in the mass, there is no new individual created by the commingling : * no individual of the mass is conscious, therefore it is utterly impossible that a conscious individual should arise out of the compound.†

By arguments such as these is our position defended. We do not employ in our reasoning any of the formulæ of modern science. We do not say, "it is highly probable," "we may fairly conclude," "analogy would lead us to expect," &c. ; we say, simply, it is absolutely impossible that molecular bodies should ever become conscious. We have no fear that any future discoveries in physical science will invalidate the force of our reasoning.‡ We do not dread the advance of discovery, because we are confident of the reliability of the arguments we employ, and we dread it still less because we see that, notwithstanding all the boasting of those who, without being able to understand their significance, chaunt the triumphs of modern science, no conquest it has yet made tends to disturb even the old theories of life in vogue amongst the schoolmen of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

It is a highly important truth that the force at work in the vegetable world is but transformed solar force ; but this fact in no way helps us to solve the question discussed three hundred years ago as to whether or no a higher principle presides over the functions of vegetable life. We are prepared to concede that sensation, and even thought, are accompanied by a large expenditure of animal energy, and that the mechanical equivalent of this activity may yet be mathematically determined. But we do not hereby

* This statement of the argument precludes the objection that sensation is the *resultant* of the molecular forces at work in the mass.

† The initiated will perceive that we here follow a line of reasoning impossible to the disciples of Aristotle. The Aristotelian theory of the constitution of bodies, combined with a well-established theory of evolution, would be a formidable system in unbelieving hands. It will however be time enough for the modern disciples of Aristotle to prepare for the encounter when Mr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley shall have become Peripatetics. For ourselves, we hail with satisfaction every triumph of atomism, believing it to be the most anti-materialistic of all systems of cosmology.

‡ It gives us, if possible, additional confidence in the truth of our conclusions to find that they harmonise with the latest and most reliable pronouncements of physiological science. Prof. Hertel of Vienna, and M. Dubois-Reymond whom Mr. Tyndall cites as one of the leaders of modern science, have both recently declared that physiological research is powerless to explain the phenomena of sensation and thought—that an impassable barrier separates the field of their investigations and the region where those acts are elicited.

admit that there is a mechanical equivalent of thought. If such a measure of the nervous action that accompanies it be ever discovered, Materialism will still be as far from its final triumph as ever. We extend the possible range of scientific discovery as far as its most ardent votaries desire, but when that limit has been reached, when physiology has penetrated to the secret laws of animal life, and chemistry unveiled the mysteries of molecular attraction, the question of the spirituality of man's soul will be exactly where it was in the days when scientific men talked about the spontaneous generation of rats, and wrangled in bad Latin about the atoms of Democritus.

Here we take leave of Mr. Tyndall. We regret that his discourse has been such as we have described it. We regret it for his own sake, for the sake of the Association over which he presided, and for the sake of the scientific movement which he represented. We should be sorry that one believing mind were deterred from the search after natural truth, by the fear that proficiency in science is incompatible with strict orthodoxy of belief. For the Faith which has been assailed we have no anxiety. We are confident that the Credo which our fathers learned in the caverns of our wild hills, and proclaimed aloud on a thousand scaffolds, will outlive in the hearts of the Irish people the ephemeral vagaries of a shallow philosophy. We look with hope into the future which Mr. Tyndall's last words bring up before us. We feel certain that the generations which are to come will be as faithful as those which are already passed away; that when those to whom he spoke have entered into the brightness or gloom of the future—not "melted into the infinite azure of the past"—the Faith at which he has cast his feeble dart will live on unshaken; that then as now, for the learned as well as for the illiterate amongst our countrymen, man's origin will be adequately explained by the simple formula: "And the Lord God breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

T. F.

THE LAY OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

FROM THE IRISH.

By DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY, M. R. I. A.

[This poem was written by Timothy O'Sullivan, an Irish poet who was born in the county of Cork, in the early part of the last century. The translation, which aims at preserving something of the form, as well as the simple phraseology of the original, is founded upon a literal prose version kindly made for me by Professor O'Looney of the Catholic University.]

I.

THE love of my heart is Thy Heart, O Saviour dear,
My treasure untold is to hold Thy Heart in my fond heart here:
For ah! it is known that Thine Own overflows with true love for me,
Then within the love-locked door of my heart's inmost core, let Thy Heart
ever guarded be.

II.

What was Thine of sorrow and pain, O Thou who in Heaven dost reign, O King
both good and great,
It comes not into my mind the amount to find, nor, if found, could my tongue relate,
The bitter anguish and smart of Thy Sacred Heart, and the spear-cleft in Thy
side,
That moved with a holy awe of Thy Sacred Law, even kings on their thrones of
pride.

III.

O Father! O Jesus, mine! who by Thy Death Divine, with Life our souls dost
warm,
Thou in creation's hour, whose plastic power made Man to Thine own blessed
form,
Is it not, O Christ! O King! a cruel, cruel thing, that nought has been loved by
me
Save sins that the soul defile, save all things base and vile that are loathsome
unto Thee?

IV.

What Moses taught of Thy lore, Thy laws that Moses bore down to the hosts
that stood in awe apart,
Ah! little effect had they by night or day to melt my obdurate heart,
But furrowing their fearful path, swept envy and vengeful wrath, and excess and
all deeds unclean,
And the Holy Laws Thou hast made I disobeyed, and more, if more could have
been.

V.

But now with anguish spent, sad, sad and penitent, confessing my misdeeds I
will go
Through Ailbhe's fertile land where the meadows green expand, through Owen
where the pleasant waters flow,

With bitterness of soul, lamenting in my dole, the wickedness and waste of my
lost years,
I will openly proclaim my sorrow and my shame, and mine eyes will tell the same
by my tears.

VI.

And when returning home, at length I come, O flower of all the Orders ! through
thy prayers,
Once more to be enrolled Christ's child, and in His fold protected for the future
from sin's snares
The prickly furze and heath, the rock's sharp jagged teeth that stung me and that
tortured me before,
Shall seem smooth silken plains, made soft by summer rains, and satin lawns the
swift scythe hath gone o'er.

THE BINDING.

Wandering though Thou wast, at such a fearful cost, beloved Lord and King,
from Heaven's High throne,
And for our simple state, made sad and desolate, in a way that human sense hath
never known,
Yet it was not till the spear, O Christ my Saviour dear, a rent through Thy side
its rough way tore,
And a home of shelter there to a ruined world laid bare—a Home in Thy Heart
for evermore.

Duain Croidhe Iora.

Ponn-'San mainiririd',

I.

Ḡile mo croidhe do croidhe-re a Slanaigheoir,
Círce mo croidhe do croidhe-re d'fagail am éoir;
O'r folur gur lion do croidhe dam ḡrad-ra rcoir,
A c-coicall mo croidhe' do croidhe-re faḡ a ḡ-coimab.

II.

Air fúlaingir éiridne a ríḡ ḡil arḃ na ḡ-coimáct,
Ní éigean am rmuaintce a fúirdeam na éraḃt a ḡ-cóir;
I'r gur le ḡora-ḡoin-nímh do croidhe ir do énead-ra a rcoir.
Do bporraig na milce raii ḡo raii a ḡ-copinno.

III.

A aḃair ir lora diḃean leḃ' báir me beo,
Ir do deaib mo ḡnaoi gan éirid na ceapḃ ad éloḃ;
Naḃ banarḃa an ḡnion a éiriorc nar ḡradra fór,
Aḃt ḡaḃ uile nio na m-bioḃ do ḡrain do'n c-rorct.

IV.

Ar ffealbuiŷ Maoir ddb' ddisŷ-re a b-pairc an t-rlóŷ,
Dob' anan mo éroide-re ríteac na rárta leo;
Aéte palla 'ŷur ppaioic-níne, epaoir ip capna a rtoir,
La h-eapmuile ŷac naoim ip na mílte caín ba ího.

V.

Le h-acuirre énaoite, aŷ ruidéan a n-beapna ŷeobad,
Aŷ cairiois ŷac tpe a ŷ-epioéatb Ailbe ip éoŷain;
Aŷ aitéip mo ŷmíoíaréta 'ra caoi le ŷarreta bpoín,
'Su rŷpeabaiz ŷo rŷioipíar epíto aŷ cal na n-deop.

VI.

Nuair éarpad arís leó' ŷuibe-rí a blait na n-órb,
Pa éapmuin épiopte ip dídean a ŷrára am éomac;
beid ŷaró-énoic ppaioiz 'rna liaóaiŷ do épaóac me peom am,
Na niaóairíde míne ríoba ip na m-bantea rpoíl.

An Ceangal.

Ar fan ce bír a ríŷ-díl naométa o nean,
ŷo epaióte epíó-ne a rliŷe naé leip a mear;
Úo ŷpaópa a épiopte níor muiŷip ŷur paob an é-rleaŷ,
Arap díóin ad éroide do'n t-ŷaoŷal air pad.

JOHN RICHARDSON'S RELATIVES.

A STORY.

PART III.

IN order to make all the incidents of this little story march abreast, it is necessary to go back to the first day of Mary George Richardson's occupation, during which, as well as the two days following, the old man still lay or rather sat senseless, unconscious alike of his own condition and of all that passed around him.

"I never was more surprised at anything," George said to Dr. Franklin, as they stood together by the patient's side. "He was, I think the very healthiest man I knew. So long as I remember, I never heard of his being ill, even slightly."

"Nor did I," the doctor said. "But I find that he gave up his customary exercise of late. And as he did not give up eating and drinking as usual at the same time, something of this sort was not unlikely."

"He got no shock about anything?" queried Mary George.

"I understand not."

"Shock!" repeated an old woman-servant who, under the doctor's supervision, was applying ice to the sick man's head; "what shock could he get? a man with plenty o' money, an' neither chick nor child to care for?"

"He got a shock in a certain sense when Mrs. Tottenham died, though her death was not unlooked-for," added the doctor. "But I do not see, as nurse says, that he is at all likely to have received any other—especially unknown to you," he said, addressing Miss Travers who stood opposite, her tear-stained eyes fixed on the poor sufferer's face.

"Does it make any difference how it was brought on, doctor; any difference in the case?" she asked, without looking up.

"To me, you mean? Not the least! nor to him while he holds on in this state. The case is plain enough. But if he get over this attack, it may make a great deal—all the difference between life and death, in fact, to induce him to avoid all possible causes of a second. I do not think you can have anything to blame yourself for, my dear," the doctor added kindly, as his eye rested a moment on the young girl's countenance.

"I often urged him to go out as usual," she said, "though it was chiefly with an idea of its cheering him. I never thought of anything like this happening. It was not his way to say much, but he had not at all got over poor Mrs. Tottenham's death."

"I am sure he felt it," Dr. Franklin said.

"Well, I dare say he did," agreed George; adding to himself, "if he could feel much at anything."

We find it rather hard to credit with much warmth of heart those who have been, as George said, "all our lives cool as a cucumber to ourselves."

"I think you had better go try if you can find the nurse now," his wife said to him. "How will you manage?"

"Oh, very well: you'll see I shan't be long," returned he.

The truth was that, desirous of securing a speedy and dignified retreat, should such a measure be found necessary, George had, on quitting their cab, made a sign behind his Mary's back to the cabman to await further orders. And now rejoicing in his foresight, he went off at the poor hack's best speed on his search for a nurse; taking with him the addresses of three or four of various degrees of desirability, some one of whom it was hoped he might find free to return with him. And in this instance also did fortune favour the Richardson *coup d'état*, inasmuch as that he was quickly enabled to bring back with him a woman previously unknown to his wife, but who, gifted with the double qualification—vouched for by a neighbour and proved on trial—of knowing how to mind her own business and nothing else, was perhaps even preferable for all purposes to any auxiliary whom she herself could have chosen.

After some hours it became plain that no speedy change for the better in the condition of the patient could be counted on. All immediate remedies had been tried. Everything at all likely to be effective later on was at hand, ready for use at the first sign of change. The nurse was fully installed and instructed; and having, unhappily, but little to do, she required no assistance. Then to a time of hurry and excitement succeeded a period of that passive and monotonous waiting upon Providence which is felt to be the hardest of hard times to get through where the lives of the watchers seem to themselves to hang upon the life that is really in the balance, and which to comparatively uninterested witnesses is not without its peculiar inconveniences and even sufferings. When the master of a house hangs trembling between life and death, everybody else within its walls either is, or thinks it right to appear to be, too absorbed in anxiety to attend to any wants but his; and the routine of the household stops short as a clock does when the spring has run down. But only by those who are, as it were, drunk with woe is the dinner-hour really long forgotten. And thus George Richardson, while shocked and sobered down into more than customarily serious thought, found, as the afternoon wore drearily away, that his anxiety was by no means so keen as to keep him unaware of having eaten nothing since his early breakfast; while his Mary had not for more than perhaps five minutes after their arrival in the sick room forgotten that fact either for him or for herself.

Notwithstanding this hunger for two which she endured—for

all the physical wants of husband and children she truly did feel as though they were her own—she waited to hit the precise moment when her absence would be of least consequence; that is, when the servants were glad to be left to unobserved attention to their own wants, and, sufficiently occupied by them, probably would think or talk of little else. Then, after a well-contrived aside with George, she announced in a whisper to the nurse the necessity of her “going home awhile to see after her children, and settle for being away from them all night,” retied the strings of her bonnet (hitherto kept on her head as a gentleman keeps hat in hand during a morning call or evening crush, as a measure significant of readiness to be gone at any moment), put her belated parasol away out of sight, and walked home in the cool of the evening, feeling like Longfellow’s Blacksmith, that “something attempted, something done,” that day had earned for her a right to enjoy the tea-dinner fixed on as the meal most suitable to the time and circumstances.

“I’m sure you ought have a mind for it now,” she said to her husband, as she helped him to a chop. “People must eat whether other people live or die.”

“Must and will,” he replied, “though they are ashamed to admit it.”

“Why should they?” asked she: “it’s human nature to get hungry!”

“I don’t say it isn’t,” returned George. “I was thinking of a story Mary Tottenham used tell of herself. She——”

“Who is Mary Tottenham, and where is she?” interrupted Mary George.

“She was my second cousin and grand-niece to both uncle and aunt Tott.”

“To both! H’m! I wonder you never spoke of her before!”

“What should make me? She was born in India, and went back there to be married; and *was* married to some old nabob.”

“Is she dead?”

“Not that I know of, and I hope not. She was a nice, good girl, and as unlike Master Giles as——her brother,” added George interrupting his comparison to answer the query he saw coming.

“Why, there seems quite a crop of relations turning up,” remarked Mary George testily, looking at her husband as though she saw him sowing dragons’ teeth for them.

“Oh, well,” George said, a little testily too, “*he’s* dead, no doubt, and after all those years Mary is not likely to trouble any of us either.”

“Is it sure *he’s* dead?”

“As sure as his name was Giles Tottenham, or he wouldn’t be seven years without coming or writing home for money.”

“I shouldn’t be a bit surprised if he were to turn up, too, one of those days.”

“I’d be greatly surprised, then. At all events ’tis time enough

to bid somebody good morrow when you meet him. I'll take a little gravy."

"What was *her* husband's name?"

"I'm sure I don't know. If I ever heard, I forget it. I was but a mere little fellow when——"

"Well, really, that would strike me as a fact to be remembered. How do you know but some one of the children may want to go to India some day or other?"

"There's time enough to find it out," George said, conclusively, and went on with his dinner instead of with his story.

"Well, what was the story?" his wife asked, after a pause.

George was not without some native humour; and he had been about to start off with his reminiscence of his cousin as one does who feels that he can put a little incident into its most telling shape before a sympathetic listener. But now, after having been so put to the question by his wife, he let her have it in the very barest form of fact.

"At her mother's wake she felt herself faint with hunger while every one was about the corpse, and no one seemed to think of eating. Late in the night she managed to secure some bread and cold meat, and stole out into a garden to eat it. She was but just settled down to it when a friend of the family missed her, and went out with a lantern, and a lot of people in search of her. And Mary said she went near being choked trying to swallow the morsel in her mouth, and answer the call for her before they got to where she was."

"She might have caught her death of cold, so perhaps 'twas as well so," commented Mary George; and she said no more. George, on his part, feeling or fancying that his little story was a good thing spoiled, was at least equally willing to let the conversation drop. And both wife and husband devoted entire attention to the good things on the table, and to expediting the return of the former to the scene of action.

While on her hasty progress to Uncle Tottenham's in the forenoon, it hardly was possible for her to form very definite notions of what might follow the step that she was taking. She then had neither time enough nor yet sufficiently precise information as to the old man's surroundings, to enable her to arrange any scheme for her proceedings. But now, when she had found herself invested with all the rights of next-of-kin by simple virtue of being the first intruder, and had a whole sleepless night for deliberation on the best manner of improving the occasion, she steadily determined that so far as in her lay, she would maintain her authority against all interlopers. And it was to a management of the commissariat for the general Tottenham household, as judicious as that already forecast for the invalid, that she trusted chiefly for carrying out her plans.

Having then laid down for herself, as a first principle, that a settling down of the family at large in the house of the sick man

was not to be permitted, she had before her a problem that has often and sadly posed the ablest strategists to solve: i. e., at one and the same time to make satisfactory provision for the forces requisite to carry on necessary operations; and, as regards resources open to outsiders, to keep the theatre of war so bare as to restrict the demonstrations of an enemy to occasional inroads of flying columns that must soon retreat or starve.

"Men must get their dinner whatever happens," was her axiomatic mode of reasoning out matters with herself. "If the Deane men don't find dinner ready here, they must go home for it; and so much I think I can very well manage."

There never had been a very relative-like intimacy between the Richardson brothers and the Deanes. This state of things was no doubt partly owing to the early deaths of the parents of both pairs of brothers; and perhaps partly to the example of coldness subsequently set, with almost unvarying consistency, before all four of the cousins by the only surviving elder relative they had in common, their granduncle Tottenham.

The Deanes, under the guardianship of their mother's brother, had been brought up at a distant boarding school; whilst the Richardsons, under the superintendence of an old friend of their father who made his house their home, had got their education at a city day-school. Thus the cousins had rarely met till grown to manhood. And thenceforward—as though not finding in each other that consanguinity of character which is the bond that best endures the wear and tear of busy life—their intercourse was but occasional and formal, and never for a moment seemed likely to be more.

Notwithstanding this, Mary George had, since entering the family, come in one way or other to know a good deal of both the Deane brothers and their wives; quite enough indeed to rule her tactics by in the present emergency. Of Giles, the elder brother, and of Giles's wife, she made no great account. He was a gentleman farmer; and though living—as he rejoiced in doing—but just out of arm's reach of the city tax-gatherer, the distance, and the nature of his daily occupation, would she knew suffice to make frequent or long visits to town a difficulty to himself. She was aware that Mrs. Giles—beside not being in herself a formidable personage—must be at least as much hindered and hampered in her movements by a three-months' old baby as Giles in his, by pre-engaged horses and men to be looked after. It was then to the other brother, Achilles, and his wife that Mary George's strategy was especially addressed. And knowing that the weak point of Achilles was certainly not in the heel, she thence concluded that if the Tottenham household were once established on the fixed basis of cooking no regular family dinner, Achilles and Mrs. Achilles (the cousin-in-law whose intervention she most dreaded) might be looked upon

as fairly distanced for all but a very small portion of the four-and-twenty hours.

Mrs. Achilles Deane having been a kind of heiress, yet very savingly brought up, her particular vanity lay in a desire to prove herself willing and able to go without that better sort of household assistance to which her fortune might fairly be presumed to entitle her. Consequently she seldom if ever had a cook to whom she could prudently delegate that whole responsibility of satisfying the requirements of her Achilles. Now, good luck or a more consistent economy had provided Mary George herself with an old family servant competent singlehanded to serve dinner to quite a party, in such style as would discredit no house and no mistress; so that while she could, without misgiving, absent herself from George's dinner any day, the fact of Achilles Deane having to take his meals in his own house would necessitate Mrs. Achilles spending all but a few hours of the day within range of her household cares and duties.

Another circumstance favouring Mary George's plan was that of the old man's sudden seizure having come upon him in his dining-room, where, as it was the darkest and quietest as well as the largest room in the house, he was by the doctor's orders for the present to remain. And there she counted upon keeping him till the programme of "no dinner" should have attained to the standing of prescriptive usage.

The first steps to this end she took upon the first opportunity; taught by the early bird the advantage of bestirring herself while the field was yet her own. She had considerably sent the servants to bed in good time, recommending them to rest till their customary hour of rising, as both she and Miss Travers meant to sit up through the night. And at the chilliest hour of watching—chilly even at midsummer, the hour of struggle between night and day, when night succumbing, determines to die hard, she with her own hands set a kettle boiling, and gladdened the eyes of the nurse with the much-needed cup of tea fully two hours in advance of the weary woman's most sanguine expectation.

"I have no notion of seeing a woman go to sleep when it is understood that she is wide awake," the notable housewife said to Miss Travers, as, having let the nurse off duty awhile, she took the vacated place; "but on the other hand she should get every help to keep her eyes open. And after the turn of the night anybody sitting up cannot possibly get a cup of tea too early."

"You must want a cup yourself, Mrs. Richardson," said Miss Travers.

"And so must you," returned Mary George. "But don't stir! I made it. 'Twill be drawn by the time the nurse comes back. Poor man!" she resumed, half whisperingly, after a moment's silent examination of their charge. "I wonder will he come round?"

"If it were but to get paralysed, as the doctor said is likely, one could hardly wish it," said Miss Travers with a sigh.

"Well, I don't know!" Mary George said consideringly. "If it was our own case I suppose we'd like to live in any way."

Miss Travers seemed to have nothing to say by way of rejoinder to this, and both ladies sat silent, each thinking her own thoughts, till the nurse came back refreshed and ready to resume her watch. Then Mary George, rising briskly, led the way to another room where a little tray laid for two beside a cheerful bit of fire offered a pleasant change from the chill and gloom of their long vigil.

"I've been thinking," she said, as she proceeded to pour out the tea, "that 'twill be best to put the servants altogether on board wages—you take sugar, I suppose?—while uncle Tottenham is ill. At such times it is far the most economical plan. It prevents waste and mismanagement that can't be closely looked into where any one is sick. And then they can each have their own meals whenever they like, and have no excuse for not being ready to take their turns when wanted in the sickroom."

This seeming, as indeed it proved to be on trial, an arrangement most satisfactory to all concerned, Miss Travers at once handed over to her interlocutor the housekeeping purse; saying, "You will settle all that with them, I dare say? There is all the money I have. The pass-books are in the chiffonier in the dining-room."

It no doubt may have struck the young girl that her own occupation in the house was thus informally taken from out her hands. But she, too, had had her musings in the watches of the night, and seeing that a few more weeks, perhaps a single week, too probably, might bring to a close her connexion with Mr. Tottenham, it seemed to her to matter little when or to which member of the family she should give up the tokens of her own short-lived authority.

"Very good!" Mary George said, as she counted out the purse. "There will be enough for the present. And at any rate it will be right to keep down expenses. How did you manage while you had the old lady ill?"

"We were several weeks away from home at that time, going about for change of air. The last three of poor Mrs. Tottenham's life we spent at a cold-water cure, where the ladies of the doctor's family managed everything."

"That made things come easy to you. I heard of her death, but I had scarlatina just then; I took it from the children. You see how short my hair is yet."

[To be continued.]

LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

VI.—ABOUT THE COMMONPLACE.

THERE was a time when my idea of a monarch was inseparable from the idea of his crown, sceptre, and robe of state. If, in those days, I had drawn anything like a consecutive picture of the daily life of royalty, which, indeed, it never occurred to me to do, I make no doubt but the crown would have played as large a part as the head on which it was fitted. Worn—so it would have seemed in my picture—in the pomp of ceremony, but none the less certainly in the retirement of domestic privacy; for I should never have been able to imagine a motive cogent enough to make him put it away voluntarily; and had it been put away against his will he would have been, for me, no longer a king. Possibly I might have allowed it to be laid aside at night, as likely to make but an uncomfortable nightcap; but, even then, only put away at the very last moment, when the curtains were securely drawn against prying eyes; so deposited, too, as to be within easy reach should any monarchical business turn up during the night; and, in any event, ready to be resumed incontinently at the first gleam of the new to-morrow.

It was a child's first introduction to that part of the experience of his race which robs the commonplace of its natural impressiveness, and invests the novel and the peculiar with a sacredness and a significance that just last till they, too, become commonplace. With most people not only does the "*ignotum*" stand "*pro magnifico*," but it is regarded as "*the magnificum*" itself and in itself.

The thing we know well is commonplace; so much is, perhaps, inevitable. But, being commonplace, it is apt to seem unlovely, which is not inevitable; nay, which is so little necessary that any scientifically arranged "treatise upon the commonplace" would touch upon nearly all the things that men have unanimously declared to be beautiful. Such a treatise you may well believe I am *not* going to write. But I shall try to say something about the matter which may be to the purpose of some future professor more scientifically-minded than myself, who may be induced to essay that comprehensive subject.

How the unknown haunts us at times, trailing on the far verge of the horizon skirts of dazzling brightness. How, all unknown though it be, it seems to take witching form, with beckoning finger and beseeching eyes luring us away from the dull monotony of things familiar. I lift to my lips the cup which the beneficent genius of the commonplace mixes for my daily refreshment; and, lo! even as I lift it, I feel the thrill of an invisible presence borne,

as it were, upon the almost inaudible whisper of some longing, to which, perhaps, some poet has fitted words that almost express it. A shadowy arm is uplifted, and from a magic vial a drop is poured, and then the cup is tasteless ; and, as I drain it, visions of bright, impossible things seem to lurk in depths my lips can never reach.

Do you remember that immortal Prodigal who walks from the page of the Evangelist into the hearts of every successive generation ? I seem to myself to have found out things about him which the Gospel does not expressly state. I am inclined to think that his childhood was one of more than ordinary promise, and that the servants and people at home loved him far more than they loved that elder brother in whose character prudence probably encroached on some of the space that might have been profitably devoted to generosity. I should imagine he was one who loved to make those about him happy—a thing which men of (what they themselves deem) sublimer type not rarely either forget or despise. All this, however, was in the days when he was a boy, and blameless. But youth came, bearing into his blood the fullest breath of its fullest spring, and bringing with it that haunting vision of the unknown and the untried.

It is a sad story, or rather it would be a sad story, were it not that, in the Gospel, it ends so unlike the way a story constructed out of the same materials would end in the telling of a modern philosophico-poetico-romancist.

Something came upon him that made life seem irksome. Nay, not then does it seem to me to have come for the first time. I imagine there had been touches of it even on his childhood. I imagine there had been times when the ball hopped not as of old, and the marbles seemed to spin from the childish fingers not so lightly as they used ; that then other toys were taken up, and the pleasure that was in them squeezed out quickly. Surely there was something better in the world than these simple contrivances for making childhood gay, and boyhood happy. Poor fellow, he grew weary of the unfailing plenty and uneventful serenity of his father's house. He felt the young blood stirring in his veins, and dreams of larger licence, which he called "liberty," rising in his heart. He longed to break away from what his fatal inexperience deemed the dull monotony of home. I have always, somehow, fancied that his home was situated in a fair valley, bounded by a circle of not very distant hills ; and that his eyes got the habit of turning often to their summits ; and that a wild dream haunted him of a world beyond the mountains fairer and more beautiful than any in which his feet had walked while they trod the quiet ways of home.

He thought, you may be sure, that he could find in that fairy land a field for such talents as were his ; a place where the prizes of life would come to him ; where, above all, he would have his own way, and be his own master. Did he think, too,—nay, did he *not* think?—that he would find friends more faithful, hearts more true,

affection more tender and more enduring than he had ever found at home. How do I guess these things? Ah, my friends, there is one thing that does not change—the heart of a boy or of a man. Take the first bright-eyed, promising boy that comes in your way, in whose character boyhood and youth are just meeting, and, if you have the art (but it is a rare one) of making him show his heart and its nestling brood of callow wishes and half-fledged hopes, you will discover the inspiration of my studies upon the Prodigal.

However, at last, thinking his wayward thoughts, his heart swelled into the ingratitude of rebellion. He demanded his portion and went his way with a joy whose conscious guilt endowed it with an anticipated touch of the remorse that was so sure to come. What he found we know. We have all of us, more or less, trodden those paths that trend across the distant hills that seem at first to lead us up where we can touch the very heavens, and make playthings of the silent moon and silver stars. Only at first; for when the heights are gained, the path tends ever downward, broadening as it goes.

Across those hills there are many paths. Let each one follow the foolish wayfarer by that which his own idiosyncrasy points out as the most likely way.

He had, at all events, emancipated himself from the commonplace. I may well suppose he found a world very different from what his foolish fancy painted on the unlimited sunlit canvass which inexperience supplies—professing to supply it gratis, but, in reality, taking bond for costly after-payment to be rigorously enforced. Friends! Yes, there were friends; for by his girdle still hung the unexhausted purse. They were of the sort called “summer friends.” He thought them fine fellows, whose smiles were worth gold. And with gold he bought their smiles—smiles that were so bright that they needed to be dipped in wine-cups to cool their glow—smiles of such protean capabilities that, when not on paid duty, they most easily assumed the undress of a sneer.

He met, you may take for granted, no love like that he had so lightly spurned, no heart like the father's he had wounded so cruelly, with that thoughtless cruelty, whose very unconsciousness is its most bitter ingredient, in which youth is sometimes such an adept. And then, in a land far off, poverty came upon him. The summer friends fell, one by one, away, and he felt the sickness and the sinking of the heart that are the costly cures of the heart's delusions. At last, in the meanest of menial employments, he sat among the swine, staying his body's hunger with the acorn husks, but finding in the bitterer husks of memory and regret nothing that could appease, for a moment, the hunger of his heart.

I don't know why I have so fully (and yet not half so fully as my heart would prompt me) written out his story. He occurred to me, at first, as the most eminent instance on record of extreme disgust with the commonplace. Moreover, there is some of him

in most ~~hearts~~ that are worth anything. May they all, like him, come home at last!

He came home—~~home~~ to the commonplace. Have you ever pictured to yourself that unwritten and unrecorded after-life of his? Be sure the past came back to him at times, not only as a painful experience, but came back with a glow and a glamour that memory can fling over things past, let hard-won experience preach never so wisely. I wonder was he ever tempted—say, when the prudent elder brother put on the half self-complacent, half scornful look of a man who, never having known temptation, had escaped a fall,—I wonder was the Prodigal tempted, at such times, to try the hill-side paths once more. Had he a mother, skilful to detect the gathering gloom of such a mood, and dispel it timely, as mothers well know how. There is one thing for which I deem him enviable. He had (what few men do) bought enough experience at a less price than his whole lifetime.

We, *mes frères*, are “the heirs of all the ages;” especially are we the heirs of our own dead past. But with the inheritance does not necessarily come the secret of spending it wisely. That secret is late in coming, and just when it seems to begin to dawn upon us, we, too, have to make our wills and die. The wisdom that comes of experience is always somewhat melancholy. There is no wisdom like it—scarcely any that can be its substitute; but it has one drawback—it comes too late. We pay for it the most precious, nay, the only precious thing we have—our years; and then when the purchase is completed we find that the price we have paid away was the one thing necessary to make our bargain profitable. Graceful is that wisdom as the ivy and the moss that time accumulates upon some lordly castle; but, like the ivy and the moss, its grace, when at its highest, adorns only a ruin. Ah, it comes too late—when the brain has got cool, the hair has grown white; when the thought has been moulded by prudence, the eye has grown dim, and the hand weak. Youth is the season of possibility without power, age the season of power without possibility. In youth we could do if we knew how, in age we know how if we could only do. Life seems to be a fire, and when its fierceness dies down, if we find the pure gold of wisdom, we find it beneath the grey ashes of baffled aims and blighted hopes.

There is an art, the practice of which is essential, in some degree, to anything like happiness we can hope for on this side Heaven. It is the art of making the best of our belongings. I mention it here because it is an art that very remarkably strengthens our appreciation of the beauty that lurks behind the somewhat sad-coloured veil of the commonplace. Just set yourself to reckon up your possessions, physical and mental, and you will soon see what priceless wealth you have, perhaps, been overlooking. In fact, which you have been literally *looking over*; straining, in most uncomfortable tip-toe posture, to catch a glimpse of something

just ahead of you, which, for a certainty, is not half so valuable. And, let me tell you, *that something* is always *just ahead*—shall always be, till you run it to earth, and sink exhausted beneath the “*hic jacet*.”

What, let me ask you, are the most useful things? Are they not the things that are so common that you would forget to enter them in any inventory of your possessions. Air, and light, and water, cost nothing—that is, they cost *you* nothing, in truth, they cost the creative-power of God; and, yet, these are precisely the things that are too priceless to fall under any money standard. Again, what are the most beautiful things? Ask the poets. What do they almost seem to rave about? Stars, and sunshine, and flowers, glows of summer sunset, gloom of midnight seas, hush of noontide, crash of storm, and hearts, and homes, and human passion, and children, and men, and women—and all these common things that *we* touch so closely and so often that we have ceased to see the unutterable loveliness that is in every one of them.

To be sure it needs some training to see and appreciate their beauty. And the training must be more or less unconscious. It is said that almost any posture of the human body unconsciously assumed and maintained is nearly always graceful. But this piece of information, I solemnly warn you, is absolutely unavailable in the impossible task of consciously assuming an unconscious attitude. It is so with the training needed for seeing the beauty of common things. As a matter of fact it won't do to “get up” the sunrise in your favourite poet, and then get up yourself and rush out, once in a way, in the raw morning, to be enchanted as per previous arrangement. Better stay in bed, indeed, so far as æsthetic purposes are concerned.

You observe I used the phrase above—“in the raw morning.” I did so because it serves to introduce something I want to tell you about sunrise—(you see I freely admit my “one in a thousand” reader into my workshop). My theory about sunrise is that the winter sunrise is far the most beautiful, or rather perhaps, I should say, not the most beautiful, but the one whose beauty being least mixed up with the beauty of other things, gets the best chance of forcibly expressing itself. *Experlo crede*, for, on most winter mornings, my business brings me (not unfrequently, I confess, against the grain) in a direction facing the yet unrisen sun. You whose notions of sunrise are, perhaps, almost exclusively derived from the poets (whose own notions, I shrewdly suspect, were mostly developed under the spell of midnight), you would perhaps be inclined to anticipate that one sunrise would be very like another. But, believe me, it is not so. If you closely scan the faces of the next ten persons you meet (ten will serve the purpose of the present experiment, but you can take ten thousand if you please), and

after remarking (what is most obvious) how unlike they are to each other, just consider within how infinitesimally narrow a limit. Nature, working not only with like materials, but with the same combinations of material, yet contrives to effect the unlikeness, or better call it, long though the word be—the distinguishableness—you will be prepared to believe me when I say that one sunrise is scarcely ever an exact copy of any other. The general outlines are to be sure the same; but cloud tints, and let me add, mind moods, are infinite in variety, and without being specially an egotist, you will find something of yourself in every sunrise you gaze upon. Here is one, out of many, specially described for the benefit of the man who, not being an idiot, or born blind, or utterly insensible to everything but *f. s. d.*, has the strength of mind to confess that he never, to his knowledge, witnessed the full spectacle of a sunrise. Beauty of sunrise, in description, is, as a rule, not so much beauty of sunrise as beauty of words, often expressing things which only the describer ever saw in any sky. And, indeed, the words are often beautiful enough—*vide* Shakspeare, Milton, Tennyson, *passim*. But about my own description. Well, the truth is, the three names I have mentioned have suggested to my memory so many fine things about sunrise, that I hereby remand my own description for further consideration.

The essential elements that underlie all the great works that have ever been done or written, are as commonplace as you please, if you choose mentally to decompose the structure. You have seen (*I* certainly have) some world's wonder of an edifice,—such a one as becomes magnetic in its power of drawing from the four winds of heaven idle people to measure their littleness with its immensity. Well, it sprang in its completeness from the brain of some great architect. There was a day, or more probably a night, when he sate silent and alone gathering up the tangled threads that art had flung upon his life, piecing together the various fragments of various knowledge, and trying to set to consecutive music the fragmentary memories of many a dead emotion. He, as it were, focussed his whole artistic being on the problem before him. He put forth his whole artistic strength to wrestle with the art-angel that had come to him in such a dream as genius sends to her rarest sons; and when this was done, then precisely, neither sooner nor later, the whole edifice sprang into existence. But *we* could not have seen it then. To place it before our eyes the artist had to have recourse to things so commonplace as stone and mortar, and the rough labour of hard hands. Nay, even of its purely artistic beauty, the essential elements had been already so scattered upon the field of nature, that there were men, not artists, looking at them every day and calling them commonplace. He only put the common elements of beauty into new combinations—nor even these so new, if all were known. Had he not so used the

commonplace he either could never have thought his thought, or it would have died within him unspoken and unknown.

Have you ever happened to see a fairy palace in which commonplace materials were *not* used? I have. It was in Rome on a certain night of the *gerandole*. On a background of blue-black sky rose suddenly a palace of light and fire, so suddenly that Aladdin's palace leaped at once from the large but mere possibilities of a child's dream to a living reality. But it faded, and even before it faded, your admiration of it was tempered by the knowledge that it *must* fade. It had no hold in the commonplace. Do you know, I often think of it when reading certain books that sparkle like fireworks for a time.

In all the world of art the same rule holds good. If you examine the poems that have lived, you will find that the ideas on which they are based, by which they live, are essentially commonplace. You will cease to wonder at that if you only reflect that there is after all nothing so common as man, so commonplace as human emotions and human hearts.

Almost all the pathos of the great masters of the lyre, and the pencil, and the chisel, has gathered itself around the very common act of dying. Death has been doing his work, and on a scale absolutely gigantic, for many thousands of years, and yet his blow scarcely ever seems to lose the fascination of novelty. Death is the one circumstance that can never be said to be uncongenial to any human being, and yet it is the one around which genius has always chosen to lavish its wonder and its awe. They say that Domenichino's picture of the death of St. Jerome is one of the finest pictures in the world; some say the very finest, finer and nobler than even the Transfiguration that faces it in the Vatican. You will find a constant crowd drinking in the immortal agony of Laocoon; and if ever marble told a story that men never tire of hearing, it tells one in the Capitol where the Gladiator has been dying for so many pitying generations. I suppose the great reason is that all men feel that to die is the most momentous, and to die grandly the most heroic act a man can perform. Besides, to die is an act that every man *must* perform one day or other, and hence it is a bond of sympathy where almost all others are wanting between men of the most different types; and through this common bond the feelings are most powerfully appealed to.

But you will find this pathos running down through all the minor notes of human life. We all, in some sense, and in a sense that gives most of their keenest pathos to stories of men, die more than once. I have a very vivid recollection of my childhood, and my boyhood, and early youth; but I ask myself, somewhat sadly, where is that child, that boy, that youth? Each of them is dead as Julius Cæsar. I don't want to quarrel with the metaphysicians. I admit fully and freely the orthodox doctrine about identity, but a

great deal of me is gone, has died, and only comes back in memories that are as pale and as pathetic as ghosts. You that were young and now are old, I ask you has not a great deal died out of your life? Many things you cling to, heart and brain, as the most precious things in the world, time has touched with fateful finger, and revealed them the illusions that they were. In youth life was a glorious poem, but time, and fate, and circumstance, have re-written it since, and now it is the baldest prose. You have doubtless formed your schoolboy and your college friendships, have poured your hopes, your dreams, your ambitions into the ear of some fellow-student. But has it ever happened to you to meet your early friend when the world had "wreaked" some of its years and their troubles on him and you? If so, did you not find the meeting somewhat doleful? You shook hands warmly, to be sure, and a flash of memory came across you both. But it was only a flash; and as the lightning-flash sometimes reveals a ruin, so *it* served to show the havoc time had made in the edifice of youthful friendship. You talked perhaps about your schooldays, and your college terms; wondered had "John succeeded as he promised," "was Tom the same merry fellow as of old." You strove in short to put life into the past that was dead so long, and you only succeeded in galvanising it, and like any galvanised body it looked ghastly. Finally, you came to the sad conclusion that your old friend was dead, and, if you examined closely, that you, his old friend, were dead too. Again, you did many generous, noble, unselfish, unutterably foolish things in those old times. When you think of those heroic moods now, does not an almost blush mantle your somewhat faded cheek, if indeed you have retained at all the power of blushing to even the smallest extent that can warrant the name? Doubtless you have become wise now, and have by heart your long practised homily against "cakes and ale."

Or you have written something in those hot days which you very naturally considered a masterpiece. Somehow it was stowed away and comes to light after all those years. You come upon it some day, and it startles you as if it were a ghost, and something has died either out of it or out of you. So bits of us die, and are buried, and rise no more. It is only when the final death is past and over, that all those seemingly inconsistent moods of man's various ages shall be blended into harmony under the white, pure light of the sunshine of heaven.

But it is time to end, and I feel someway that the last sentence would have made an impressive ending. This, however, with which I conclude, will make perhaps a more useful one. If any young man has been reading this lecture, as I hope there may have been more than one, in whose heart and brain the sounds of nature seem always ringing into rhymes, let him take this piece of information as a thank-offering for any momentary sympathy he may

have bestowed on me and my thoughts. The difference between a true poet and a mere would-be (but can't) poet seems to be precisely this: the latter goes, so to speak, botanising with his nose in the air, and his eyes fixed on some patch of colour on a distant mountain; a patch which, even if he ever reach, he will find to be but faded grass or worthless weeds. The true poet paces quietly, his eyes lifted often to heaven for guidance, but mostly bent in all humility upon the earth, which is God's footstool. And he carefully and with tender reverence gathers up the wayside flowers on which the other trampled in his vain folly, and weaves them into garlands that shall never fade.

J. F.

SEEDLINGS.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH FARRELL.

YOU ask—or do I only dream you ask?—
 For wine and bread to feed the souls that thirst
 And hunger for the food that feeds a soul.
 I give you what I can, not all I would.
 I bring you corn, and some green shoots of vine,
 These shoots bear yet no clusters, and the corn
 Is corn, not bread—mere vine shoots and seed corn.
 “But will they grow?”—I know not; this I know,
 They grew for me in soul-soil where hot showers
 Of tears struck often to the buried roots
 Bringing their messages of bloom to be.
 Such show'rs fell often, and tho' sometimes came
 The sunny gleams of transient smiles that play
 Round singer's lips,—yet, if the fruitful life
 Dwells still in any seedling, if the vines
 Fold in them prophecy of vintage time,
 To tears they owe it rather than to smiles.
 Full well I've learn'd joy's harvests in a “now;”
 While sorrow sows the future with a song,
 Joy sits at a full table eating bread,
 Which, being eaten, is not: sorrow ploughs
 And sows the furrows of the days that are
 Unto the harvest of the times to be
 To feed men's souls; for, it was writ of old,
 “Not by the bread of wheat alone man lives,
 But by the words that fall from God's own mouth,”
 Or utter'd in the thunder, or writ down
 In Holy Books, or whisper'd to rare hearts
 That are, thereafter, bound as by a spell,
 To shape their passionate lives in moulds of song.

"The times are out of joint"—all times were so
 To those who strain'd them through a silent heart ;
 Who, lifted in a meditative mood,
 Above the outer ledge of fleeting time,
 Look'd forth unto the Eternity beyond.
 The prophet saw the land made desolate
 Because such hearts were rare ; but only he,
 The thoughtful, saw ; the thoughtless did not see,
 They see not now—nor hear how many a voice
 Cries loudly that these times are out of joint.

'Tis not for lack of prophets self-endow'd
 With gifts prophetic for an age in need ;
 'Tis not for lack of healers, lad'n with drugs
 To stimulate or sooth a poor sick world ;
 'Tis not for lack of teachers with glib tongues,
 Each with a Gospel in his open mouth.

Comes some one saying—"only give them bread,"
 As if by bread alone these millions live
 The life without which other were brute's life.
 "Give bread!"—ay, give them bread, the very swine
 Have vested rights in acorns ; nay, the oaks,
 That drank the potent wine of centuries' suns,
 That hoard the beauty of dead days that were,
 Seem to the swine but made to grow them food.
 But men are not as swine, our Mother Earth
 That gives them bread, and that will give them graves,
 Has other ends than giving bread and graves.

Another comes proclaiming—"earth is mine"—
 (Ah, well I know the voice, 'tis Science speaks)—
 Earth used to be the Lord's, but all has chang'd,
 The earth has found new taskmasters, and groans
 Beneath the rule of a relentless Law
 That neither has, nor needs a Lawgiver.
 They pluck His footstool from the feet of God
 And make of it a pulpit whence to preach
 To sorrow-stricken men a godless earth—
 Poor Mother Earth that bares her teeming breast
 To nourish lips that shall pronounce her doom.
 In vain the rich grass bursts from under ground.
 In vain the corn fields clothe the land with gold,
 And rise, with beauty knit, in golden bond,
 Gives bread to mouths, and joy to hearts of men.
 In vain, O Nature, does your murmurous song
 Wake deeper music in the hearts that love
 To listen to the echoes from afar,

These murmurous voices wake in child-like hearts.
Earth feels the chain of Science, her bound limbs
Are bared for torture that shall seek her life
Thro' every nerve, until, when life has flown,
Not finding life, they swear she never liv'd.
What help has Science, when it treats the earth
As if the earth, its mother, were a corpse
On which to practise its anatomy,
And when the task is done, commit the bones
To charnel houses of huge soulless tomes,
And dream that it has cag'd the spirit of life.

Pull up the flow'r that drinks its radiant life
As well from the far depths of azure skies
As from the clay that clings about its root ;
Pluck it, altho' its roots should drip with blood,
And though it groan, like mandrake, being pluck'd—
Subject it to analysis, let your light,
Your farthing rushlight, blaze upon its leaves,
And burn its life out ; let your microscope
So search it that its beauty shrink, asham'd.
You have your Science—call it botany.
But where's the bloom that many a mid-day sun,
And many a show'r of morning's diamond dew
Stamp'd on it ?—where the grace, beyond all words,
Beyond all science, which the child-like eye
Saw in its petals, till the flowers became
No longer common things with earth-fed roots,
But hieroglyphics writ by God's own hand
Profusely on the face of the broad world ;
Their meaning not so hid but child-like hearts
Can read it, till the hands that touch a flow'r
Thrill as they touch'd the Hand itself of God.

Shall Science help ? You draw the lightning down
And make it breathe a soul through the dead wire.
What boots it if the soul it breathe be dead
And rotten, if it flash the news of wars,
And deeds that make the thronèd angels weep ?
What if God's lightning, master'd by the hands
Of men not god-like, lend itself to lies,
And frauds, and make the world it found not good,
Less good for those who wait our vacant chairs ?

Rise other, nobler cries than cries of bread,
And men who scan the " masses " from the height
Of some imagin'd eminence, where they sit,
And worship " culture " on such lonely heights,

So far remov'd from common sympathies
 That nought can live there, save the brute and God;
 Brute that knows nothing—God, who sees the whole
 Of life's full mystery;—men of mould like this
 Join us in crying—not by bread alone,
 "Nay, not by bread and science can man live."
 "If not by these, by what?"—

"By liberty,
 Free thought, free speech, free bodies, and free souls"—
 But, is thought free, that thinks what is not, is?
 Is thought enslav'd when steadied by the grasp
 Of Truth?—Is speech made free when free to lie?—
 Are bodies free subjecting to their laws
 The higher needs of far more ultimate laws?
 Are souls made free by Error?

Here's a scheme—
 "The eye wakes envy, envy wakes desire,
 The new-born wish brings its own right to be,
 Which waits but power to have the further right
 To clothe itself in act before the world."
 Nay, here's no Gospel—better be a brute
 With grovelling instincts true to instinct's laws,
 With natural aims, however low, fulfilled,
 Than be a man whose many-chamber'd brain
 Has found no tenant save a scheme like this.

Thro' odorous flow'rs, and trees in the first sheen
 Of their first suit of leaves, in Paradise,
 An ominous whisper rustled to the ears
 Of Eve and Adam, and the thought of God
 That lay, like imag'd heaven across a lake,
 Upon their placid souls, was broken and marred
 By that faint whisper—"liberty or death,"
 Or was it rather—"liberty *and* death?"

God's noblest gift to man is Liberty,
 The abstract pow'r to choose or right or wrong.
 But abstract pow'rs have concrete exercise,
 And, in its concrete action, liberty
 Is worse than worthless when it chooses wrong.
 "These be your gods, O Israel"—will such help
 When the day wanes, and the black night comes down,
 When men, struck to the heart, creep from the press
 Of life's fierce strife, to cool their wounds and die?
 Nay, will they help when heart and hand are strong
 To do and dare?

Such hinder work, not help,
 By clipping wings on which the soul might fly

Beyond the sun, and silver stars, to God,
 And thence returning find the self-same God
 Beneath the petals of a wayside flow'r,
 Awaiting to be spoken with, and speak.
 Find Him still surelier in the smiles of babes,
 Like what He deigned to be ; and in the grace
 Of mothers, like His Mother that once was—
 And sureliest in the men whose bearded lips
 Are pain-drawn with the sorrows which the world
 Has sent them, but which, howsoever great,
 Are but as scatter'd drops upon the rim
 Of the full cup the olives saw him drain.
 Ay, here's help and the Helper.

I have pass'd

Where Italy's beauty sings its psalms to heav'n's
 Sown thick with tremulous stars that also sing,
 And every mile there came a wayside shrine,
 Built by hands hard, but moved by hearts not hard.
 Each held its thought. In one the Infant smil'd
 In Mary's face, whose own face caught a glow
 As from the flush of some undreamed-of dawn.
 —Let those pause here, who in secluded homes
 Are sheltered from the storms that vex men's hearts,
 Who pray, toil, live in hope, and die in peace—
 Another bore the white face of the Christ,
 As gathering up into His broken Heart
 All pains that ever swept the quivering strings
 Of human hearts, all sorrows that have been
 Or shall be till the doomsday brings an end.
 HERE is His place, full in whose open ear
 Discordant voices of distracted times
 Strike the full stroke that seems to shatter hope.

What hope is for the myriad men who sit
 In darkness worse than death, who toil and die—
 Toil without profit, die without a hope ?
 Whose narrow life is clos'd within a round
 Of ends as narrow as the ends of beasts ?
 Only this hope—life brings them suffering
 Which God so lov'd, so loves, shall always love,
 That where that is, God never is far off.

Whose world is godless, always sits discrown'd
 And in relentless hunger for some food,
 Which yet he knows not, eats his own sad heart.
 Hard is the road, and white with blending dust—
 What tho' it wind thro' fields of shadowy corn,
 And by the slopes where vine rows woo the sun,

He only feels the hardness 'neath his feet,
 And the hot beat of pain upon his heart.
 Then the night comes—mayhap, his weary feet
 Have led him weary to the wayside shrine;
 Fain would he pass, but suffering holds him there,
 And sorrow's hand has bow'd him to the dust.
 He fain must sit, and scan the face of Christ,
 And wondering, finds a likeness in that face
 To what his own, not is, but might become
 If to the sorrow that has scarr'd his face
 Were added some strange charm in Christ's white face
 That makes His sorrow strangely like some joy
 For which no tongue of earth can find a name.
 He has become a child in sorrow's school,
 Where Christ is teacher—in the dust he sits
 Discrown'd and desolate, for his schemes have fail'd.
 But lo! Heaven opens, and an angel flies,
 Borne back upon the prayer he flung to God,
 While yet he had not known God, or God's ways,
 And takes the thorn crown from the brow of Christ,
 And bends it round the forehead of the man.
 Each thorn-point stings like fire, till his whole soul
 Is steeped in pain—but lo! he wears a crown,
 'Tis only thorns as yet—has God no gems
 To set among those thorns?—

The angel comes

Bearing a gem that leaves a path of light
 From God's bright throne down to the cold, dark earth.
 The crown, else gemless, bears the gem of Faith,
 But faith and suffering will not dwell alone;
 "I suffer, and God is," were incomplete
 Till subtle dialectic of the heart
 Suggests that since these things are, hope must be:
 Then, by the gem, else lonely, in the crown,
 The angel sets the starlike gem of Hope.
 "I suffer, and God is, I hope in God!"
 But who would let his formula rest here,
 When sitting at the feet of a dead Christ?
 Once more the angel comes—this time the gem
 He bears, sets, passing, earth and heaven ablaze
 With gleams that mingle hues of blood and fire.
 "Justice and peace have kiss'd"—earth into heaven
 Has pass'd before its time; the way-worn man
 Feels the years' burden drop from off his soul;
 His woes have changed to memories of a past,
 That was, but that shall never be again,
 That even in its darkest, dreariest time,
 Was but as some dark cloud across the sky,

That hid the heavens, but pass'd, and being pass'd,
The heavens seem bluer than they else had been.
He sat in sorrow's school at Christ's pierc'd feet,
Has learnt his lesson, has become a child :
Sits now—above the storms that vex the world,
A happy child at his great Father's feet,
Whose food it is to do his Father's will,
Whose soul is fed by words from God's own mouth,
Whose loftiest science is the hope he holds,
Whose dream of liberty is leave to love.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

VIII. THE CLERGY (*continued*)—CONFESSION.

It will be worth our while to consider a little further, though still briefly, what is meant by *Moral Theology*. It is a branch of sacred science, having for its subject-matter all the obligations of Christians, natural and supernatural. It appeals concerning *both* these classes of duties to Scripture and Tradition, and the Teaching of the Church. It appeals also, and largely, to reason, regarding the former class, and it *uses* reason in deducing and developing the latter as well as the former. It takes its materials—so to speak—from all departments of Divine and human law.

The chief difference between Moral Theology and Moral Philosophy, in the way of dealing with natural obligations, which alone are common to both, consists in this, that Moral Theology has direct and express recourse to revelation and to ecclesiastical authority, while Moral Philosophy confines itself to merely natural sources of knowledge and natural grounds of argument, though teachers and learners of Moral Philosophy are obviously bound to guard themselves against straying into doctrine that may be at variance with Christian principles. No such doctrine, of course, can be true in Philosophy, since truth is one; and those fell into a monstrous error who said, as some did, that the same proposition may be true in Philosophy and false in Theology. Moral Theology is not controversial; that is to say, it does not concern itself about disputes on moral points between Catholics and non-Catholics. These are carried on elsewhere. Hence, the Moral Theologian, as such, is satisfied with the decision of a Pope or a General Council, and does

not take the trouble of vindicating it. Nay, even less solemn Roman answers and solutions are accepted as practically sufficient to settle moral questions.

The object and end of Moral Theology is to guide the clergy, and, through them, the laity, as to conduct. Therefore, unless its principles and doctrines are made to reach the details of human actions—even of ordinary every-day actions—considered as good or bad in the eyes of God, its aim is not attained. It may be said that an intelligent person, well furnished with the principles and doctrines of this science, will be able to settle for himself and for others all that needs settling, whether great or small. Whatever be the abstract value of this statement, which may be true of a very intelligent man very well provided with principles, it is, as a rule, practically necessary to study not only the principles and leading propositions, but their application also, not to all possible circumstances, for this would be impossible, but to a great variety of circumstances, partly in order to be prepared for these circumstances when they occur, partly in order to acquire a facility of dealing with details. In other words, Moral Theology must comprise the consideration of particular *cases*. Hence comes the term *Casuistry* applied to Moral Theology, or rather to a portion of it.

Casuistry sounds ill to some. A *casuist*, like a *Jesuit*, is in their minds a suspected person; and, indeed, Jesuits are charged with being casuists in an uncomplimentary sense. Yet, the real meaning of casuistry is something innocent enough. It implies, as I have said, the study of *cases*—a useful and necessary study. But an invidious sense has been attached to the word, pretty much as has occurred with reference to the phrase *special pleading*, which denotes a most legitimate incident of English law proceedings, but is occasionally made to signify a sort of chicanery. Casuistry is taken for something similar.

The notion involved in this secondary sense of casuistry is, either that all close investigation of moral questions as applied to practice is unnecessary and noxious, or that this investigation, though perhaps in itself useful, is commonly carried to excess and applied to bad purposes. Neither notion is correct. In the first place, it is clear that the moral obligations of men regard particular circumstances, and are affected and varied by particular circumstances. This is illustrated in courts of law, where independently of mere technicalities—which, however, are not to be despised—the most refined and complicated reasonings are employed about the substance of rights and wrongs. It is illustrated, too, from the views taken by experienced men of business, and by ordinary citizens, concerning fairness and unfairness, and duties and liabilities. Now, if the obligations exist, it cannot be superfluous to endeavour to ascertain them. Nor can this be mischievous if the work is rightly gone about. There is no need of all men being theologians, as there is no need of all being lawyers; but it is most desir-

able that there should be some to whom recourse may be had in cases of difficulty. As to excess or perverseness in casuistical pursuits, such faults may occasionally occur, but they are far from common, and scarcely ever intentional. It is easy to laugh at what are called fine-drawn distinctions. But it so happens that those who indulge most in this ridicule know little of the subject, and are not commonly remarkable for their observance of obvious moral obligations.

Moral Theology is specially required for the administration of the Sacrament of Penance, concerning which I propose now to make some remarks. It is a doctrine of the Catholic Faith that this sacrament was instituted by our Lord, and an obligation imposed by Him on all who should have sinned grievously after Baptism to receive it. For this purpose, they must confess all their mortal sins to a duly authorized priest with sincere sorrow and a firm purpose of thereafter abstaining, at least, from all mortal sin. The confession of venial sins is useful and customary, but not commanded. The sinner who presents himself in the tribunal of penance is his own accuser and his own advocate: his own accuser as to his sins, his own advocate as to his dispositions. The priest is a judge delegated by Christ and holding the place of Christ in that tribunal. He is also a spiritual father, physician and doctor or teacher. The language I am using is that of Theologians, not merely of ascetical writers. Theologians distinguish these different offices of a confessor, or rather parts of the same office.

The priest must listen attentively to the penitent's spontaneous statement, supply its deficiency by means of opportune questions, and form an estimate of the guilt of the transgressions declared; he must likewise ascertain the dispositions of the penitent, that is to say his sorrow and purpose of amendment. Where these dispositions are found to be wanting, or are not sufficiently shown to exist, the person cannot be absolved. The priest would violate his duty by attempting to forgive, on the part of God, one who is devoid of the requisites which God has prescribed. From this brief statement, which does not go beyond the doctrine of the catechism, it is manifest that the priest must insist on the penitent's consent to comply with whatever serious obligations are clearly enough incumbent on him. For, assuredly, any one that declines to comply with such obligations cannot have a genuine sorrow for his past sins, and, if possible, more obviously still, he cannot have the purpose of avoiding sin for the future.

Suppose, then, the person owes a debt and does not show himself inclined to pay it at all, or within a reasonable time, the confessor must admonish him and require that he should resolve to discharge this duty. Suppose, again, that the person has injured another in some way, has unjustly invaded property or character, he is, of course, bound to repair the loss he has caused, so far as this is in his power. The obligation of making restitution for

goods unlawfully taken or destroyed, or fraud committed in business, will hardly be controverted by any class, at least of Christians. The same holds good in cases of defamation; I don't mean as to pecuniary compensation, where no pecuniary loss has been sustained, though the law of the land most justly awards such compensation, but as to reparation of character where it can be made. There are other serious obligations, too, of doing or omitting things, all of which obligations, where they exist, must be fulfilled, or their fulfilment sincerely undertaken; otherwise the parties concerned cannot be reconciled with God. When they are declined, the priest must withhold absolution.

No amount of sin committed is a bar to absolution when there is true repentance, which repentance, however, includes the determination to discharge all seriously binding duties for the future, whether those duties are connected with past transgressions or not. Well, then, as I have said, the priest must *refuse absolution*, when this determination does not appear to exist, and so far he must enforce the duties *by refusal of absolution*, or *under pain of a refusal of absolution*. These are forms of expression that mean the same thing. Further, the office of a confessor requires that he should inform the penitent of the existence of obligations, which really exist, but of which the penitent may be only imperfectly or not at all aware, as easily happens with ignorant persons, or even with persons who are not ignorant in other matters. If the penitent thus informed refuses to do his part, the confessor's hands are tied. I here state the broad and simple doctrine of Theologians and of the Church. As I am not writing a treatise on the Sacrament of Penance, I abstain from entering into further details with regard to the rules of prudence to be observed by a confessor in instructing penitents and enforcing obligations.

A confessor has no right to exact of the penitent by a threatened denial of absolution any act or omission to which the penitent is not otherwise objectively bound. He has no right to compel the penitent to do what he—the confessor—merely chooses, whether for the spiritual benefit of the penitent or for any other end. The only thing which the priest has the power to determine for the penitent, and require of him, is what is called the sacramental penance, consisting in some penal works imposed by way of satisfaction to God for the sins committed, and which are generally prayers to be recited, sometimes fasting or alms. In imposing this penance, regard is, or ought to be, always had to the person's spiritual strength or weakness, and is often had, too, to the person's particular spiritual necessities, whence it is in such cases called *medicinal*.

I will now stop to ask whether, in what I have said of a confessor's exaction of the discharge of duties, there is anything that any Catholic or any reasonable Protestant can condemn. I know that Protestants, at least generally, deny the Sacrament of Penance

altogether, and deny the necessity of confession, which many object to being practised at all. But, supposing that Christ has appointed ministers on earth to act as judges in a tribunal of conscience established by Him, wherein sinners are bound to manifest their own guilt with a view to being delivered from it by the sentence of these delegates of Christ, are the principles I have briefly explained, as those which guide priests in their bestowal or refusal of absolution, fair and rational, or are they not? Is there anything wrong or repugnant to reason or religion in the discharge of their office, as I have described it?

Let us see. First of all, we are, I suppose, all agreed that sins are not forgiven without repentance. If there be any professing Christians who would dispense with this requirement, I am not talking to them. Indeed, the chief charge made against us Catholics in this particular is that we do not sufficiently insist on repentance, and that we, in some sort, substitute sacerdotal absolution for it—a most unfounded charge, no doubt, and refuted by the plainest teaching of our Church to the contrary. Well, then, we are agreed that repentance is required. Consequently, it is the confessor's duty to ascertain, as far as he can, whether this exist or not. Secondly, true repentance, besides sorrow for the past, contains the present rejection and renunciation of sin for the future. A man who should say, "I am supremely sorry for having offended God, but I am not prepared to give up offending Him," would be looked on even by an honest pagan as talking impious nonsense. Thirdly, whoever refuses to fulfil a serious duty sufficiently proposed to him is not prepared to give up offending God; for the neglect of such a duty is a grievous offence to God. Fourthly, a Christian has no ground for complaining that his obligations are manifested to him when he chances to be wholly or partially ignorant of them. On the other hand, a minister officially charged by Christ with the spiritual care and cure of a sinner must, in all consistency, be charged with the direction of the same sinner in matters of plain duty, and this is besides part of the doctrine of the Church concerning the office of a confessor. Lastly, as the person who refuses to comply with his obligations is not a repentant person, he cannot receive the remission of his offences from the minister of God.

The manner of proceeding, then, which I have described is the only one consistent with reason or faith, supposing the institution of the Sacrament of Penance.

I may, perhaps, be asked why I have dwelt, not indeed at great length, but at some length, and with a certain degree of minuteness, on the duty of confessors, and what the whole thing has to do with my main subject. The question is a fair one, but easily answered. All transactions and dealings between men and their fellow-men, all fulfilment of obligations of one towards another, are so many social concerns, and, consequently, all influence of the

Church or its ministers, as such, in these matters, belongs to the relation of the Church to human society. Now, it is manifest that the action of confessors in insisting on the right conduct of their penitents in their transactions and dealings involves this influence. The particular reason I have for referring to such action is that it may be, and sometimes is, qualified as *undue influence*, and the reason why I extend my appeal to Catholics, asking *them*, too, whether there is anything to condemn in it, is because Catholics are liable to entertain inaccurate views on the subject, views which in *them* are at variance with the religion they profess. Certainly, if what I have set down as the proper course to be followed by priests be undue influence, there is nothing left for us but to say that undue influence is part and parcel of the Catholic Religion.

But the influence is not *undue*. The clergy are authorised guides in matters of conscience. It is possible, no doubt, that a priest may abuse this influence. There is nothing so good that it may not be abused. But there is no solid ground for thinking that this often occurs. Besides the presumable uprightness of those who devote themselves to this sacred office, there is the knowledge that their decisions may be reviewed by other priests to whom the penitent will perhaps submit them. It is possible, likewise, I admit, that confessors may make unintentional mistakes. So might the penitents, if left to themselves, and more easily. They might make mistakes of judgment from ignorance, they might make mistakes of practice from unwillingness to do some painful things. The confessor's intervention often serves to obviate both these defects. On the whole, and in the long run, a fair-minded Protestant would have to admit that this influence of priests is calculated to promote fidelity to duty on the part of those whom they direct.

The motives of the men who condemn the confessional are various, and need not be introduced here. I will merely observe that among these motives one which operates on the minds of some, and which they more or less avow, is that the doctrine and practice, they conceive, opposed to natural independence and English freedom, and are, therefore, not to be thought of. The Almighty had no business to institute such things, and of course did not. These men would not like to be driven to say that if He had, yet they would refuse to submit. Still they are impatient of any yoke save what is purely human, and often enough, of that. Serious religious restrictions of any kind they do not relish nor thoroughly understand. They are hardly Christians at all except in name, and sometimes not even in name. When I appeal to Protestants, it is not to such as these, but to those who sincerely recognise God and a Divine Revelation.

To return now to the priest's necessary guidance of penitents, his exaction from them of a resolution to act as they are bound to do; this extends itself to all sufficiently ascertained obligations. There has been a question raised about such exaction with refer-

ence to voting at parliamentary elections. Can a priest legitimately insist on the giving, or at least the withholding of a vote? I should say—rarely. If we suppose circumstances in which there is a clear objective obligation of voting or not voting for a certain candidate under pain of grievous sin, which obligation the penitent already knew or is now satisfactorily informed of by the priest, and is yet unwilling to carry out, he is not fitly disposed for absolution, and it ought to be refused him so long as he remains in that mind. This is unmistakably sound doctrine, whatever view may be taken of it by the law of the land or by legal functionaries, or by any one else, and I may add that it is a manifest dictate of right reason. It is no business of mine to say when, where, and how often, the circumstances are such as I have explained. I happen to think they are not common. It is most unquestionable that a confessor has no right to make the sacrament an instrument for enforcing his own personal or political predilections. He is not a legislator, but a mere administrator of the laws by which his penitent is bound irrespectively of him.

So far, I have confined myself to what may be called the *compulsory* influence of confessors, the sphere of which is, as we have seen, exceedingly limited. But when a confessor has no power to enforce a suggestion, he may still lawfully make it, and it is often his duty to advise what he sees is the better course to be adopted. This he is frequently asked to do by the persons concerned, and, even when not asked, it is in many instances useful, and more or less incumbent on him. But here, as in the other case of insisting, he is bound to have in view only what is the most eligible on the score of virtue and of the service of God, never any personal aims of his own, nor any human fancies or partialities. In this case as in the former, his business should be to help the person to act in that way in which the person himself would be likely to act without advice, if possessed of sufficient knowledge and discretion, and good will and strength of mind to overcome or disregard ill-founded objections, or unreasonable feelings.

I have been speaking of what is the rule to be followed by priests, what it is proper for them to do. But I am very far from admitting that lay authorities have any right to inquire into their conduct in such matters. The Catholic Religion establishes the relations between the clergy and the faithful in connexion with the Sacrament of Penance, and also the principles whereby the clergy are to be guided. But the clergy are not responsible to the State for their conformity to these principles. None but Catholics are subject to the influence of Catholic confessors, and the State has no claim to interfere with the administration of a sacrament by a Catholic priest to another Catholic, whether priest or layman. This would be meddling with the practice of their religion, which is certainly not within the competence of the secular power.

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERE de la Colombière was accustomed to say Mass at a very early hour, and he generally devoted some part of the morning to his correspondence and study. Those who wished for his counsel knew they might freely interrupt him at any time. Indeed he rarely went out, and when he did so, it was simply to go to the assistance of some one who could not or would not come to him.

As for court life, it flowed by the Father as a brawling stream may flow at a mountain's foot, and not disturb a blade of grass on the surface; in its turmoil he took no part. The pleasures for which people were daily perilling their souls, the amusements which to many were an engrossing snare, were absolutely harmless to one who had long since "bartered earth for heaven." Had duty obliged him to mingle in court circles he would have obeyed, but while his body was there, his soul would have been far away. But this was not required of him; young as Mary Beatrice was she had sense to discern some of the eminent gifts of her chaplain. She scrupulously avoided asking him to do aught which would jar against the habits of his life and his holy vocation.

Unselfishness was the greatest charm in the character of this most lovely among our princesses. She loved to see others avail themselves of his ministry, and as we have seen in the case of the Duchesse de Marigny, did not hesitate in certain cases to advise it. Therefore, Père de la Colombière could truly say, as he did in his letters, he could keep his rule as well in the palace as in a college of the society.

One morning when he was saying the Office, a knock came to the door; on opening it he found a young man of pleasing appearance, but shabbily dressed, who asked to speak to him.

The Father received him cordially, and invited him to be seated.

"You are French, I think," added he, glancing at his visitor.

"Yes, Father, I am from Dauphine, my name is Arsène Le Noir; I have come to tell you my history," and he cast his eyes on the ground. "My family were extremely poor, but a charitable lady, Madame Chatelaine, of our village, took a fancy to me, or compassion on me, perhaps it would be more true to say, and taught me many things. Then thinking I was too good—I mean, mon Père, unfitted for the life of a peasant—she persuaded her eldest son to

take me with him to Paris as a page ; but alas, in Paris my master was killed in a duel, having lost largely at play the preceding night, and all his suite were abruptly dismissed. Starvation stared me in the face when an English milord, who had seen me at my master's house, and now happened to meet me wandering about the streets, had compassion on me, took me into his service, and brought me to England. In his household I have grown up, treated with scant kindness by my master, and with cruelty by his menials, I have been unable to practise my religion, though I cling to it in my heart."

"Have you, my son," said the Father, "in any way consented to the Protestant belief?"

The young man threw himself on his knees before the priest. "Father, I have, I acknowledge it with shame, not that my faith wavered. No, I have never forgotten my mother's lessons, nor could I ever exchange the majestic worship of the Catholic Church for the cold barren creed of the Protestant ; but alas my motive was to curry favour with my master. I felt I was looked on with distrust as a French Papist, and I thought if I conformed, that prejudice against me would be removed."

"And has this been the case?" said the Father, gently.

"Yes, Father, my condition hath been greatly bettered. My mistress, who cometh of a Roundhead family, looks with special favour on me. She trusts me more than one of the lackeys who have ever been Protestant ;" but here he paused and hid his face in his hands.

Père de la Colombière laid his hand gently on the bowed head. "Conscience was not still, my son," he said, in a tone of tenderness.

"Oh, Father," cried Arsène, in a tone of anguish, "methinks I read or heard in my childhood a tale of some man who had a fox secretly gnawing him under his rich apparel and in the midst of every splendour ; so it hath been with me, a fox's tooth in truth is remorse. By night, by day, I have no rest. I have heard of you for months' past, and could not summon strength to come and throw myself at your feet. Oftentimes have I lingered in the street looking up to the solitary light which I guessed was burning in your chamber, for I knew, Father, you would pray when all the world were asleep—at those hours willingly would I have burst in upon you, but then the palace doors were shut, and when the daylight came, my courage melted away. At last I could wait no longer, I know not why, perchance some holy soul hath prayed specially for a sinner. Some invisible power hath pushed me to grace ; but, Father, is there mercy for me?"

"My son, you know well there is mercy for all, your own heart tells you this. If a human being can listen to your tale only with compassion, or with love, how much more must not that Good Shepherd yearn over you, who for your sake was content

to lay down His life. Fear not, soon you shall be safe in the fold; even now He is drawing you from the thorns and briars, and carrying you on His shoulders. But first, I would speak of your temporal affairs," and Arsène again seated himself. "I suppose there is no possibility of your remaining in your present service, and of practising your religion in secret; therefore what purpose you to do? how long a time will it be before you can discharge yourself from your duties there?"

"Father, if it were possible, I would never return. If I take away either garments or wage I am certain my lord will have me pursued and cast into prison. All I have I owe to him; 'tis true I have laboured in return, but you know how little any plea will avail when 'tis question of a Protestant master and Popish servant in this country. I have put on my worst clothes," continued he, glancing at his coat. "I do not think they will grudge me these, and I have writ a note saying that the longing to see again my native land is so strong that I purpose to work my way to the coast, and from thence in a fishing craft to France. This note will be discovered in an hour's time, for until that time no one will look for me. I must either return and secure the note or fly, but where, my Father, where can such a wretch as I find refuge? It seems too much to ask of your charity, but if you could help me to a refuge for a few days only, the labour of my hands would soon earn my bread."

The Father sat still and silent; a vague suspicion arose in his mind, and he scrutinised the young man from head to foot, but the ingenuous countenance, the pleading eyes, the humble attitude disarmed him. To seek for proof was useless; in those days Catholics had either to trust entirely or instantly resist those who came. Père de la Colombière chose the first. He drew his writing materials towards him, and wrote a few rapid lines. They were addressed to Master John Aylmer, in the Long Acre.

"Do you know this street, Arsène?" asked he.

"Yes, Father, I know nigh every street in London."

"Hasten thither, you will have food and lodging, and all you need. I will be there to-morrow to see you. Hasten, my son, to put your soul in order, to regret the past at the feet of our good Master, and all will be forgiven. Leave the future in the hands of God, He will provide. Now hasten to your destination as quietly as may be."

With deep gratitude Arsène thanked him, craved his blessing on his knees, and withdrew.

As he descended the stairs his face darkened: "I love not my part," he said; "it will be weary enough, but what is a poor beggar to do? I should have been found out as an accomplice in that robbery, as sure as fate. I must hide *somewhere*, and to make that proposal while I was a penitent sinner seemed the most likely. If it has succeeded I shall have to confess to-morrow, no

doubt, 'tis part of the *rôle* I must play. Well-a-days, I have sins enow if I choose to tell them, and if I don't, I can tell somebody's else, and I am sure I know of plenty. *Allons*, let's toss the cards and see what turns up in life's game."

CHAPTER XV.

LADY MARGERY sat at her tambour frame, giving her whole attention to the work before her, while her sister strolled about the room in a restless, aimless way, now arranging some flowers in a vase, then throwing down a blossom and going quietly to the window to watch for some expected object, always apparently disappointed; then taking up a book and laying it down; then walking up and down the apartment with the impatient tread of one who knows not how to wait. At last the noise of a lumbering coach made her fly to the window with a look of eager expectation.

"It is for you, May," she cried in an impatient tone; "it is my Lord Stafford's coach, and Alethea and Kate are both in it. Well, I marvel what pleasure you can find in their company."

"I would give it up any day for thine, my Rita," said May, passing her arm round her sister. Marguerite shook off the caress.

"There, get you gone, child," said she, with a heavy sigh, "I am past nursing days. What time was it Alethea promised to come for you? Perchance our clock hasteneth."

"Eleven of the clock," said May slowly, for Rita reddened as she spoke. An hour ago she expected Lady Di, but she could never foretell what freak or mood would seize on that variable being. Marguerite knew the lesson, but had not learned to love it, that she was too often treated as a slave, and Lady Di recked little of letting her waste hours waiting for the fulfilment of an appointment which was kept or not, just as the fancy took her. Yet, entangled in the meshes of her idolatry, the poor child chafed and suffered on. One half the devotion she lavished on Lady Di, turned into another channel, would have made her a saint.

May looked sadly at the wistful face as Rita, glad of something to do, returned to the window to watch Lord Stafford's equipage; and then breathing that constant prayer that so often went up from her heart for her sister, she descended the stairs, climbed into the coach, and was warmly greeted by her two friends.

The coach rumbled on its way till it stopped at a house in Piccadilly, a large mansion standing in its own grounds. Lackeys came to the door to assist the ladies to alight, and they were ushered into a spacious and handsomely furnished room on the ground floor. They were hardly seated when a door at the further end opened, and the Duchesse de Marigny glided in. She was elegantly dressed

as when we first saw her, but there was to a keen eye a nameless difference, while the lovely face was fairer than ever, for peace dwelt in the depth of the blue eyes, and the smile around the month was no longer forced or vain, but a sign of real happiness.

"Welcome, a thousand welcomes, dear ones," said she; "come into my withdrawingroom and we shall be more at our ease."

They followed her into a small room opening from the large salon where she usually sat, and where her various occupations were grouped around her.

There was a curious mixture of the surroundings of a great lady and the employments of one who has found out that time was not given only for amusement.

"Now, my dear ones," cried the Duchesse, gaily, "you must each take something to do, that we may not look like a band of conspirators. May, I can trust your fingers at my tamour frame. Alethea, don't, I pray you, spoil this stocking; and to you, giddy Kate, I shall give the patchwork; you can work at one end and I at the other."

"And then we know which will be best done," retorted Kate.

For a few minutes merry talk went on till each had settled into her place, so that the servants or any one entering would have supposed the young ladies had come thither only for a day of chat and pleasure. But an eager look of expectation sat on each young face. It was evident some news from the Duchesse was anxiously looked for.

"Well," said she, laying down her needle and glancing around, "you may guess it was with some reason that I summoned you here to-day. Our good Father wished us to confer together, and he thought that you three might visit me here with less danger of espionage than anywhere else. At the palace eyes are ever open. Kensington had enough to bear without any more plots," added she, looking at the Ladies Howard with a smile. "What think you of the cold project of having a Convent of the Visitation in England?"

May clasped her hands in silent joy; tears came into Alethea's eyes. Kate was the first to speak.

"Now, dearest madame," she said, "an' it was on such a project as this you needed our company, confess that I was to come as devil's advocate."

"I plead guilty, Kate, only I must lay some share of the blame on our good Father. 'Bid Katherine thither also,' said he, 'she would throw weight into one scale and Alethea into the other. She will count the cost ere she consents to any danger for Alethea to run.'"

"He saith truly," answered Katherine, laughing. "The good Father reads me well. No sooner is this convent founded than "go Alethea and May like birds to their nest, unheeding of the

fowler's snare. I trow, they will be more safe in Paris a thousand times."

"But darling Kate, it is surely not our safety only that is in question," cried Alethea; "if that be a hindrance we will keep our purpose and fly to France; but then, what it would be for England to have the *Saintes Maries* in her midst? Did not the blessed Bishop of Geneva pray for this poor land, and sigh over it? Would he not willingly have shed his blood for it? Surely if his daughters come hither, it shall bring his benediction on us, and surely his unseen presence will be amongst us then."

"Yes," said the Duchesse, "and that of his holy daughter, Jane de Chantal, the pattern, however far off, to such as I," added she, smiling. "Methinks, Alethea, I love her more if it be possible than her blessed father; to my eager nature that story of their last meeting is more edifying than aught I know in the Lives of the Saints; to me that act of distinct self-renunciation would have cost more than many disciplines unto blood, than long fasts or hair shirts."

"What story, dear madame?" said Kate. "I am not so learned in the lives of holy people as you are. To tell the truth, I leave the reading to Alethea, and look after the household; but, sinner though I be, I love to hear of great deeds wrought by those who are far beyond my gaze. I know Alethea told me how Madame de Chantal stepped over the body of her son, when she left all things to follow her vocation. Alethea meant it, I know; as a hint that it would be useless for me to spread lengthwise on the earth and hinder her ladyship's progress when once the time hath come, and the good Father hath spoken. As if I could take the trouble——"

A laugh went round the circle, as the sisters exchanged a loving glance.

"Well," said the Duchesse, "to my mind this act of Jane de Chantal, of which I speak, was greater than that straining of the heart strings of which you heard. For four years she had never met her spiritual Father, he who knew every fibre of her soul, who alone could counsel and sympathise—letters are but a poor substitute for such intercourse; remember, also, that for years she had been accustomed to receive his constant help; and remember, also, that she had on her shoulders a heavy weight, the government of her order, advice to give to others. Ah! how I can enter into her longing for help, for those powerful and pressing words by which light, and unction, and grace, were accustomed to flow into her soul. But the time was coming—she was to meet him at Lyons; there she might speak freely, and so she got her notes ready. Methinks I can see her, and can hear her heart beat with joy as she kneels once more at those revered and beloved feet, and then, sitting down beside him, finds he is going to give her time for a long conference.

"Which shall speak first," said he, "you or I?"

“‘I, if it pleases you,’ said the dear soul I love so much. ‘My heart hath great need of being reviewed by you.’

“‘What, do you still think of self?’ replied he, sweetly. (Oh, how severe in reality he was, with all his sweetness.) ‘I thought to find you altogether angelic; let us speak together of our little congregation which I love so much, because it is the work of God.’ Then, without a word or thought of complaint that sweet soul put aside her own wants and desires, and obeyed her Father. For four hours did they hold converse together, but not one word of Jane’s own spiritual wants was spoken.

“‘We will speak of ourselves at Annecy,’ said the bishop; and so Jane de Chantal left him, and departed next day for Grenoble, saying to herself, as she went along, ‘Though my father and mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up.’ She never saw her spiritual Father again.”

“Never again!” cried Katherine; “not at Annecy, as he promised?”

“He never came again to Annecy in life; he died at Lyons a few days only after this interview. It was only his lifeless and precious body that was brought to Annecy, and that rested all one night in the chapel of the Visitation, and then in silence and solitude did that obedient and simple daughter kneel by the corpse and speak of herself to him. Oh, surely, though the Church hath not yet spoken, ’tis no harm to say, ‘Jane Frances de Chantal, pray for me.’

Here the conversation was interrupted: a lackey entered to tell his mistress there were visitors in the salon, and, with a smile of dismay at her companions, she obeyed the summons.

A MAY SONG FOR OCTOBER.*

A H! is He not His Mother's Son,
 And can He but be kind and sweet?
 The Heart that first throbb'd close to hers
 Could never but with mercy beat.

The voice that rang on Juda's air,
 And thrilled men's souls with power unknown,
 And pleaded pardon on the Cross;
 Oh! had it not her every tone?

Her blood flows in each purple vein;
 Like hers, His eyes, and look, and brow—
 Poor human heart, hush every fear,
 Think can He be but tender now?

It needs not May, it needs not March,
 Nor one of all the Lady-days,
 December white, nor August brown,
 To fill my heart with Mary's praise.

Oh! could that heart find fitting words
 And trace the glowing thoughts within,
 And tell the world of all her love,
 Through years of cold neglect, and sin!

It may not be, my Mother sweet,
 These things must lie twixt thee and me;
 Nor March, nor May, nor Lady-day,
 It needs to fill my heart with thee.

I hold my life before my eyes,
 And read each year that went and came,
 And not a joy, or grace, or good,
 But bears the impress of thy name.

* "The Devotions of the Month of Mary, with all the Indulgences, have been transferred to October. May is too wet and cold for evening devotions. So you see your poetry about the charming month of May, &c., is all lost upon us here." Letter from Melbourne, April 20, 1874. By a happy coincidence the Feast of *Mater Admirabilis* has been fixed for the 20th of October, this new Australian Month of Mary.

And one hour rises from the rest—
Thy presence then was very near,
When hot tears fell upon thy feet
For things I may not tell of here.

I love the Church that bears thy name,
The place on which thy altar's raised,
I love the Saints that wrote of thee—
'Tis sweet to hear our Mother praised.

And blessings on the hand that placed
Upon thy brow the Crown loved best—
The twelve star-gems in glory bright—
Oh! may his hand and heart be blest.

Our Lady's Pontiff-Martyr meek—
What heart for him shall dare have fear?
Though earth and hell in concert league,
What can they do while she is near?

Oh! sweetly to my soul it comes,
Communion hour and visit lone,
The thought that he is Mary's Son,
My God, upon yon lamp-lit throne.

When sorrow hides God's blessed light,
And doubts and fears assail my mind,
I know these hands in love but strike
That once round Mary's neck were twined.

For is He not thy own sweet Son,
And could He be but good to me?
Nor March, nor May, nor Lady-day,
It needs to fill my heart with thee.

M. My. R.

NEW BOOKS.

I. *Elements of Philosophy.* By W. H. HILL, S. J. (Baltimore: Murphy & Co.), 1873, 2nd edition.—Under a very modest exterior we have here a work of no small labour and care, and, better still, of no small utility. There are many in our colleges, seminaries, and universities who will gladly welcome the appearance of an English treatise on sound scholastic philosophy, which, while it contains all that is excellent in the Latin hand-books usually read, rejects the stiffness and unnecessary technicalities with which they too often abound. The slovenly neglect of form and precision which has marked anything hitherto attempted in English, has made such books of little practical use to the young logician. Yet there are few studies wherein there is so much need of making the beginning smooth and palatable as the study of philosophy; for students ordinarily begin their acquaintance with philosophy after a course of reading wherein the fancy is largely cultivated and the strict exercise of reason almost unknown. The consequence is a distaste for this new mental diet,—a distaste by no means lessened by the fact that the dry, but all-important matter is to be mastered through the medium of a tongue almost unknown, which is not their mother-tongue, and is almost equally dissimilar from that elegant and melodious Latin which they were trained to read and to write. Now it is quite clear that while we by no means wish to see the old language of the schools abolished, there is much need of some help for a beginner which will explain to him in the familiar language of a friend the pith and meaning of those dreary pages through which the philosophic neophyte has been condemned to wade by every writer from the days of old Martin Smiglecius down to Father Matthew Liberatore. We congratulate Father Hill on the courage with which he has undertaken the work, and on the care with which he has accomplished it. It is not at all wonderful that it should have met with the success which has attended its publication in America, and we are fully justified in predicting a like reception in these countries when he becomes a little better known.

II. *Summer Talks about Lourdes.* By CECILIA MARY CADDELL, Author of *Never Forgotten*, *Nellie Netterville*, &c. (London: Burns & Oates).—Summer is over, and the season of pilgrimages to Lourdes is over also. It is a pity this charming little book was not issued somewhat earlier, though of course it has been for a short time in the hands of the public. When a book is intended to catch precisely a certain occasion, it is very likely to be "just in time to be late." Father Purbrick's May Papers are at least fully in time for the May of 1875, and Miss Caddell's *Summer Talks about Lourdes* will, we hope, edify and charm many a stay-at-home pilgrim, and many an actual pilgrim between this and autumn twelvemonth. These "summer talks" take place between Mrs. de Grey and her little daughter Maude; and after the latter has very skilfully drawn out all that her mother can tell her about Our Lady of Lourdes and her miracles of all kinds, a French lady, Madame de Sommerie, comes opportunely on the scene and closes the little book very gracefully with that striking account of the Feast of the Banners in 1872, which the Author kindly gave to our readers some months ago as a foretaste of her present volume. But in these new pages little Maude breaks in on the narrative very effectively with her quaint, childish exclamations and cross-examination. May our Lady of Lourdes give her blessing to this newest and prettiest book about her newest and perhaps her prettiest shrine.

III. *Irish Varieties; or, Sketches of History and Character.* By J. GASKIN. (Dublin: W. B. Kelly).—The present edition of this volume deserves to be treated as a new work. The enterprising publisher has spared nothing to render it attractive in its exterior, and it is altogether creditable in the highest degree to the printer and binder. The chromolithographs of Dalkey, Kingstown, Killiney,

and Bray, are well executed; but very much more valuable is Mr. Kelly's "Map of Environs of Dublin, including the County of Wicklow." This is very minute and clear in its details. Passing on to the contents of the volume itself, we must express our admiration of the loving industry which has accumulated such an amount of interesting particulars about every place or person connected ever so remotely with the Kingdom of Dalkey: for Dalkey is the central figure. A glance at the Index will show the reader how varied are the topics discussed in these pages, and how interesting an addition is here made to that department of literature so popular now-a-days, the Gossip of History.

IV. *Fables in Song*. By ROBERT LORD LYTTON. (Blackwood: London and Edinburgh.) The late Lord Lytton, whom we like still to call Bulwer, was unlike most other men of genius in two respects: he wrote on very long, and his last writings are among his best. It is a marvel that the author of *Pelham* should after so many years do in the last months of his life such work as "The Coming Race," "Kenelm Chillingley," and "The Parisians." More unusual still, he has left behind him a son of true but very dissimilar genius. A very beautiful achievement of poetic skill is this book of *Fables in Song*. True fables most of them are, and yet true poetry, not so gay and airy as Lafontaine surely, but a great improvement on the old English style of fable. Let me criticise one of the noble Fabulist's critics. The Rev. James Davies in the *Fortnightly Review*, notices a false rhyme in the fable "Opinion":—

"As ever behind in an army's track
Follow marauding thieves,
Or as every lion a jackal hath,
Who lives upon what he leaves."

The *Fortnightly* critic suggests *tracks* for *track*, and then the third line changed thus:—

"Or as never a lion a jackal lacks."

Surely this is wrong. In his second edition Lord Lytton will simply restore the "army's *path*," and then all runs smoothly.

WORK.

A SERMON AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

VACATION is over. Children, both of larger and of smaller growth, must set to work again. Unhappy they who have no work to turn to. More unhappy they who turn from the work that God wants them to be at. Heaven grant that the young folk especially, who are now beginning a new year of school-life, may give themselves to their work with a will. One of the most important functions of school-life is to teach the young how to work. I hope these pages will pass through the hands of many boys and girls in Ireland and elsewhere, who, with the summer glow still vivid on their cheeks and in their hearts, have returned from their sea-side holidays fully resolved on doing their work. It has occurred to me, then, that this is a fitting time to urge upon them a few earnest thoughts on this subject, keeping pretty closely to the words spoken a few years ago to four hundred French boys at the distribution of prizes in the College of Vannes in Brittany. The pupils, in the joyous excitement of the "breaking up," with their fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and little brothers looking on, were all waiting for the announcement of the results of the eager competition which had taken place in the various classes during the preceding weeks; but they were not sorry to be kept waiting a little longer by a discourse from Father Felix, who had just begun his famous series of Lenten Conferences at Notre Dame in Paris. Would that the vividness of the scene and the speaker's earnestness and clearness of tone could lend their power to this summary of his thoughts.

* * *

There are many mistaken views now-a-days about very elementary subjects; and one that is often misunderstood is the proper notion of *Work*. In talk and in practice people make *action* and *work* mean the same thing, but they are quite distinct. All work is action, but all action is not work. There is a sort of activity, employment, which is a convenient disguise for sloth; and the world is full of people who waste their lives *doing something* in a lazy way that leads to nothing. *Operosé nihil agendo*.

What, then, is *Work*? *Work* is man's effort against obstacles, it is the struggle with difficulties. When a man wishes to make a fruitful use of his powers, he discovers in his nature a force hostile to the employment of his faculties; before everything great and beautiful he finds a barrier which stops him. To work is to conquer this force, to break through this barrier. The worker is he who advances, who acts, who produces, but all with weariness of limb, with sweat of brow, if not with sadness of heart. Labour

then is pain. I know of course that labour produces joys that sloth is ignorant of, just as self-sacrifice causes delights that are unknown to selfishness. But if joy may spring from labour, it is only the fruit of labour, not labour itself. Such is the imperishable idea of human labour, which all the philosophies and all the revolutions cannot abolish.

Labour is the law of life. Religion shows it to us beside the cradle of the human race, proceeding from man's prevarication and the malediction of God. "Cursed is the earth in thy work: with, labour and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life." (Gen iii., 17). And man went forth, bearing away with him the anathema the inevitable heritage of his posterity. Always and everywhere human nature has preserved with this imperishable memory the unconquerable instinct of this law of labour. Certain false teachers, unable to suppress labour, have dreamed of transforming it. By new schemes of education, labour was to be rendered attractive, man would exercise his arms in pleasant toil, as a musician runs his hand carelessly along the chords, and, without any fatigue for himself, produces for the listener the delights of harmony. Work would thus be only amusement, work would no longer be work. But the world with a melancholy smile of disdain, says to these dreamers: "These men are mocking me. From the first days of my life of sixty centuries, I drag myself on in a weariness which never ceases but to begin anew. Such was the law of my youth—in *laboribus a juventute mea*—and I feel that till the evening of my long life, where God awaits me to give me my wages, for me to live is to toil, and to toil is to suffer."

But the most victorious testimony to the law of labour in humanity is the voice of history. In all that is submitted to his empire, man creates everything by his toil, in the material order as in arts, literature, and science. Everywhere you will see the masterpieces of art, poetry, eloquence, receiving from the hand of labour the consecration of immortality. The creations of genius are marked by this sign. The breath of inspiration conceives them and conceives with joy; labour alone brings them forth, and brings them forth in pain. This is the reason why the man of genius, in the creation of his works, is visited in turn by joy and grief, enthusiasm and melancholy. Each cry of admiration responds to one of his sighs; and, looking on his works, he can say to them, as a mother to her infant, "You are the children of my sufferings." Here perhaps is explained the mystery of that profound sympathy which a man cherishes towards all that he has produced. He feels therein, together with the germ of his life, the thrill of his heart's pangs.

If I might here evoke those great men who have done violence to glory and conquered immortality, all would appear before you with an austere splendour, showing, marked on the masterpieces of their genius as on their own foreheads, the authentic sign of labour

and pain. You would see the immortal honour of ancient eloquence, Demosthenes, struggling with persevering energy and prodigious efforts against the natural defects which seemed to debar him from the triumphs of speech—Demosthenes preparing in a fruitful silence those thunderbolts of eloquence which were to burst over Philip's head, and to go on resounding through the ages with an echo which, instead of growing fainter, swells and deepens with the years. You would see Virgil, whose harmonious song has moved generation after generation with a charm that never palls—Virgil at his last hour, holding his poem in his hand, ready to tear it to pieces, because, after twenty years of obstinate toil, he did not deem it even yet worthy of posterity or of him. You would see Bossuet, whose genius, vast and sublime as an eagle's flight, seems to go beyond the limits of human eloquence—you would see this great man, in his solitude at Meaux, rising five hours before the dawn, and there, alone with his genius and God, in the union of labour and meditation, creating those incomparable masterpieces which leave the attentive student in doubt whether the inspiration of genius or the prodigious efforts of labour have done most for their perfection. You would see, in fine, in another order of things, Francis Xavier, and with him all the apostles who have made for themselves a fruitful paternity by labour and pain, conquering a soul, as Columbus a world, by the tribulations of life and the pangs of death; indefatigable toilers who reap with joy what they have sown with tears, and who pursue, with sweat of brow and agony of soul, the work of salvation, begun with the sweat and agony of a God.

Yes; north, and south, and everywhere, yesterday, to-morrow, and for ever, I see man in the unvarying attitude of labour and pain. The man who bends over the anvil, weariness in his limbs, and the man who bends over a book, paleness on his cheek—the man who sows with grain harvests of corn, and the man who sows with the Word of God generations of saints: when I ask them what is the law of their lives, they raise their heads, and wiping their foreheads they sigh together—"Children of Adam, like our father we eat our bread in the sweat of our brows; children of Eve, like our mother we bring forth in pain; and see how everything that we produce bears the indelible trace of this law which God engraves on our works as the sign of their perfection, and which He engraves on the furrows of our brow as the seal of human dignity and human greatness."

Thus the voice of history, the voice of nature, and the voice of God render the same testimony. They tell us that man is born to labour, that labour is the law of life. Furthermore, labour is the law of education. Give to a plant its proper soil, atmosphere, and sunshine, the plant grows and develops to its full perfection. It is otherwise with the education of this being whom de Maistre called the human plant. Man is free: his development must be

free. Man is a fallen being: his development must be laborious, he raises himself up only by an effort. Man is the masterpiece of God, but in the finishing of this masterpiece man himself must concur. "Men are but children of a larger growth;" and in order to grow up into good men, children too must work. Child! child! if thou work not, thou wilt make thy father blush, and thy mother weep. But work, above all, because this is the will of thy Father who is in heaven.

To do anything of work, there is need of constancy.* The child who does not work is an inconstant being. Such a one will never achieve anything great. Those clever fellows who could be great men if they only studied, but who do not, generally *cannot*. The mere capability of applying one's self continuously is in itself a great talent; and this talent, which is more valuable than many brilliant qualities, may to a certain extent be acquired during the training of your school-days. Every hour that you spend at real work increases your taste for work, your capacity for working strenuously. As difficulty belongs to the very essence of work, every time you work you overcome an obstacle and achieve a victory. The generous habit of conquering yourself strengthens your soul, and you learn to put aside promptly, and as if by instinct, every natural temptation to sloth or distraction by saying with an energy which nothing can bar—*Volo!* "I will do my work because it is my duty to work."

But the heart! Every system of education which does not form and discipline the heart is radically vicious. Education which comprehends man and his destiny watches over the child's heart as the priest watches before the Tabernacle. Nay, it enters within the heart, and there, under the eye of God, renders fruitful all that His hand has sown, all that is greatest and purest, and strongest and holiest in the depths of the heart of man. But ah! what does the heart become when sloth, which withers and dishonours all that it touches, has wrought upon it irreparable mischief? Sloth destroys in the heart all the generous instincts of devotedness and self-sacrifice. Sloth and selfishness are closely allied. The slothful soul knows not the passion of heroism, the enthusiasm of great things—nothing but the craving after satisfaction, amusement, enjoyment—self, self being the end and centre of all things. And so the heart, with all its rich exuberance of vitality sunk in a miserable selfishness, eats itself away in a barrenness that belies all the hopes of earth and the designs of heaven.

But would that it were only barren. No, sloth pushes its ravages further. The heart in its need of expansion must take its course. Not having strength to mount, it will descend, it will fling itself away on the current of its passions. This life-wave

* That is a pregnant saying of Father Edmund Campian, as intelligible in Latin as in English: "*In studio labor, in labore methodus, in methodo constantia.*"

which stirs and swells the youthful breast must have a vent. Lawful or unlawful, a vent it must have ; for the heart is a living spring, it must needs pour itself out. Not being restrained within its legitimate channel by manly effort, its love will ravage what it was meant to fertilise and adorn. It will bring death where it ought to have brought life ; and in shameful excesses and deplorable misfortunes it will exhibit the havoc which the tyranny of the passions can work in the heart of man. Yes, dear children, if you do not acquire in your school-days stern habits of work and discipline, will you be able to keep watch over your heart ? Will you be able to conquer your passions ? And, if your passions be not conquered, if your heart be not guarded, what will become of you ?

But *you*, young conquerors—so ended the discourse from which we have merely culled a phrase here and there, sobering it down into plain English, and omitting as untranslatable its noblest passages—you, whose courage and perseverance have gained for you the victory, come now and receive with joy the first fruits of your painful labours, gathering the harvest of laurels which have been watered by your sweat. And after having laid your crowns down before the altar at the feet of Jesus, go to your homes, and gladden with your well-won prizes the eyes of those who love you. Let your school-triumph be a family feast ; and after the hard work of the year, taste the filial happiness of taking your repose under the shelter of your father's blessing, and your mother's smile. But let this well-deserved repose be only a preparation for greater labours still ; and forget not that in heaven, as on earth, labour alone is crowned.

* * *

These were the last words that Father Felix spoke on the 18th of August, 1856, to those four hundred French lads, whose hearts, even before he began to speak, were throbbing with anxiety as to the rank that was about to be assigned to them in their various classes under the wistful eyes of mothers and friends. But the lesson which the preacher of Notre Dame here inculcates so earnestly is still more appropriate at this time, now that the holidays are over and work begins again. I hope the good resolves with which Father Felix must have inspired his young hearers did not evaporate much during the vacation which they had to pass through before reaching the time when they could begin to put those resolutions in practice. But if, reading these lines now, some boys or girls, who have idled away their time, would make up their minds to work, they will not have long to wait before carrying out these good resolutions. They can begin to-morrow or to-day. And let them remember that the beginnings of such a change are far the hardest. See the tremendous efforts the poor horse must make to get his heavily-laden cart fairly under weigh, especially if it have sunk in some muddy rut. But after the initial strain he plods on pretty easily. Begin then, force yourself to work in earnest,

and you will soon come to like your work. Little cowardly children, if the air be somewhat chill, are slow about getting into the tide, dip their feet timidly at the water's edge, and grow more and more uncomfortable. Plunge in boldly, and the chill is all over at once. Learn to swim and it will be a luxury. So for those who paddle lazily at the margin of the ocean of knowledge.

Let me, in conclusion, emphasize one point which Father Felix impressed on his young Bretons, and which perhaps is more important for young Celts than for either Bretons or Britons. At least, the Celtic race is supposed to be more distinguished for the brilliancy of its gifts than for plodding, systematic, persevering industry in the use of them. There are few points of the sort more important for all of us, especially the young who have all their life before them—how much it will come to, God knows—there are few points which it behoves us more to take to heart and make our own of than this, that nearly all the difference between career and career, between life and life, between man and man, lies in the greater or less degree of pains kept up for the shorter or longer period of time. A quotation in some speech of the present Lord Derby's raised a controversy in the newspapers as to who it was who had defined genius to be "a transcendent capacity for taking pains." It seems that several have said something like this, as the following passage from Sir William Hamilton will show:—

"To one who complimented Sir Isaac Newton on his genius, he replied, that if he had made any discoveries it was owing more to patient attention than to any other talent. There is but little analogy between mathematics and play-acting; but I heard the great Mrs. Siddons, in nearly the same language, attribute the whole superiority of her unrivalled talent to the more intense study which she bestowed on her parts. 'Genius,' says Helvetius, 'is nothing but a continued attention.' 'Genius,' says Buffon, 'is only a protracted patience.' 'In the exact sciences at least,' says Cuvier, 'it is the patience of a sound intellect, when invincible, which truly constitutes genius.' And Chesterfield has also observed, that 'the power of applying an attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of a superior genius.'"

At this rate we can all of us be men of genius. But at least we must all of us do our duty to God, and to ourselves, and to those who love us, by using well all the powers that God has given us, and all the opportunities that may come in our way.

*Travaillez, prenez de la peine:
C'est le fonds qui manque le moins.*

Take pains! There is a great deal of significance in that phrase on which I must not pause now; for any more sermonising by me, Pater Infelix, would only weaken the impression which I hope Père Felix has produced. Pray, then, young people, for yourselves and for each other, and let us old people pray for you too, that you may all spend well the year of school-work that you are beginning, that so you may in good time be ready for the work of life, and then, when your life-work is done, you may say your prayers, and fall asleep, and have happy dreams.

M. R.

HOW TO CALL A CROSS WORD BACK.

ONCE upon a time there was a great wrangle in a certain street. Five little girls were quarrelling, and two dogs were barking. The neighbours put their heads out of their windows, and the policeman stopped. Mrs. Blake put her two forefingers in her two ears, for the noise was near her steps, and the five little girls were all telling her together what the matter was, and whose fault it was. Then the mothers called their children home, and two went into Mrs. Blake's, for they were hers. This was the story she drew from them: Anne Blake had said a cross word to one of the others, that other had made a face at the next, the third had slapped the fourth, and it went round the circle. So it seemed that Anne started the whole by speaking a cross word.

"Since you are sorry, I will talk no more to you about it," her mother said. "But I wish you to go up to your chamber and sit alone a little while, and think over a Chinese proverb which is written on this slip of paper. You are ten years old and must begin to think."

Anne went slowly up-stairs to her chamber, shut the door after her, and sat down in a little cushioned chair by the window to read her proverb. Its being Chinese did not prevent it from being good. This is what she read: "A word once spoken, a coach and six cannot bring it back again." The day was warm, and the curtain at the window swung with a lulling motion, giving glimpses of blue sky with white clouds sailing over, and, below, of the top of a grape-vine full of leaves and small green grapes. Anne gazed at the sky till it made her feel sleepy—gazing at bright things does make one sleepy—then she gazed at the grape-vine. Presently she saw something in this vine that looked like a tiny ladder, hidden among the leaves. It looked so much like a ladder that she leaned forward and pulled the curtain aside to see more plainly. Sure enough, it was the loveliest ladder or stairway winding down and down. Its steps were dark, like vine branches, and there was a railing at each side of twigs and tendrils, and it wound down and down, in sight and out of sight. And, more wonderful still, it was no longer a yard with the city about she saw, but a great vine covering all the window, and glimpses of a moon-lighted forest down below. "I must go down," says Anne; and so down she went on the beautiful stairs. Lights and shades fluttered over her, and the leaves clapped together, and little tendrils caught at her dress in play. And by-and-by she stepped on to the brightest greensward that could be, full of blue and white violets. The trees arched over her, the air was sweet, and there was a smooth pond

hard by. The water was so very smooth that she would never have known it was water if the banks had not turned the wrong way in it, and the trees grown down instead of up. A little white boat, too, had another little white boat under it, the two keel to keel. Swans ran down the shore as she looked, and splashed into the water, dipping their heads under, and making the whole surface so full of motion that the upside-down trees and banks and boat disappeared. Words cannot describe how beautiful the place was. There was every kind of flower, and hosts of birds, and the moonlight was so bright that all could be distinctly seen. There were also a great many splendid moths that looked like flowers flying about and flapping their petals.

But the most beautiful part was that everything seemed to breathe of peace and love. The birds sang and cooed to each other, the blossoms leaned cheek to cheek, the water laughed at the stones it ran over, and the wet stones smiled back, the grey old rocks held tenderly the flowers and mosses that grew in their hollows, and the mosses and flowers held on to the rocks with their tiny roots, like little children clinging to old people who are fond of them.

"How beautiful it is to see them so loving," Anne said. "They are a sort of people too; for they look alive. I wish other folks would be as good. I'm sure I try, but then somebody always comes along and says something ugly; and then of course I can't help being ugly back again."

"Oh! yes, you can," said a sweet voice close by.

Anne looked and saw a charming lady standing beside her. She was so beautiful that words cannot describe her, and she carried a pink petunia for a parasol to preserve her complexion; for she was exquisitely fair, and the moonlight was really very bright.

"Oh! yes, you can," she repeated, when Anne looked at her. "You can give a pleasant answer, and then people will stop being ugly."

"I could do it if everybody else would," Anne said. "The beginning is the trouble. How nice it would be if there were a king over all the world, and he would say: Now, after I have counted three, all of you stop being cross and love each other, and keep on loving a whole hour. If you don't, I'll cut your heads off!"

"That would not be love; it would be a make-believe to save their heads," the little lady answered. "But there is such a king, and He has commanded us to love each other, and" Here she was interrupted by a loud flapping of wings and a terrible croaking, and a great black bird, something like a bat, flew by; and wherever it struck its wings other bats flew out, and the air grew dark with them, and all the forest was changed. The stones tried to stop the brook, and the brook tried to upset the

stones ; the leaves struck each other ; the swans and little birds began to pull each other's feathers out. All was discord.

And then there was a rolling of wheels, and a trampling of hoofs, and a great yellow coach appeared, drawn by six horses covered with foam. The coachman looked as if he were driving for his life, and there was a head thrust from each window of the coach, telling him to drive faster.

All the heads wore caps like dish-covers, and had long braids of hair hanging down their necks, though they were men ; and their eyes slanted down towards their noses, instead of going straight across their faces.

"We are trying to catch a wicked word that is ruining all the place," they said, "but we cannot. A wicked word has wings."

"So has a kind word wings," said the little lady. "Send a kind word after the cross one, and perhaps it may bring it back."

"You are right, madam," said one of the Chinamen ; and he nodded his head till the long braid at the back of it wagged to and fro. And he kept on nodding so queerly that Anne felt obliged to nod too, and so he nodded, and she nodded, till he nodded his head off. And then she nodded her head off—no, not quite off ; but she nodded so that she waked herself up. For she had been dreaming.

Then she jumped up and ran down stairs and out of doors as fast as her feet could carry her. And in ten minutes she was back again, all out of breath, and full of excitement. "Mother," she said, "a coach-and-six can't do it, but a kind word can. I told Jane I was sorry, and she told—and we all told each other that we were sorry, and then we were glad." The words were rather mixed up, but the meaning was all right.

[Our young readers are indebted for this little story to the gifted American lady to whom we referred at page 559 of our September number].

EPISCOPUS LOQUITUR.

A STUDY.

YES, that's the colour, true episcopal,
 Purple ; too costly for a man like me,
 Who little values perishable things,
 That minister to the body's vanity.
 But, not alone the dove's simplicity,
 But also serpent's prudence guides the Church
 Thro' tortuous windings of the human heart.
 She knows, and I, her bishop, know thro' her
 How by man's eye, the heart of man is caught,
 How, therefore, purple, which my heart disdains,
 Befits the man who bears the load I bear,
 Whose lowly personal tastes must aye be laid
 A sacrifice on the altar which he serves.

Here, I repeat, the colour that befits,—
 Purple, not less than royal, nay, far more,
 For high as archèd heaven above the earth,
 So high Christ's bishops over earthly kings.
 Even the lowliest bishop of all those
 Whose hands wield crosier, and whose mitred fronts
 Are lifted o'er the golden battlements
 To bid defiance to the foes of Christ.

And who is lowliest ?—Who, O Lord, but I,
 Whom nothing but Thy gracious hand could raise
 To such a height of perilous dignity.
 Thy hand it was, then let it be Thy care
 To have, thro' me, Thy blessed will fulfilled,
 Even thro' me, for, howsoever weak,
 Thou saw'st *some* fitness, or thou wouldst not choose.
 And if men lift themselves in pride, and think
 They fight my folly, 'tis with Thee they fight.
 Thou know'st it, Lord, then give my hand the strength
 To smite them as Thy enemies should be smote.

From me, a man, to Thee, O Lord, is due
 All that's summed up into the single word
 Humility ; but not the less from them
 Are reverence and obedience due to me.
 I may judge wrongly ; tho' I feel upborne
 In my decisions, by Thy grace that fits

Weak instruments like me to high designs.
And tho' I *be* wrong, yet I feel no taint
Of self, in any judgment, spoiling it.
And, say I *am* wrong, *they* must still be right
In following where the appointed leader leads,
For mine it is to rule, theirs to be ruled.

And yet—(I but recall it as a proof—
How Satan strives to turn e'en holiest things
To purposes unholy, and to cast
His poison on the very source of life)
And yet, my confessor of late begins
To scatter doubtful counsels, and to strive
To turn me from my purpose—which is Thine—
Says—"That when impulses of honest hearts
And the calm wisdom of clear, honest heads
Are all borne down by sheer authority,
Authority had need revise its use."
As if these hearts, tho' honest, were not made
More precious in thy sight when trodden down,
In wine-press whence Thy saints come forth blood red.
As if these heads, tho' clear, would not receive
A larger light by veiling reason's light
Before the burning lustre of Thy law.
(And who, if not Thy bishops, have Thy law ?)
As if or honest head, or honest heart
Could still, by honest men, be honest held,
Refusing in their blindness to obey.

I take, O Lord, Thy word, Thy two-edged sword
Into my hand ; first, let me smite myself.
With it I cut my very self in twain—
On one side falls the man, the wretch, the I
That clutches at the life of every act
Of any worth anointed hands can do.
This man, *who* loathes intenselier than I loathe ?
His pride, his pomp, his weakness and his sin—
(And yet, O Lord, Thou know'st e'en *he* has striven
To make him less unworthy of the load
Thy wisdom deem'd it fit to lay on him).
I loathe him, let him grovel in the dust,
And lick the dust that feeds humility ;
But, grovelling, leave still standing in Thy sight'
The other self—Thy work, O Lord, not man's,
With mitred brow, and crosier firmly grasp'd
To do thy purpose as he holds thy power.

They smite the man—'tis meet he turns his face
That both sides take their due ; but if he held
Thy pictured image, were it meet to turn
That to the hand that aims, thro' it, at Thee ?
And is he less thine image, since a man
Whom Thou hast rais'd till his unworthy head,
However lowly, mitred touches heav'n.

Poor simple man, he knows not bishop's work,
Nor how the hand, anointed to that work,
Must weed from it the man's humility,
Lest it o'ergrow the crop of Thy designs.

I pray, teach, preach, as Thy apostle warns,
"In season, out of season," spend myself
Upon this flock, oft ingrate, which Thy hand
Hath plac'd beneath my crosier to be ruled.
I pray—who dares to whisper that my pray'r
(I only put base rumour into words)
Is as the pray'r of those, not few, whose pray'r
Is but direction subtly given to God,
Who seek to form the Changeless on the will
That floats like wavering mists from human hearts.

"Who seeks shall find," and if I, seeking, find
Thy will, as 'twere the echo of my pray'r,
The voice and echo both alike are Thine ;
What marvel if God's bishop thinks God's will ?

J. F.

LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

VII.—ABOUT CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATION, in any worthy sense of the word, is the rarest thing in the world ; and people who can judge say that it is becoming rarer every day. People can talk and do talk, perhaps more than enough, but few can now-a-days be said to converse. People gossip and enjoy gossip, but these are perhaps the last people in the world who could be convinced of what is nevertheless a fact, that gossip is not conversation. How many people do you know who say those wise, and witty, and pathetic, and humorous things that fasten on the memory and cultivate the mind ? Why it should be so, is hard to say. Conversation is amongst the oldest of human arts. Perhaps it is over practice that has made facility degenerate into carelessness. However there are some reasons on the very surface of the subject. To begin with—people are afraid of each other. There is scarcely any one in whose company one gives his mind full swing, and his tongue free exercise. It is strange what positive awe people seem to have of each other. They are so near and yet so far. They look into each other's eyes, and yet their mutual estimate of the thought that lies far behind the eye is based upon the merest guess work. They can never be quite sure what it is lurks there—and they walk if not with fear, at any rate with caution. Besides, they are afraid of the topics they handle. Under the most commonplace and decorous topic they are afraid of some lurking devil that will leap out and throttle the proprieties and the conventionalities. They handle topics gently, as if afraid of hurting them, *or*, it may not impossibly be, afraid of hurting their own hands. They don't squeeze them, and it is only when a topic is squeezed that it gives out its fullest flavour, and its subtlest essence.

I don't think it would be quite judicious to set one's self expressly to cultivate conversation as an art. Perhaps it would be better manage so as to have something worth saying, and in the process of contriving *that* the art of saying it well might possibly be attained unconsciously. Cultivation of the *how* to say a thing is apt to result in epigram which may be as sparkling, but may also be as useless and as dangerous as a firework. Take my advice, dear reader, don't talk epigrams even if you have the gift. I know, to those who have, the temptation is almost irresistible. But resist it. Epigram and truth are rarely commensurate. Truth has to be somewhat chiselled, as it were, before it will quite fit into an epigram. The corners have to be clipped off, the rough edges made smooth, the surface polished.

If you have the right of entry, as indeed every man has more or less, into the great quarries of truth, and if you are able to hew or blast a few boulders from the mass, you will find that they are rarely apt to tumble out in the shape of bricks, smooth, square, regular.

Don't be at too much pains to chisel your rough truths. But, then, neither carry them about, as some people do, in your hand, ready to fling them like stones at the first person you meet. If you happen to have attached to you one of those tormentors known as "candid friends," you will understand what I mean. The "piece of his mind," such a one flings at you, has usually very jagged edges, and makes a very ugly cut.

Here is a story of a "candid friend:" An old man whom I know, happened to fall into a very delicate state of health, and he was of such an age as to make such delicacy symptomatic of danger. A much younger friend, young enough to think that old people who had, in his opinion, lived their lives, ought to be quite satisfied, if not even anxious, to seek a better world, asked the old man how he did. He replied somewhat despondingly, whereupon the young man clapped him on the back, and said—"Cheer up, man, why you'll live these six months." If the old man loved that neighbour as himself, don't you think that his self-love at that moment was inappreciable?

If you meet a good talker, one of those rare talkers such as we sometimes find a hint of in books, but seldom or never meet anywhere else,—if you meet such a one ask him who was the best talker *he* ever met. You may put down the individual he names not necessarily as a good talker, but as a rarely gifted listener. Now I think good listening connotes a better moral, and perhaps a better intellectual nature than the best talking. Without good listening, good talking is an impossibility, and perhaps in a conversational point of view, the vice of the age is not so much incapacity for talking well, as indisposition to listen patiently.

There are people, and not a few, who have their minds made up on everything. To be sure you will commonly find their minds of such sort that the making up cannot be an extensive or a laborious process. These so hit you with their opinions that each feels like an insult. They talk about men and things as if they had the ground-plan of human society in their pocket books. They usually carry a two-inch rule (be the same more or less), and they are continually pulling it out on the mention of any great name or great deed—sometimes with most ludicrous result. What chance would the most eminent of table talkers have with such men as these.

Indeed to have your mind quite made up (upon anything for which you had not infallible authority) and unnecessarily to obtrude your incapacity of opposite conviction, is a *quasi* insult to the per-

son with whom you converse; as if *he* at any rate had nothing to offer that could change your opinion.

We don't commonly resort to conversation so much for information as for amusement. Very few people want argument, though there are pugnacious spirits who seem to scent the battle from afar, and will lie in wait for some statement of yours that, thinking of no danger, saunters peaceably into the conversation, and will pounce on it, and force it to defend itself.

If you go in for argument take care of your temper. Your logic, if you have any, will take care of itself.

Some men strike into conversation, as if it were an American "free fight," and proceed to pummel some one. Nor do they much care whom they strike. "Here goes," said the Irishman, who couldn't resist the temptation of a fight on which he chanced, "here goes, and God send I may take the right side."

The best thing, as it seems to me you can bring with you into conversation is what I will call *easiness* of mind. We all know what the cognate bodily attitude is, and we know too that it is the last result of good breeding and fine culture. It can't be simulated. The forgers of it have never succeeded in getting the right die. If I find a man in conversation uneasy, over bashful, pretentious, over prompt to show the extent of his knowledge, and, without meaning it, attracting more attention to its limits, I say that man is not, so to speak, mentally a gentleman.

A man who parades his knowledge in conversation reminds me of one of those *nouveaux riches* who are so fond of showing people over their houses and grounds. They are careful to tell you the price of everything you see, and if you admire anything it is nothing to what they can show you afterwards. They lay traps for the envy they suspect in you, and arrange their surprises as if with the design of inflicting so many moral shocks upon your self-esteem. The truth is they have not had their wealth long enough to feel quite at ease in the possession of it. They are, to be sure, richly gilded, but if you apply to them the Horatian "thumb nail," you will find the baser metal underneath. And the metal is usually *brass*.

Don't keep jingling in the course of your conversation any intellectual money you happen to have. Men of real capital seldom carry much money about in their pockets, but when they draw a cheque it is honoured at sight. If you jingle your money, and pull it out, and count it ostentatiously, you prove, to be sure, that you have that much (if, indeed, you be not in debt), but you prove also that you hardly have any more. Besides, what positive contempt a *millionaire* must feel for the man who seems to say that a hundred or two is a fortune to him.

In conversation you will find your advantage in being just yourself, standing or sitting as the case may require, in your own *natural dimensions*; not strutting or standing on tip-toe, or on

some concealed footstool, trying to achieve the impossibility of adding a cubit to your mental stature, and succeeding at best only in deluding others into the notion that you have achieved it, which is a very different thing. Be yourself. If that self be foolish and ignorant, I do not say, be satisfied with yourself. But rather strive to remove the ignorance and foolishness than, remaining ignorant and foolish, to simulate knowledge and wisdom.

For the ignorant, thrown into whatever conversational exigencies, good sense has provided an inviolable refuge. It is silence. For the foolish the sole refuge is "a fool's Paradise."

There is a piece of advice sometimes given by people who profess to teach the best method of doing everything. It is to draw round the conversation to that special branch of human things with which the person you speak with may be supposed to be familiar. Now, if this be done with a view of acquiring varied knowledge, it strikes me as nothing less than intellectual mendicancy; indicating inability or indisposition to earn intellectual bread by honest work. If it be done through politeness, it is a gross mistake. What is it after all but a roundabout fashion of saying to a man—"I know you are a stupid ass; that in general you are not worth losing time with, but since I must converse with you, I will strive to pick your brain of the only coin it is likely to have."

A dash of egotism, if it be clever egotism, flavours conversation wonderfully. After all, it is not so much what a man thinks you want to know, as what he is. Take up a volume from the circulating library; let it be the wisest, wittiest, best, yet if you see a pencil note on the margin, not all the wit and wisdom will detain you for a moment from devouring that scrap, which has all the flavour of a human personality. See how the dull audience will brighten up when the speaker introduces a personal reminiscence. Do you remember how the old abbot who found his monks dozing during his pious discourse, stopped short, and said—"As I was going out of the monastery gate on Thursday last"—immediately they were every man of them wideawake. You will commonly find most egotism in reserved people. And you will find, too, strange as it may seem, that no man is so communicative as a reserved man, once the ice of his reserve has been broken. The talk of such a man, unless he be essentially stupid, is usually interesting. The outpourings of such a nature are intensely subjective, and so give one a view of the internal machinery by which character and conduct are formed. On the other hand, I have never known men better able to keep their own secrets than men whom society agreed to call "thoughtless rattles."

People in general do not care half so much for abstract thoughts as for concrete statements. Hence they better like to hear the poet and the orator than the philosopher. The philosopher, they feel,

gives them at best only the "raw material," which poet and orator work up into robes of crimson and gold. The philosopher acts, as it were, the part of the physician—diagnoses the case, and gives his prescription, sometimes it must be confessed in very unintelligible *formulæ*. Then the orator or the poet does the apothecary's part—finds the drugs, mixes them, and gives you your specific concrete mixture. (N.B.—The orator, as a rule, is the men's apothecary; the ladies usually patronise the poet.) Possibly the highest kind of conversation would be the one in which abstract ideas bore the chief burden. Whether it would be the pleasantest is another matter. At all events it is tolerably uncommon. If you expect men to take in, from conversation, a certain quantity of abstract ideas, and afterwards make their own concretions from them, you will be disappointed. Ordinarily conversation itself acts as the liquid base of the mixture. Perhaps, on the highest theory a man ought to carry away only the ingredients, and let after-circumstances as they occur furnish the basis of the concrete medicine. But it is too much to expect. You might as well ask a man to take the dry materials of a Seidlitz powder, and wash them down with a draught of water, and let them effervesce in his stomach. Better let them effervesce in a tumbler. Now conversation is an admirable tumbler for moral and intellectual effervescence.

But the conversational manners of men are very various, as various as their characters and their aims. Do you happen to know anything of the "man of management?" There is nothing upon which people are more apt to pride themselves than on their power of managing others. I speak of those who deem themselves specially called to the exercise of that fine art. We have them of all sorts—in politics, in business, in society. They are amusing enough so long as they happen not to be managing *you*. In a certain sense they are conversational experts. They set themselves, if it happen to be worth their while, to study you, and manage you. If they want something from you, which perhaps you are quite ready to give, it might be thought that the simplest, at any rate the first thing would be to ask you for it. But, bless you! that would be too simple. The thing would not be worth having on such easy terms. There would be no scope for finesse and fine power of management. So they elaborate a theory of character about you, and sit down before you, as if you were a fortress, and lay siege to you, and fire guns into you from masked batteries, and after puzzling you considerably, get what they want, and are happy in the delusion that they have circumvented you.

That however is an extreme case. But it must be confessed that the power of managing men is a very great power, and often a very useful power. One managing man will calm the discord which the collision of half a dozen blockheads is sure to occasion. A wise word here—a soft answer there—a little sop thrown to this man's pride, like a tub to a whale—a gentle stroking administered

to that man's vanity—and in a few moments the man of management has everything his own way. Instance—First blockhead offers a suggestion on the matter in hand, the folly of which is apparent to every one but himself. Managing man seems struck with it—swallows it slowly as if it were too sweet a morsel to be hurriedly dispatched—digests it—then says, reflectively: “My dear sir, there is a great deal” (he never says, of *what*) “in your suggestion—in fact more than meets the eye at first sight. I see you have been studying this matter far in advance of us. *You* see it in some of its remote consequences. But do you not see for that very reason, your suggestion is *premature*? We must content ourselves to deal with the mere present, and at present do you not see——?” (Blockhead), “Well, I believe you are right. I *have* been thinking deeply on this matter.” (In his own mind, or what he *calls* that), “Monstrous, clever fellow! how he *did* catch the depth of my view.”

Such managing men are useful. But the talent in itself does not seem to be a very reputable one, nor is it often found in a man of very high principle. But then it is not by men of very high principle that a great deal of the world's work, and very useful work, in its way, gets itself done. But these managing men are to my present purpose, inasmuch as their conversational powers are, in the direction of their special art, highly cultivated.

Some men treat your thoughts as if they were *prima facie* to be regarded as vagrants, and not allowed even the use of the free high-road of conversation until they stop and give an account of themselves. “Well, now, let us see.” “That's not so clear.” “I don't quite see my way to agree with you.” “I am afraid that is subversive of morality,” &c., &c. Well, we know the *formula*, which sound as imposing as if each were a “queen's commission” to open the assize and try our poor statements for treason or murder. When you try that method on themselves, I have remarked they don't seem to like it, although it is their own. In justice, however, to these worthy persons, I must say it is seldom they give you a chance of any such retaliation—for, as a general rule, they carefully abstain from giving utterance to any ideas that are open to the charge of being original.

I don't think a person, however able he may be to do it, is bound to question everything that passes in conversation, and subject it, I do not say to his own mental tests, but even to the appointed standards. When you go into a man's garden, you admire it if you can. If you cannot, you commonly say nothing, only get out of it as quickly as you can. If he offer you flowers or fruit, nay, even if he be so much of a fool as to offer you a rank weed or a worthless berry, you are not bound to fling them in his face, and tell him he is a fool. You can go your way and leave him there. But if the flowers and fruit he offers be real flowers and wholesome fruit, even though they be of humblest quality, do you think you would con-

sult for your own self-respect by taking him by the collar and dragging him by main force to inspect *your* rare exotics and your hot-house grapes?

Even in countries where the passport system prevails, you are not, at every moment, asked to produce your passport. There are certain places appointed for the purpose and certain officials. So in the matter of ideas. They most assuredly *ought* to have a passport signed by morality, and if for certain tracts, by religion as well. But ordinary conversation is not the place or the time to have these passports *viséd*. There are exceptions, to be sure. If a traveller notoriously contravene the law of the country, his passport may be demanded, under the strong suspicion that he is travelling without one. If a man in conversation notoriously contravene the laws of morality, smite him (morally) if you are able, or, as being an Irishman, I may say, whether you are able or not.

Sometimes it happens that a person likely to have great weight by position or age, or overpowering personality, abuses his position by talking sophistry (carefully concealed perhaps even from himself) in the hearing of young impressionable people. That is a time to strike a good stroke that may have wider consequences than you dream.

Of course, in a world like ours, there must be ill-natured conversation. At all events there will be. There are, unfortunately, men who would lay a life long friendship on the altar of an epigram, and prefer missing the joy of a good conscience to missing the joy of saying a clever thing at the expense of charity, religion, decency, good feeling. They are the free lances of society. But somehow no one seems to think of making bosom friends of them, and when they get broken down, as they do in time, their lot is "lone and loveless" enough.

But the worst offenders against good nature are those who begin, as it were, to tickle their victim by praise in order that he may keep quiet till they have due time to aim the poisoned lance.

Many persons, indeed, assume to themselves the office of *censores morum*. They seem to imagine themselves endowed with a sort of divine right of judging and passing sentence on the delinquencies of their neighbours. There seems quite a glow of virtuous feeling about them when they mount their improvised tribunal. They have no lictors attached to their court, but their tongues have a sting in them, and can consequently not only pass sentence, but also inflict punishment. Nevertheless some never get out of the fashion of doing their work clumsily. They fall on their victim, as it were, with fist and nails, tear, bruise, and lacerate him. It is simple pugilism, savage and unsparing. But sometimes you chance upon persons of some culture in this special line. Their tongues cut to the bone, but they cut clean. They take the "subject," manipulate him scientifically, find out the weak points and the sore places, then tie him down and take the sharp scalpel and

anatomise him, and lecture upon him. Between this mode and the first mentioned there is all the difference that there is between a savage assault and a clinical lecture.

We have met them, have we not, these artists in ill-nature? Of course they are, themselves, "good, respectable" people, none of your publicans and sinners. They can murder your character and look up to Heaven all the time, as if they were champions of ideal virtue, and were simply actuated by a desire for your welfare. "*Poor so-and-so—of course you heard—No? Well he was a very good fellow, he had a great many fine qualities. I used to admire him greatly. But what good are gifts if a person don't use them? You heard what he did lately? No. Well, they said he used to drink, and beat his wife, but I declare I never believed half what I used to hear. In fact, if I have a weakness, it is to believe the best of every one. But I'm afraid it was all too true. At any-rate he has run away, and they say he has forged a friend's name to a bill, and carried off the cash-box from his employer's office, and made an attempt to poison his father, and knocked down his mother with the poker. I never was so sorry in my life, for really he used to have a great many good qualities, poor unfortunate fellow.*"

"Yes," said my "cynical friend," who had happened to come in, and to whom I had read the last passage—"Yes, I know such a one. I am sorry to say she is a woman—that is, she wears petticoats, and puts up her back hair. When she begins to talk of any person, thus, 'Poor fellow, I really feel for him,' &c., you seem, if you knew her of old, to hear the hissing of the poisoned fangs that will dart out presently from behind the inevitable '*but!*' Why, sir, she reminds me of a boa-constrictor, slaving its victim before devouring him body and bones."

"You may put this down," he continued, "and she may read it, and she will never recognise herself. There are some people, and not a few, who have long ago scratched off the quicksilver from the back of any moral mirrors that are likely to come in their way. I declare I think their first feeling will be one of indignant surprise when they get a glimpse of their real selves, as they shall some day."

The power of talking well is a great gift, but, as I hinted before, the faculty of listening well is, to my mind, a still greater, certainly a less dangerous one. For my part, whenever I can get others to do the talking, I am well content to remain a listener. I feel most at ease when talking, as now, on paper. A pen in my hand is a key that seems to unlock my best thoughts, and a blank page is the most sympathetic listener I ever seem to meet. And in truth, writing is to me a conversation between my two selves. For there are two. One, the impulsive writer, thinker, speaker, always ready to tackle a mental problem and pronounce upon it off-hand. The other the cold, sceptical, unimpassioned critic,

modifying thought, writing, speech. When these two act in concert it is tolerably well. But they don't always. The latter it is that frequently tells me just too late (on the day, say, when the "IRISH MONTHLY" is to appear) what a fool I have been making of myself; suggesting at the same time, with a readiness that, under the circumstances, savours of mockery, how much better I might have done.

A great bane of conversation—(and I include this written conversation)—I find to be men with inconveniently good memories, and fond of displaying their endowment. I mean the men who listen (or read) attentively till, in some fanciful mood, you have playfully given utterance to some sentiment, and then strike in—"Why it was only the other day I heard you say quite the contrary." My answer is, or would be, if that "second self" of which I gave intimation was minding his business—"I don't stereotype my opinions," "I don't set such value on them as to think them worth the pains."

In fact it is not quite fair to attempt to ascertain a man's decided opinions on grave matters that admit of difference of opinion among well-informed men, by the sole means of casual conversation, or I add again, casual writing; no more than it would be to try to entrap a physician into a medical verdict in a like manner. I revere the memory of that wise doctor who seemed to allow himself to be led to the very verge of a decided opinion, listened gravely to the statement of the case (it was in a casual conversation, and there was no fee in question), and to the final appeal—"Now what would you do in such a case?"—promptly replied—"Well, I think I should consult a skilful physician."

A LIFE'S SEASONS.

In the Spring-time,
BEN, the youngest, and the dearest, playing at his mother's side,
 Running joyous all her errands, playing with her seek-and-hide;
 Crying when she looked aweary, and a shade was on her brow,
 In the spring-time, when the ash-leaves hid upon the mourning
 bough.

In the Summer,
 Ben, the fairest and the gayest, straying by a foreign shore,
 Spending all his child's rich portion, idols bowing down before;
 And his mother's heart was breaking, and her smile was seldom
 seen,
 And they laid her 'neath the daisies, when the berries yet were green.

In the Autumn,
 Ben, the saddened and the altered, pining in a foreign land,
 Heard his mother's voice of spring-time, hungered for her tender
 hand,
 And her eyes were ever on him, through the night hours, in the
 morn,
 And he came across the ocean, when the sloe grew on the thorn.

In the Winter,
 Ben, the contrite and the weary, kneeling at his mother's grave,
 Praying God and her for pardon: yielding back the life God gave;
 And his cheek was thin and pallid, and his eyes were strange
 and bright,
 And they laid him by his mother ere the snow-drop came in sight.

M. Mr. R.

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN the Duchesse returned to her guests the conversation was continued.

"Well, Kate," said she, "while I have been listening to a most interesting discussion on patches and rouge, the set of Her Majesty's head-dress, and the colour of the Princess's gowns, have you been pondering over what I told you of my darling saint?"

"Yes," said Kate, with a little *malice* in her eyes; "but, dear Madame, I cannot for the life of me think what so holy a soul could have had to say about herself; if it had been a reprobate like me now, 'twould have taken hours of the holy Bishop's time to convert me—and to have *me* a saint who would have grudged the time he lost? but beings like Madame de Chantal and Madame de Marigny, what can they have to say?"

The Duchesse took up a fan that lay near her, and threw it at Kate.

"Really you are an incorrigible child; but a truce to nonsense, time is precious, and we have made no progress in our business. What do you think of this project of founding a Convent of the Visitation in England? Let each say what she thinks: Alethea, it is you to begin."

Said Alethea—"It is certain such a foundation is evidently desired by many, and numbers of subjects would enter. It seems to me that if it were managed with due caution, the secret of its existence might be kept."

The Duchesse looked at Margery.

"Dear Madame," said May, "it is the straits and difficulties that our dear Sisters of the Conception have to go through that a little frighten me. I know the nuns of the Visitation will be ready to endure any hardship and to risk their lives, but will they be able to keep their holy rule in any degree?"

"Perhaps not at first," answered the Duchesse, "but in a little while they will, for brighter times are at hand, dear friends. The King," her voice involuntarily sank to a whisper as if she feared the walls might hear, "the King is Catholic in heart; if he dies, who succeeds him but James of York? and our own sweet Princess once on the throne, must win thousands of hearts to the cause."

"Yes," said Alethea, "my father was saying only the other day that considering Mary Beatrice was but a child when she was married, and is only a young girl now, he expects great things from her in mature years, seeing how she has comported herself in early youth in difficult circumstances."

"Oh!" exclaimed May with brightening face, "if this be so, what reason can there be against our project? It must bring God's blessing on the land, it must satisfy the longings of so many hearts who cannot for diver causes fly beyond seas."

"Now, Kate," cried the Duchesse, "what has the 'devil's advocate' to say against all this wise and weighty talk?"

Kate shook her head. "Alas, dear madame, your hopes of better times for Catholics are not shared by all. Neither my father nor Father Whitbread takes a sanguine view of matters. It is true the King is Catholic in heart, but what sort of a heart has Charles? He believes the truths of our holy faith, but he will sacrifice for them not only not his crown, for that were a goodly gift to lay before the Lord, but not one of his sinful pleasures. Father Whitbread said but a few days ago in our house at Kensington; 'So many prayers rise up for Charles, so many noble hearts supplicate for him with tears, that surely he shall never be lost; but so hard is his heart, so absorbed is he in selfish pleasures that methinks he shall be saved only as the Puritans are so fond of quoting, as a brand from the burning.'"

"The King will not live for ever," replied the Duchesse in a vexed tone (for while her head acknowledged the force of Lady Katherine's reasoning, her heart was set on the scheme she had proposed to Father de la Colombière, and on which he had desired her to consult her three friends).

"No," said Katherine, "but let us not deceive ourselves—James is far from popular. Have you not heard the *bon mot* that the King uttered the other day?"

"No," said the Duchesse, "I have no great love for the folly that comes from the royal lips."

"Oh, Madame," cried Alethea, smiling, "you really are prejudiced. The King hath much wit. Surely you know the epitaph that Buckingham made for His Majesty, and repeated to his face. No!—it runs thus—

'Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.'

"I never heard that before," said the Duchesse, laughing. "What an idea it gives one of Charles's utter forgetfulness of his dignity to allow such insolence to his face. *Ciel!* imagine any one offering such an insult to His Majesty of France."

"The Bastile for life, or his head chopped off, I trow, would be his fate," remarked Alethea.

"There were a group of men at our house some months ago," said Kate, "and that epitaph was discussed. All agreed it exactly hit off the character of the King—clever, witty (good-hearted as the world counts it), and entirely unreliable."

"Well, Kate, now let us have the wise saying of the King, we have digressed from it."

"It seems," replied Lady Katherine, "that some plot to kill his Majesty was afloat among the Puritans. The Duke heard of it and warned his brother against their machinations. 'Well, no fear, James,' returned the King, laughing. 'They will never kill me to make you king.' When my father heard that, he sighed and said, 'Tis but too true.'"

"Well, then," said the Duchesse, in a disappointed tone, "you think this project impossible?"

"I do, in truth," exclaimed Kate.

"And you, Alethea? and you, Margery?"

"Not impossible, dear Madame," answered Alethea, "but needing much thought, much prayer, ere anything could be decided."

May was silent.

"That will not do, Margery," cried the Duchesse, "we are sitting in conclave, every one must speak."

A deep flush overspread Margery's face. "It seems presumptuous of me, but something seems to say to me, the time is not yet come." Her eyes had a dreamy far-off look, as of one who saw more than was visible to others, and she spoke in a low voice as if impelled by some unseen power. "They will come, they *will* come, not the very first, but among the first; come in poverty, obscurity, in straits, but not till the sea be past, the sea that lies between them and us." She bent over her work again, and seemed absorbed in thought.

"What does she mean?" whispered Kate to the others; "of course they must cross the sea. Do we not live on an island?"

"There is a deeper meaning in her words than that," answered the Duchesse, in the same whispered tone. Then speaking aloud, she said, "Now for humility, and to own myself defeated. Our good Father is totally against my plan. He bade me not tell you so in the beginning, and, like all the saints, he is most humble, and distrusts his own lights. As I was so set upon this foundation, and as the wealth God hath given me could not be better bestowed than by the charge of such a house, he hath pondered over the matter, and he bade me call you three together, saying with that bright smile of his you know so well: '*Four heads are better than two!*' Now see my wilfulness and presumption to want to do something our good Father was averse unto."

"Oh!" cried Katherine, springing from her seat, and holding up her hands in dismay, "if you, dear Duchesse, begin to confess in public, I shall have to do the same, and I love not that sort of

work at all. Wait till you get into your convents, and do not drag a poor creature like me up the hill of such high perfection."

Ere anyone could answer, there was a knock at the door, a lackey entered to say the coach of the Ladies Howard was ready, and in a few moments the friends separated.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Lady Margery reached home she found signs of commotion in the house. Servants in those days were not adepts in the art of apparent impassibility as they are now, and the lackeys cast wondering looks at their young lady as she passed up the grand staircase and entered her own apartment. She had hardly closed the door behind her when it was flung open, and Marguerite entered. Was it Marguerite, or was it one of the furies come to life from the tapestries? Her eyes were flashing, her face and neck in one crimson glow, her whole frame quivering with emotion.

"May, have you heard?" she gasped, in a low, hoarse tone.

May was pale as death.

"Oh, Rita! what is it? I have heard nothing; our father, is he dead?"

"No," cried her sister, passionately, "better if he were," and flinging herself on the ground, she moaned as if in deep pain. In her hand she held a letter, and as May knelt beside her with beating heart, longing to hear more, yet not daring to question, Rita thrust the letter towards her. May took it, undid its scented folds, and read as follows:—

"SWEETHEART,—This letter shall bear you news, but you will not, I think, mislike them. Your good father will give me no peace till I consent to wed him. Alas! it seemeth strangely soon to lay aside my trappings of grief, but he brooks no delay. He saith with truth, my sweet girl, that you and my fair Mayflower are left without a mother's care, and he pleadeth with me to give it. My loved Marguerite, my winsome pearl, shall shine as a gem in my maternal crown; my daisy, so humble, my Mayblossom, so sweet, shall bloom by my side. What happiness awaits us, *cherie*, to be one together under one roof. At present my place at court will be the same. My lord sends you tender greeting. I begged for a *congé* from Her Highness, for your father will carry me to Sheen, where we will abide some days. Then we return to Pall Mall, not to displace my sweet Marguerite, but to reign with her.—Your loving friend and mother,

"DIANA EDENHALL."

Such, in the stilted phraseology of the time, ran Lady Diana's letter.

May was greatly shocked. That no one should ever fill her mother's place was a fixed idea in her mind. She had been taught it in her childhood, and believed it much as she believed that

Charles II. was the lawful King of England. But those who have learnt to overcome nature in the little things of daily life, find their reward when they are in the midst of mental storms and earthquakes. They do not lose their balance; they are able to retain their reasoning powers. Their submission to the Divine will is like a mighty rock in the midst of falling ruins, under whose shelter they are safe. May loved her father fondly, and the thought of a woman like Lady Diana occupying her mother's place was a sort of profanation in her eyes. Mother! that this false woman should dare to use the name; and then, in an instant, the childlike heart said its *fiat* and was at rest. The tears streamed down her face as she looked on her sister crushed to the earth with the blow.

May understood its bitterness to Marguerite. Hers was the sorrow that does the work of years. Life is not a succession of days and nights; there are days and hours that are the landmarks of our history.

Henceforth Marguerite's youth was over. She might rise up and go forth in youth's proud beauty, its fresh glow on her cheek, its clear light in her eyes, but the heart hidden in the fair form would have grown old. The blue mists that make the distant mountains look fairylike had melted away, and the bare and stony hill was hurting her feet. No more trust in honeyed words, in fond embraces. She had often heard the world was hollow, now she knew it. It was true, though she could not feel it, that time would pass on, and she would trust again to some extent, but it was also true she never would trust again with the joyous *abandon* of her first love. Then Marguerite had lost her anchor. She had in prosperity turned her back on God, and now in her sorrow His face was hidden from her. Easy would it be to seek that Face again. But poor Rita could not feel this. She raved and moaned in horror and in grief against the earthly instrument that had dealt the blow, and she could not bend to the mighty Power overruling all for her good.

"Rita, my own sister, speak to me; dearest love, how can I comfort you?"

"There is no comfort, May," said the hoarse voice, "only revenge!"

"Darling, do not say so."

"I will say it, and feel it too. She has fooled me long enough; she has made me her slave; she has wrung and tortured my heart, and now this is the crown. Do you deem I shall submit? Do you dream she can sweep me from her path as she would an insect? I tell you no; she shall know *all* there is in Marguerite Clotilde Clymme."

Slowly she gathered herself up from the ground, and flung back her hair which was falling in wild disorder.

"Oh! Rita," cried May, as she saw blood on her sister's face and dress, "you have hurt yourself; what is the matter?"

"Nothing," said Rita, impatiently; "I fell against a cabinet and cut my lip."

"Who brought you this letter?" inquired May. "How long have you had this sorrow to bear ere I returned?"

"I don't know," said Rita, putting her hand to her head wearily, for physical pain was beginning to assert its mastery over mental anguish; "I had nothing to do after you went. I strolled into the Green Chamber, and began to examine that old black cabinet. I wanted to find out the secret drawer old Louise used to tell us of, that no one could discover who did not know the way to get at it. I believe I did find it out, and a musty old document tumbled into my lap. I was just going to read it when this letter came in, and, rising up, I fell against the edge of the cabinet."

"Why, you might have killed yourself, and it is quite a deep cut," said May, examining it. "Do let me tend on you, love; come to your own room and lie down, and I will bathe your face and comb your hair, as I always do when you are sick."

Rita was feeling sick and weak. She had tasted scarce any food that day. She allowed May to do as she liked. Together they entered the apartment, and while May flew about settling pillows, and getting some water to wash her sister's face, the latter sank into a chair. But all May's cares availed little; the blood was staunched, and Rita lay down, after having been persuaded to drink some wine and eat a morsel of bread; but she soon started up again, and paced restlessly up and down the room. At last she turned to her sister. "May, go and fetch the paper that fell out of the secret drawer in the Green Chamber, and bring it me."

May gladly obeyed, hoping the manuscript might divert her sister's thoughts. On entering the Green Chamber she saw Philip Engleby seated before the old cabinet, deeply engrossed in the contents of a dusty parchment, which looked very like that of which she was in quest. As May entered, he started up, a strange glitter was in his eyes, a dark red flush on his usually pale cheek.

THE NEW KORAN.

BY REV. MICHAEL O'FERRALL, S. J.

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
 Lights of the world, and demigods of Fame?
 Then bind the palm thy Sage's brow to suit,
 Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
 Ah! me! the laurelled leaf that Murder rears,
 Blood-nursed and watered by the widow's tears,
 Seems not so foul, so tainted and so dread
 As waves the night-shade round the *Skeptic* head.

Pleasures of Hope, Part II.

THE faith preached by Mahomet was compounded, as Gibbon tells us, of two dogmas, "the one an eternal truth, the other a necessary fiction—*There is no God but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.*" The Koran, or book lately made public by Professor Tyndall, and later still revised by himself, is, in like manner, compounded of two dogmas: the one the denial of an eternal truth, the other the assertion of a fiction. "There is no God but Matter," says the President of the British Association, "and Tyndall is its Prophet."*

Which of the two Korans contains the larger amount of truth is a question that after ages may decide. The scale, we think, will incline in favour of the Arabian prophet, at least as soon as time shall have done its work, and the disciple of Epicurus and Lange,† vacating the chair of the British Association, shall have lost somewhat of his charms and melted into the "azure of the past." Our reason for this belief is as follows. The message of the Arabian prophet recognises at least *one truth*—what Gibbon styles "an eternal truth," to wit, the existence of a living God, while the President of the British Association denies or impeaches that one truth, and puts before us in support of such denial a multitude of errors, misstatements, and sophisms, designed, we suppose, to win their way as credentials of the prophet Tyndall.

We must be fair to the Professor. In the earlier portion of his address we recognise with joy one just statement. It bears the impress of a thinking mind, and may be credited with entire correctness. It regards the great Sir Isaac Newton, and is to the effect that the mathematical and physical researches of that illus-

* A Liverpool journal rightly reduces Professor Tyndall's address to the above formula.

† We consider we have done Mr. Tyndall no wrong in styling him the disciple of *Epicurus* and of *Lange*. He admits, indeed, the mastery of both over his studies and his views. Nay, he glories in it. Our readers know who *Epicurus* was. *Lange* is known to Germans, and a few Englishmen by his *Geschichte des Materialismus* (1862). Of the abject views and untrustworthy narrative of this writer we shall have abundant instances as we proceed.

trious individual unfitted rather than fitted him for the study of history and divinity. "Thus," says Professor Tyndall, "theologians have been forgetful of the fact that the very devotion of his (Newton's) powers through all the best years of his life to a totally different class of ideas (not to speak of any natural disqualification), tended to render him *less*, instead of *more* competent to deal with theological and historic questions."

We believe this statement to be objectively true. We believe it to be true as regards Newton; and it can be no disparagement to the high powers of Mr. Tyndall and his justly-acquired fame in the field of mechanical and physical research, if we generalize his own *dictum*, and apply it to Mr. Tyndall himself.

We do so with all respect for the author of the "Lectures on Heat, Light, and Magnetism." We challenge his competency to deal in any manner whatsoever with questions of theology, ethics, mental philosophy, free-will or human destiny. We find in the address before us humiliating proofs that an able exponent of some phenomena in the domain of physics may be a child (or less than a child) in history, logic, and the higher questions of philosophy—those, we mean, that touch on existence, causation, responsibility, the duty of man, and its source, and altogether on the world of nature, as embracing a complete intelligible scheme, self-sufficient and independent of any other.

We are far from implying that Professor Tyndall's address contains nothing whatever that is true. The address, especially the second edition which is now before us, toned down and modified as it is, would refute such an assertion.

What we contend is, that neither in the double motto prefixed to the last edition, nor in the address itself, as it originally stood, or as it has come forth from the press of Longmans; neither in the presentation of the tenets of such persons as may be deemed Mr. Tyndall's adversaries, nor in the biographical sketches of his friends and the statement of their views, nor yet in attempts at inductive generalization and logical analysis, has Mr. Tyndall given forth any statement that does not err wholly or in part, by misstatement of fact, by omission of modifying and limiting facts, or lastly, by misapplication both of assumed principle and of fact, and by undue inference from both. The plain orator* of our immortal bard was content in a critical situation to "speak right on." In considering Mr. Tyndall's pamphlet, we shall imitate the example. We shall begin at the beginning, and challenge the errors, and unweave the sophistries of Mr. Tyndall "right on" as they occur.

On the reverse side of the title page to the second edition of the Address the eye lights on two extracts. They are intended as mottoes or abbreviations of Mr. Tyndall's whole theory.

* Mark Anthony.

Some intelligent atoms "self-moved," we suppose, and "self-positing," would appear to have come into Mr. Tyndall's "ganglions"* between the dates of the first and second issues of his Address. The texts are, at least, wanting in the first edition. They are paraded in staring type and commanding position in the second. The first of these is from Xenophanes of Colophon. The tenets of this ancient philosopher are set forth to us with sufficient clearness by Diogenes Laërtius in his lives of the philosophers (See Bohn's Class. Lib.), and by Cicero in his *Lucullus*. Mr. Tyndall is not accustomed to consult ancient writers. His "luminiferous ether" does not vibrate so far. His early instructors were deficient in this point. They taught the future Prophet of Matter no more, as he himself tells us, than English grammar and scraps of Chillingworth against the "Romanists." He is content, therefore, to take the opinions of his ancient demigods at second hand—as v. g. from *Lange*, *Hume*, and *Dr. Draper*, of New York.

Under the influence of this amiable weakness he is content to read Xenophanes' maxims and gather the meaning of that archaic worthy from the fresh letter-press of the author of "*Supernatural Religion*."† We beg Mr. Tyndall to bear in mind that the two first hexameters of Xenophanes, reported by St. Clement of Alexandria and approved by him, express simply what every Christian and every theist believes of the true God. They may, therefore, set at rest all the apprehensions of Mr. Tyndall as to the charge of anthropomorphism against those who believe in a personal God. The remaining lines, being the satire of a pagan sage against the pagan poets Homer and Hesiod, concern us little. They may, indeed, excite pity for the anachronism of taste visible in a man who, in the nineteenth century, would adopt those lines as motto to a scientific book.

* See Mr. Tyndall's Address, where the author speaks of the "nascent poetic thrill in the *ganglions*" of Mr. Herbert Spencer. We borrow with all reverence the sublime phraseology of the New Koran.

† The theory of evolution is curiously illustrated in the two mottoes that adorn the first pages of Tyndall's (revised) Address. A certain unnamed, but able, writer published about three months ago an attack on the Christian Religion under the title of *Supernatural Religion*. The chief exponents of Christian dogmas in the view of this author, are Mr. Mansel, Bampton Lecturer, and his successor, Mr. Moseley. The latter is made to say (*falsely* if "*Supernatural Religion*" copies aright) that we must by moral consciousness conceive of personality in God as a limitation. The author of *Supernatural Religion* derives from this *false* admission some hard inferences, and oratorically concludes by saying: "It *almost* makes me exclaim with Bacon, It were better to have no opinion at all of God than such a one as is unworthy of Him;" &c. Tyndall lights on this, p. 74. He drops the qualifying particle "*almost*," adopts the statement absolutely, erects it into a motto, and fastens it on the first page of his great Book to instruct Europe on high questions of Divinity. The *anthropomorphism* charge is borrowed from the same source. This truly is evolution from a monad to a monkey, and then to a man. This will not do in criticism nor in history.

It is worth while, however, to ascertain more fully the tenets of the man from whom the motto is taken. These somewhat resembled those of Mr. Tyndall as regarded theology—that is, Xenophanes was a Pantheistic Materialist. He held the *substance* of God to be spherical, or, as Cicero words it, *conglobata figura* ! As regards the soul of man, he moved a step in advance of Mr. Tyndall, and maintained the human soul to be spiritual.* He maintained all things that exist to be one and immutable, and that one and immutable thing he held to be God. “Cic. in Lucul. Brucker’s Hist. Philos. in vit. Xenoph.”

In physics, Xenophanes did not quite agree with Mr. Tyndall. Not having been addressed by the President of the British Association, that fantastic philosopher maintained “that there is in nature *no real production, decay, or change* ; that there are *four elements* ; that the stars arise from vapours, which are extinguished by day and ignited by night ;† that the sun consists of fiery particles collected by humid exhalations, and *daily renewed* ; that the course of the sun is *rectilinear* ; and appears curvilinear only from its great distance ; that there are as many suns as there are different climates of the earth ; that the moon is an *inhabited world*,” &c.

The advocate of such theories is the “demigod of fame,” whose hexameters Mr. Tyndall makes use of to supplement the Belfast Address, and under whose auspices he essays to abolish the Creator of things and the future existence of man, and to chant the materialist’s song—

—————“How each sage atom laughs at me,
Who think a clod inferior to a man.”

Mr. Tyndall’s address (second edition) is graced with another motto. It is, as we have before stated, from the illustrious Bacon. It seems to be taken from the apophthegms of that famous writer, and states that in his idea “it is better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of him.” The *dictum* is intended to serve both as a shield and sword—a shield to defend Mr. Tyndall, and a sword to smite his opponents. We observe, however, that whatever may have been Lord Bacon’s merits or demerits *as a casuist*, and whether his Lordship held blasphemy or atheism to be the greater sin, no writer on systems or sciences ever set forth more clearly than he the “fatuity” and the “madness,” as he terms it, of him who asserts or believes that God exists not. To Mr. Tyndall’s special attention we commend the entire *meditatio* of Lord Bacon, which is entitled *De Atheismo*. For readers at large we crave permission to insert its last paragraph. It is designed for those who are engaged in researches of Natural Philosophy. “Thirdly,” says his Lordship, “with regard to physical inquiries,

* Bruck., “Hist. Crit. Phil.,” c. xiii., p. 443.

† Brucker, *loc. cit.*

I affirm even this, that as a *scanty stock of Natural Philosophy* and an advance to the threshold thereof *inclines opinions towards atheism*, so, on the other hand, a *large stock of Natural Philosophy*, and an *intimate penetration thereof* brings people's minds round to religion. Wherefore," continues the wisest of mankind, "Atheism on all points appears to be convicted of *folly and ignorance*, so that it is deservedly called the utterance of *insane men*." With this brief commentary of Bacon himself we have no objection to dismiss the second motto of Mr. Tyndall's revised Address.

Mr. Tyndall's preface is moderate, and of moderate length. It informs us of some slight changes made in the new edition of the Address. These are generally for the better—that is for the diminution of the evil. The unexpected amount of criticism of which the author complains, issuing, as it did, from every intelligent publicist in Ireland, Great Britain, and America* made the strong man quail, and modify or withdraw his more offensive statements. The Address, he tells us, was written under some disadvantages among the Alps—Lange and Dr. Draper, we suppose, being the only guides. The circumstances will in some measure account for the strange amount of error and, we must say, audacious misstatement on which we are now about to comment.

THE ADDRESS.

The President of the British Association leads off his Address with a sonorous but rather needless truism. "An impulse inherent in primeval man turned his thoughts betimes towards the sources of natural phenomena. . . . The same impulse is the spur of scientific action to-day."† Man, that is to say, acted in ages past because he *was so inclined*; man acts and inquires to-day *because he is so inclined*. This is the child's reason for everything he does. We do not question that man acts oftentimes from the same motive as the child. Simple, however, and sterile as the statement appears, it suggests to a thoughtful mind inquiries which are of high interest, the answers to which are destructive of Tyndall's whole theory. The inherent impulse to refer events to their causes is known by philosophers as the *principle of causality*. The tendency is a fact or phenomenon of the human mind, manifest in every individual and in all circumstances; and if facts ought to be referred, as Mr. Tyndall assures us they ought, "to causes congruent with them,"‡ then we may ask what molecule of matter, be it angular or round, be it carbon or hydrogen, be it calcium or potassium, possesses and carries

* There is one exception, "The London Enquirer." The eulogies of that journal on the so-called atomic theory, are considered by Dr. Watts in his "Irenicum."

† Address, p. 1.

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‡ Address, p. 2.

with it as its natural property this restless tendency to ask *why*—this tendency to *know things by their causes*? Experiment has failed to find, either in the primary or the secondary qualities of matter, any congruent and adequate cause of this *principle of causality*, any more than it can account for a wise system of legislation or politics by the inherent qualities of a particle of calcium or carbon. The cause would be both incongruous and inadequate to the effect. Human reason recoils before such hypothesis. The professor is farther in fault in this utterance. He narrows unduly the range of the *principle of causality*. He extends it only to what he calls physical phenomena. It reaches, however, to *all phenomena*, of whatever order, and in ascending the series of Nature's progression the principle of causality refuses to stop where Professor Tyndall would have it stop—at the threshold of the first cause. The question-asking impulse, in fact, spurns all bars to its exercise, and Tyndall and his compeers are the only aspirants to Science who now-a-days seek to arrest human thought in its mid career—just there where its exercise is noblest and most necessary—at the threshold of the First Cause.

The anthropomorphism charged upon early polytheists, as well as, indeed, upon the monotheist of modern and Christian days, would be simply unaccountable, had Professor Tyndall made any advance in the Philosophy of History as he has done in the Philosophy of Nature.

We believe the Professor attaches no clear idea to the word anthropomorphism. It means "having the shape, form, and physical outlines of man." To charge Christians or Jews with literally ascribing human shape to the God they worship, were a simple and *unbearable calumny*. Every Christian, from Clement of Alexandria to Petavius, and every Jewish writer, from Samuel to Maimonides, furnishes a refutation of such slander; and if, in the early books of Moses, from the poverty of Oriental speech, a few expressions are employed regarding the Deity, *ανθρωποπαθως*—i. e. ascribing to Him human emotions, the maxim has always prevailed among Christians and Jews that such expressions are to be understood *Θεοπρεπως*—i. e. in a manner becoming the infinite majesty of God. How far the pagans of old were chargeable with the sin of anthropomorphism it is beside our purpose to inquire. We beg, however, to assure Professor Tyndall, in the words of the eloquent Dr. Watts, that neither Democritus, nor Epicurus, nor Lucretius, with all their *atomism* made the least advance towards banishing from the populace of Greece and Rome the crowd of invisible, and oftentimes anthropomorphic gods. That boon to philosophers and to mankind is due alone to the founders of the Christian religion. When the great apostle of the Gentiles visited the arena, illuminated by these physical and metaphysical speculators, he found the city given to idolatry. He found those speculators, in fact, where we now find Professor Tyndall, standing before the record of their own ignorance,

proclaiming to the world that to them God was unknown. They would say, as the present head of the British Association expresses it—the question who made the starry heavens “still remains unanswered, and science makes no attempt to answer it.” (“Fragments of Science,” p. 93.)*

In truth, however, the polytheism of pagans was not so especially *anthropomorphic* as Tyndall imagines. It was, that we may indulge the Professor with his favourite Greek words, of the *zoömorphie* type.† Deities were worshipped under every living form—that of the snake, the bull, the elephant, the ape, the frog. As to the *numina magna*, the mighty deities of the heathen world, they were precisely of that kind which Tyndall, Lange, and others of their school now worship. They were not anthropomorphic, but *amorphie*, that is of the cosmic and chaotic kind. For the Latin race Virgil, in his sixth book of the Eneid, is sufficient witness:

“Know first that heaven and earth’s compacted frame
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind infused *through all the space*,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.”‡

The cosmogony of the Greeks, as set forth by the Hesiod, begins with *Night*, whose first descendant is an *Egg*. Democritus is credited by Lord Bacon with having understood this cosmogony better than any other philosopher. We may venture, however, to enroll the President of the British Association along with Democritus. The elder deities in this system were not anthropomorphic, i. e. of human figure, but of the atomic, and subsequently of the ornithological kind. Some colour is given by this cosmogony to the claim which the birds in Aristophanes§ put forth as being deities older than Jupiter. Tyndall and Herbert Spencer will endorse the claim, and the ornithology of Mr. Huxley must be ennobled by it.

As to the Buddhist cosmogony, Dr. Draper, the American oracle of Mr. Tyndall, professes to be an unimpeachable authority on the point. He tells us that the early Buddhists ascended in their account of things to the sublime idea of eternal forces, disjoined from all substance, and existing, like Professor Tyndall’s theories, independent of any basis.||

* Dr. Watts’ reply to Tyndall.

† We beg pardon for the introduction of this new word. It is supplemental, however, to Professor Tyndall’s *anthropomorphic*. It means having the shape of organic living thing.

‡ Principio cœlum ac terras camposque; liquentes
Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit; totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

§ See Aristophanes’ Birds, Act 1., 2.

|| See Draper’s “Intellectual Development of Europe.”

This certainly approaches much nearer to the "self-positing" and "self-moved" atoms of President Tyndall than it does to any system of early Divinities, anthropomorphous or other. The real origin of polytheism may be seen discussed at length in Petavius,* when Professor Tyndall has leisure to consult that invaluable work. Hume, whom alone the Professor quotes, and whom alone the Professor has read in all probability, is, as Mr. Smyth of Aberdeen observes,† opposed to the Professor on the very point he quotes him to support. If the Professor, however, spurns the evidences of history, and seeks to account for the notion of a personal God (or gods it may be) from psychological and empirical reasons, he should not fall back on the relation of mere proximity‡ as the *cause* of the sin in question. He should, unless he spurned *just* analysis as well as history, have reasoned somewhat thus. If men in early ages gave attention to any facts, they must have noticed not only facts that lay "close to themselves," but those facts which transpired *in* themselves. Whatever forces they may have observed imparting (transmitting) motion in the world around them, one force only did they or could they observe as *originating* motion. That force lay within themselves. It lay in what is called the will—for the most part in the *free will* of each and every observer. It witnessed itself perpetually to him. Others, without exception, bore witness to its operation in themselves. This phenomenon was *personal volition*—the acts of the human will. Outward forces *communicated* motion, this inward force *caused* it. Ten thousand instances vouched the fact, and induction extended the law of "*the origination* of material phenomena from mind as its first source" to other being or beings than himself—to cosmic as well as to terrestrial phenomena. Thus early human induction proceeded upwards. Pantheistic induction proceeds *downwards*, and "passing beyond the boundary of observation and experiment," worships in unseen entities "a potency and promise," admitted to be out of all analogy with what we *know* of Nature. Is the modern Pantheist, at the bar of reason, more logical than the ancient pagan who, from the phenomena of mind, inferred that mind in one or more entities ruled nature's course and presided over all her movements? Of the two, the Pantheist is certainly the less logical.

The historical sketch of eminent atomists which the Professor borrows from the German Lange,§ is pronounced by two competent authorities as "unaccountable, narrow, inaccurate, and defective; neither more nor less than an indiscriminating and uncritical summary of the usual handbooks of the philosophy of the Greeks."|| Every moderately informed critic will endorse this

* "Dogm. Theol. de Deo," Lib. II., c. 1, 2, 3.

† Smyth's Letter on Tyndall's Address; see the Belfast journals, August 24, 28.

‡ "What lay much closer to them, the observation of men." Address, p. 1.

§ See "Geschichte des Materialismus."

|| See Professor Smyth of Aberdeen, and Dr. Watts' reply to Tyndall.

judgment. A specimen or two of the Professor's history-writing among the Alps will not be without interest.*

The two leading oracles of the atomic system† among the ancients are, according to Mr. Tyndall, Democritus and Empedocles. After bepraising the first in a manner neither in accordance with the modern manuals of Brucker and Tennemann, nor with the older notices of Aristotle,‡ Diogenes Laertius, &c., &c., the Professor introduces Empedocles as observing "a gap (the adjustment of the soul with the body) in the philosophy of Democritus," and importing (in order to fill it up) the doctrine now known as "survival of the fittest."§ The adequacy of this doctrine to fill up the Democritic gap is not quite evident, but the Professor must have strange notions of time and succession when he makes Empedocles *follower* to his hero Democritus.

Every manual of history, save that, perhaps, of the "excellent!" Lange, places Empedocles *before* not *after* Democritus. Xenophanes of Colophon, whom Tyndall ostentatiously marks as living 600 years B.C., lived and spoke with Empedocles (see Diog. Laert. in vita Xenoph.) long before the year B.C. 460, the date of the birth of Democritus. The vision of Empedocles must have been keen indeed to detect "gaps" in the then unborn philosophy of Democritus. It is not true, as Tyndall asserts, that Bacon preferred, in the main, any of the ancient philosophers to Plato and Aristotle.|| He calls the atomic views of Democritus "a narrow and inadequate view of things." (Works, vol. II., p. 713, Ed. Bohn, 1851). It is not true that the principles enunciated by Democritus were the peculiar property of that philosopher, nor is it true (if we credit so competent a witness as Aristotle *De Anima*) that Democritus barely asserted the substance of the soul to be *like* fire (as Tyndall, to cover his hero's blemishes, represents it). But it is true that he represented the human soul as consisting of *genuine substantial* fire.¶

* Among the "unaccountable" blemishes in Tyndall's Sketch so justly complained of by Dr. Watts, not the least unaccountable is that the Professor nowhere tells us what *atoms* are, or what he means by the word atom. Are atoms such entities as are proved by experiment, or are they beings inferred by reason? Are they the same as the *monads* of Leibnitz, or the *minims* of Brūno, or the *corpuscles* of Newton, or the *points* of Bosovich, or the *molecules* of modern analysts? The fact is the so-called *atomic* system or systems of Tyndall's ancient and mediæval worthies had no more likeness to what we now call the *atomic theory* (i. e. Dalton's "Law of the Combining Proportions of Matter") than an egg has to an elephant, or a triangle to a trumpet. The Professor must know this.

† Brucker, Tennemann, and the English Cyclopædia place Empedocles at the zenith of his philosophic fame when Democritus, whom Tyndall puts down as his predecessor, was just ten years old! Thus do Professors and Lecturers write history and pen addresses.

‡ "De Anima."

§ See Tyndall's Address, p. 3; and Lange, whom the Professor quotes, p. 23, second edition.

|| Bacon sets Plato and Aristotle, for general merits, far above all ancient sages. On one point only does he place Democritus before Aristotle or Plato.

¶ Πυρ και θερμον αυτην φησι (Δημοκριτος). Aristot. "De Anima."

In Physics, we are told, Professor Tyndall handles the telescope well. When directed upon the field of history, the Professor's optic instrument is at fault; its range is scanty, its lens by no means achromatic. As he advances, however, to Epicurus and Lucretius he finds more congenial companions, persons whom he better understands.* Yet he fails to notice that by the expulsion of religious fear and the introduction of sensualism in its stead, those illustrious atomists degraded instead of elevating mankind—that the seething decomposition of society, so graphically described by Juvenal, and so fully admitted by the Professor, prevailed *after* and *in consequence* of the lewd and reckless teachings of those writers.

The Professor conducts his historical sketch onwards. The middle ages are, of course, as to the atomic theory, a blank, and so were all the Christian centuries from the year one of our Lord to the days of Giordano Bruno. One would ask, Is the Professor utterly unaware of the controversies excited among the early Christians on the subject of creation—viz., whether God made things from *non-existence* or from *atoms*?† Did he never read in his early days of controversy in Ireland of the *stoicheia* (elements, monads, atoms), of the *ύλη* of the Greeks, and the *materia prima et informis* of the Romans? The truth is, the ideas and the names of what we now call atoms were as prevalent among Fathers and Schoolmen as among the followers of Epicurus. There was a difference, however. Neither one class nor the other were champions of experiment. They knew not the microscope of to-day. Other instruments of precision were equally wanting. In this not enviable position the pagan philosopher rushed with blind unscientific haste into guesses and ludicrous hypotheses, while the Christian writers were content to remain within the limits of Divine teaching and ascertained facts. One ray of light, according to our Professor, irradiated Christendom during the dreary millennium of the middle ages. It broke from the Saracens of the south. So the President of the British Association informs us; taking occasion thence to endorse the special fancy of his friend Dr. Draper, of New York, and to illuminate a page or more of his estimable Address with an apotheosis of the Saracenic race. Lord Bacon, who was acquainted with the Mahomedan exploits in science quite as well as Dr. Draper, differed in this point from Dr. Draper and from his copyist Professor Tyndall. In

* We mean nothing uncourteous by this expression. Were we disposed, however, to look into the future and prophesy, as the Professor unsparingly does, we should be compelled to draw from the fate of Lucretius and his admirers a gloomy foreboding as to the future of the esteemed Professor. Lucretius put an end to his own life. His translator, Thomas Creech, hanged himself in his room at Oxford. Watson, his other translator and admirer, was sentenced to death for wife-murder. We hope and trust that Professor Tyndall does not advocate this mode of solving the "mystery of life."

† The words *στοιχεῖα*, *άτομοι*, *ύλη* were quite favourites with the early Gnostics and the Fathers of the Church deal largely in their use.

the *Novum Organum* (ch. LXXI.) he states his estimate of Saracenic services to science, "For what the Roman writers, 'or the Arabian, or modern' (not including Mr. Tyndall, we suppose) "have done for science is not much, or of great value." We wonder Mr. Tyndall does not, out of love for Dr. Draper, turn aside from the course of his Address to bepraise the enlightened philosophy of the Buddhists.* For this omission atonement is made by the extravagant eulogy bestowed on Giordano Bruno. The eulogy is hardly deserved. The erratic and unfortunate man Bruno was a believer, as his extant works attest, in the most ridiculous conceits. He contended that the planets were *living beings* and *deities* (*animali grandi e numi*), "He was," to sum up his character in the words of Blakey (*Hist. Phil. Mind*, vol. II., p. 145), "a man of rare and splendid talents, but his mind was unequally balanced. He is far removed from the sober and severe realities of life. The portion of solid knowledge we derive from him is scanty; and the contemplation of his intellectual character and fate leaves a melancholy reflection that what is brilliant is not always useful; nor are the most splendid gifts of the mind a security against error and misfortune." (See also Hallam's notice of Bruno, *Lit. Middle Ages*; also Maurice's *Modern Philos.*, p. 163; and Bruno's works, edited by Bartholomew, Paris, 1847).

Such is the man that, next to Democritus and Lucretius, commands the intellectual approbation and sympathy of Mr. Tyndall. Gassendi, Hume, and Clerk Maxwell are next mentioned and dissented from only as much as they admit an intelligent Creator as the cause of things. The same may be said of Charles Darwin, whose admission of a Creator and creative acts in his "Origin of Species"† gives manifest offence to our Professor. Bishop Butler is introduced in an imaginary dialogue with a Lucretian philosopher, only to have his argument broken off when at the point of triumph, and the awkward and untenable doctrine of the survival of the souls of brutes fathered upon and accepted by his lordship as a necessary consequence from the doctrine that the human soul is immortal!

Such is the travesty of men and facts, the *unhistorical* sketch with which the President of the British Association preludes to the message of death, which under the name of Science he felt himself accredited to deliver at Belfast. He speaks untruly when he boasts the commission of science to deliver that message; and accordingly, like a man conscious of unmeet designs against his race, he endeavours to destroy little by little the great aspirations that are the *Natural Gospel* of the human soul, and by which man is, as Bacon styles him, *interpres et minister nature*, the minister and interpreter of nature. Thus the innate desire of hap-

* See Dr. Draper's admiring estimate of the Buddhist Cosmogony ("Intell. Development of Europe").

† See the closing pages of Darwin's "Origin of Species."

piness, and of a better happiness, which we consider as some indication of a future, receives in his terminology the name of mere* *profit* ! while free will, the inexorable demand for justice and retribution here or hereafter, and the equally inexorable (intellectual) demand for a *first cause*, for "that which is of all Creator and Defence," he degrades into a mere lackadaisical fancy—an asking for certain "ethical harmonies."†

One observation and we have done with Professor Tyndall's Historical Sketch. His parody of history has delayed us too long. We shall pass in our next paper to examine his scientific system, that is to say his *unscientific* and *unphilosophical* view of things. The observation we wish to make is this, that if Professor Tyndall's view of things—his theory of life, death, man's origin, and the origin of this universe—were demonstrably true, the President of the British Association, charged to deliver that message, should have flung down the volume and resumed his seat in tears.

He might have meditated a little on the words of the poet Campbell—

"Yet if such Voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that *were true which Nature never told*,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field.
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed.
Oh, let her read, nor loudly nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate.
But sad as angels for a good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in."

President Tyndall is not such a man. No "compunctious visitation of Nature" ever troubles the repose of the Prophet of Nihilism, or reclaims him for a moment to humanity. His "ganglions" are never the seat, to use his own expression, of "a nascent poetic thrill," or of a sentiment of loyalty to his race. Constructing a system of historical and critical fallacy, as we have seen, and of logical and theological fallacy, as we shall see in our next number, this "veiled prophet" of destruction writes over the portals of his temple

"Lasciate ogni speranza o voi ch' entrate,"—
"Leave hope behind all you who enter in"—
(Dante, "*Inferno*.")

and no thought of the ruin he works comes upon him. In the preface to the revised edition of his Address he tells us that his Athe-

* Address, p. 4 ; first edition.

† The conduct of President Thiers before the French Assembly might have taught President Tyndall some "ethical harmonies," and shown him how to act if by stern necessity he is ever forced to announce the ruin of his country, or sound the death-knell of his race. He would learn from him to fling down the parchment and listen in tears while the hard message was read by other lips.

istic or Pantheistic creed vanishes in his "moments of strength," and recurs, as we should say like a sick man's dream, only in his "moments of weakness." The responsibility—if the Professor admits moral science as a branch of knowledge, we should say the *crime*—of giving forth to the world, from a high place, the product of his "moments of weakness," and giving them forth not as conjectures, but as doctrine, beggars expression and passes calculation. Some new symbol or character must be devised, for human language has none adequate, to express the "incongruity," i. e. the moral turpitude, of flinging broadcast upon the world all the amassed errors and destructive sophistries that have come forth from the worst of schools, and doing this without subjective conviction as to their truth, and in opposition to the instincts, feelings, and hopes of human kind. The author of what we designate as the "New Koran" has adventured this—with what success we have partly seen in the foregoing pages. A few pages in our next number shall complete the inquiry.

MATER ADMIRABILIS.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

[Many of our readers are familiar with the picture of *Mater Admirabilis*. The original was painted in a corridor of the *Trinità dei Monti* at Rome, by a young lady who had just entered there as a Religious of the Sacred Heart, and who had a peculiar veneration for the secluded life which the Blessed Virgin led in the Temple previous to her marriage with St. Joseph. It was originally styled *La Madonna del giglio*, but received its present title at the suggestion of a Polish nun, the celebrated Mother Makrina, exiled during the persecution of the Emperor Nicholas.]

COME into the wide old corridor,
And see who sits in the silence there,
Where the sunshine flushes the marble floor
And floats, like a halo, in the air.
Draw near, O children ! noiselessly,
Lest your step should break her reverie.

How still she sitteth ! She doth not spin,
She doth not read—but on her knee
Her little hand, with the thread therein,
Rests, like a snow-flake, tranquilly ;
And her liquid eyes are hidden quite
By the drooping lashes long and bright.

O child of the Temple, little Maid !
With such sweet silence cloistered round,
What vision of light hath thy fingers stayed ?
What glorious dream thy fancy bound ?
No lily set in crystal vase
Is half so lovely as thy face.

Behind thee through the open door
The peaceful country stretches green,
And breezes blow, and sunbeams pour
Their soft effulgence on the scene ;
For the hush of the early morning sleeps
On the dewy valleys and wooded steeps.

She does not rise to look abroad,
She does not turn nor stir nor speak ;
But she feels the wind, like the breath of God,
Lifting the veil from her virgin cheek ;
And the downcast eyes a something see
Which is hidden, my children, from you and me.

Is it the dawn of that glorious day
Which, brighter than this, in her future waits—
When up through the vines she shall take her way
To the same old Temple's beautiful gates,
While a lovely Child on her bosom lies
With the light of the Godhead in His eyes.

Or is it the close of that later day
When the gates of the city are growing dim,
And a child has been lost—the people say—
And His mother and father are seeking Him?
O blind Judea! thou couldst not see
That thou wast the lost one, and not He!

Or maybe her dreaming heart is haunted
With a view of a mountain later scaled,
Where a rough, hard Cross in the gloom is planted
And the sacred Victim upon it nailed.
And maybe she sees and knows the face
Of the veiled Madonna at its base.

O vast and wonderful mystery,
Laid open and bare to these childish eyes!
O sorrow deep as the infinite sea,
Where she dying lives, where she living dies:
For lo! the Spinner who sits in the sun,
And the Mother who stands by the Cross are one

O Dove in the clefts of the great Rock hidden,
O shy, small Dove that dwellest apart!
The tears spring into our eyes unbidden
And a strange, sweet sadness stirs the heart,
When the light of thy purity shineth in
On the dark abyss of our want and sin.

While our hearts still glow, while our eyes still glisten,
Speak, little Queen, for we hold our breath
To kneel at thy footstool here and listen
As our dear Lord listened in Nazareth.
Ah! turn from thy lilies, thy work, thy book,
And gladden thy children with one fond look.

Speak, little Queen! ere the moment flees us,
And tell us the secret of the King—
The wish of the Sacred Heart of Jesus
To whom with tenderest trust we cling.
Show but the path of His will, dear Mother,
And the hearts of thy children will seek no other.

MR. DE VERE'S "ALEXANDER THE GREAT."

IT is not an easy matter to determine Mr. Aubrey de Vere's position in the world of letters. The two ordinary tests used in such calculations—the test of authority and the test of private judgment—give results so much at variance in his case as strangely to bewilder the unprejudiced inquirer; for if he consults the reviews, magazines, and critical works which profess to be the best exponents of public opinion in literary matters, he will find very little indeed about Mr. de Vere, except in the small section that represents his own religious belief. Now and again he gets a scant word of praise, and, rarer still, an appreciative article from a liberal paper like the "Spectator," but whilst Tennyson's every trifle, and Browning's every extravagance are thought worthy of special and lengthy notice by every review that lays any claim to authority on literature, whilst even the poets of the Fleshly school are received with much more than toleration, Mr. de Vere is either passed by unnoticed or an attempt is made to "damn him with faint praise." His critics have, indeed, shown more ingenuity than sincerity in dealing with a poet whom they could not in justice condemn. He has not been made one of the heroes of a modern *Dunciad*, nor singled out for special abuse like Mr. Robert Montgomery, but since this could not be they have, like the "Annual Register," dubbed him sneeringly, "a well-known versifier," or they have classed him with that body known as the religious poets—gentlemen of the Dr. Watts style, we presume—and whose religion, let us charitably hope, is more remarkable than their poetic powers.

It is pretty clear, then, that he who would form his opinion of Mr. de Vere solely from a study of the recognized critical authorities could assign him no very elevated position on the slopes of Parnassus. And yet we venture to say that no unbiassed reader of his works can have arrived at a similar conclusion, or can help being puzzled to account for the little heed that is given to a writer of a fancy so rich and refined, of a diction so felicitous, and of a knowledge and practice of the true and beautiful in poetic art, rare enough in these days of vapid verse and sensuous, if not sinful, thought.

To us the reason of the discrepancy is plain. We know that the leaders of literary thought are not unbiassed readers of Mr. de Vere. He appears before the British public in the doubly unpopular character of a patriotic Irishman and a fervent Catholic, and thus can have little hope of a hearing from that class,

"Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi."

There has rarely been such an instance of pure prejudice. In

the year 1842 Mr. de Vere, then a Protestant, published a little volume of poems. The critics of the day justly praised the youthful work; even the august "*Quarterly*" devoted a lengthy article to the rising writer as appreciative as the most ambitious young poet could desire. Later, the "*Edinburgh Review*" ranked him with his kinsman, Sir Henry Taylor, among the highest living masters of his beloved art. But when the young Oxonian developed into the fervent Catholic, and the champion of the Waldenses sang the sorrows of his native land, a strange silence fell upon the prophets who had foretold for him such a brilliant career. Yet Mr. de Vere has not forsworn the Muses, and it might puzzle the keenest writer of his critics to show in what his later poems have failed to fulfil the promise of his earlier years.

We have been naturally led into these thoughts on Mr. de Vere's position by his last work. Few persons can read "*Alexander the Great*" without agreeing with the "*Spectator*," that it is a book "which ought to make a reputation." Great things are attempted in it, great things are done. In both the matter and the form of his work the poet has had to contend with difficulties of no mean order. The very choice of his subject-matter seemed to us, we must confess, at first sight unhappy, for in a practical age like the present it is hard to ask us to feel much sympathy for a hero, in whose history there is so much that is misty if not mythical. Recent research has added little, and, probably, can add but little to what has already been told of Alexander the Great; and the story of his conquests is so familiar to the schoolboy, so frequently dished up in varying forms of prose and verse, essay, ode, or debate, that "Philip's warlike son" has come to be regarded pretty much in the same light as the Romans were by Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen. Despite this triteness in the subject, and the additional difficulty of dramatising a career so rapid and changeful, that one could as well attempt to depict the people he subdued as an artist could paint the landscape through which an express train was hurrying him, we have here a poem entirely beautiful and altogether successful.

Then, again, there were difficulties arising from the form in which Alexander and his times were dramatised. It is dramatic and yet, apparently, not a "play for the stage." A dramatic poem, although it has somewhat come into use of late, is not, we think, a popular vehicle for poetic thought. It is, properly, neither one thing nor the other. It is an aiming at something, and a falling short of it. It belongs to the region of the drama, inasmuch as it is dialogue, and not descriptive or narrative only. But the very reasons which prevent it from being a practical acting play also must tell against it in private reading. But we know very well that the drama, especially the historic drama, has manifold attractions for any one who feels that he has within him "the vision and the faculty divine." He knows that it is the very highest form of the art to which he is devoted; that, in the words of one whose

dramatic poems have been received unfortunately with too much favour, "the historic or epic drama, as, perhaps, we might more properly call it, is assuredly one of the hardest among the highest achievements of poetry."

"Alexander the Great" approaches so very near the acting drama that it is difficult to see why it might not boldly have been called by its name. It possesses much dramatic power, and we think the death scene at the close, and some of the scenes in which Arsinoë is introduced are as fine, at least, as anything recently seen on the British stage. Yet we are convinced that were it the author's intention to put "Alexander the Great" on the stage, it would never succeed. This we are sure Mr. de Vere has been the first to feel. The thoughts are too concentrated and metaphysical, the expression too pithily refined, the reasoning too close to produce any effect on an ordinary play-going audience. For the drama bears the same relation to poetry as oratory does to prose. Both are addressed, not to any particular or exclusive class of people, but to the people at large. Both must strike instantaneously, or not at all. Both must appeal, not to the more refined sensibilities developed by culture, but to these universal touches of nature, which "make the whole world akin." Were "Alexander the Great" put on the stage, we believe this doctrine would be most clearly exemplified. Even in reading we have sometimes to pause and go back to catch the full force and finer shades of the poet's meaning, a process impossible in the theatre, where the action of the drama is continuous.

It is not our intention to analyse the work before us, or epitomize the plot. Suffice it to say, that from first to last the hero's character is most artistically developed in a succession of interesting scenes, and in verse, the careful purity of whose rhythm never lags. There are, however, one or two points which, in a Catholic periodical like this, should certainly not be allowed to pass without special words of commendation.

Mr. de Vere's view of Alexander is far more favourable than that generally received. In his eyes the "Macedonian madman" has had very long lucid intervals. He has not invariably warred all day and drank all night, as he has been represented. Such a manner of life, as Mr. de Vere justly remarks, is inconsistent with the works which Alexander evidently did. Not satisfied with this, however, Mr. de Vere claims for his hero a system in his conquests and a profundity of thought about the great questions that shake mankind. Nor is this conception destitute of historical basis. The later historians of Greece and, notably Mr. Grote, detect a noble and useful scheme in Alexander's career of conquest. And, assuredly, it is not too much to expect at least occasional reversions to the great principles of all things in one who was the favoured pupil of Aristotle. But however any one may dispute the correctness of the writer's estimate of his hero,

no one can help thanking him for the result of such estimate. Starting with the supposition of an inquiring philosophical mind in his hero, the poet has been able sweetly and ably to discourse on themes dear to the heart of the Christian philosopher. It is not without much moral fruit that we watch the progress of mental change in Alexander from his early reverence for a supernatural being, his conviction that he himself is

"Less a person than a power,
Some engine in the right hand of the gods,
Some fateful wheel that round in darkness rolling,
Knows this its work, but not that work's far scope,"

down to the time when, flushed with the pride of conquest, he deems himself greater than the gods, and becomes the propounder of questions strangely smacking of Mr. Mill or Mr. Herbert Spencer. Metaphysical discussion is a leading characteristic of the school of poetry to which Mr. de Vere belongs, and from the hold which that school has over the minds of the refined and educated, it were much to be wished that all its members had a sound Christian base for their philosophy. We cannot overrate the importance of securing good poetry for the good cause. It has always been the bane of Catholic apologists that their solid matter was cast in a form so unattractive. They seem to make little or no allowance for the fancy, and to despise those arts by which scoffers are induced to come that they may "remain to pray." This complaint can have no place "in *Alexander the Great*." It belongs to the class of Christian apologies, and we doubt much if there has ever appeared a more attractive one. Poetry, and especially poetry such as Mr. de Vere's, is likely to have no small influence on the men of the present day. It will find its way where the folio and the philosophical review will not be read. It will touch what they are powerless to touch—the heart and the feelings, and so it would be strange, indeed, if a Catholic Review did not welcome heartily so valuable an accession to the cause of truth as the book before us.

There is also another feature in the book which will be prized by the thoughtful. Making use of a statement of Josephus, that Alexander visited Jerusalem, he draws from it many deductions and theories which will have much attraction for the student of the philosophy of history. The introduction of the Hebrew people both at home and in the land of bondage, into a record of Alexander is made the occasion of showing the deep connexion between the successive dynasties of the east and the great work—the work of preparation and prophecy allotted to the Jews. There are no passages in the poem which contain poetry so sweet and thought so profound.

And this mention of the people of God induces us to notice with a special word of praise the beautiful lyrics to be found towards the end of the play. It is seldom that rhythm so even and trans-

lation so literal, are found united as in the metrical rendering of the Psalm "Super flumina Babylonis." The scene is on Lake Pallacopas, near Babylon, and the song is heard by Alexander from some poor Hebrew slaves sailing near the royal barge. We have, we must confess, been sparing of our extracts up to this, that we might be able to give this little gem entire:—

"We sate beside the Babylonian river :
 Within the conquerer's bound, weeping we sate :
 We hung our harps upon the trees that quiver
 Above the rushing waters desolate.

"A song they claim'd—the men our task who meted.
 'A Song of Sion sing us, exile band.'
 For song they sued, in pride around us seated :
 How can we sing it in the stranger's land ?

* * * * *

"If I forget thee, Salem, in thy sadness,
 May this right hand forget the harper's art !
 If I forget thee, Salem, in my gladness,
 My tongue dry up, and wither like my heart !

"Daughter of Babylon, with misery wasted,
 Blest shall he be, the man who hears thy moans,
 Who gives thee back the cup that we have tasted
 Who lifts thy babes, and hurls them on the stones.

With this extract we close our notice of "Alexander the Great," not without a sorrowful foreboding that prejudice will deprive it in a great measure of the success it deserves. But it is a step in a direction towards which it behoves Christian literature to tend. The stage, for the most part, is given over to the devil to-day when it might be won for God. From behind the footlights of the theatre a sermon can be preached as forcible and fruitful as from the cathedral pulpit. But he would be a bold man, indeed, who would venture to bring back British drama to the state of the Coventry Mysteries or the miracle-play of Ober Ammergau, or even to the plain level of moral plays at a time when licence in representation is the surest passport to theatrical success. Things look black, but we should not despair. The great Catholic dramatic poet may yet come, and when he does God will be with him. It was when the gladiatorial shows were at their worst, and had become so wound up with society as to seem a necessity of the people, that Peter the fisherman walked into Rome ; yet Peter's palace has looked down for centuries on the crumbling ruins of the Coliseum.

J. S. C.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J.

IX. THE CLERGY (*continued*)—ADVICE AND INSTRUCTION.

THE priest's office of adviser is not confined to the confessional. He is often asked about the lawfulness or unlawfulness of certain courses of action that are contemplated—about obligations to do or omit doing certain things. Cases are proposed to him, not imaginary cases, or merely possible cases, or even such as may be likely to happen, but cases which have happened, or are happening, to the persons who recur to him, or to others regarding whom those persons are interested. The circumstances are detailed, in order that the priest may be in a position to judge accurately on the subject and answer correctly, not of course infallibly, for he is not infallible either in the confessional or out of it, but according to his lights. His acquaintance with Moral Theology and his natural ability, as well as his uprightness and conscientiousness, are the elements that give weight to his opinion. Often secrets are revealed to him which would not easily be told to another. They are not placed under what is called the *seal of confession*; because that highest and most sacred of all obligations to silence is not applicable except with relation to the Sacrament of Penance. Hence, such expressions as "I tell you this as if I were at confession," or "I tell you this under the seal of confession," do not avail to create that particular and supreme kind of obligation, unless the statement is really connected with a sacramental confession previously made or commenced, or which is actually commenced now, and so connected as to enter into it.

But there are other obligations of secrecy besides that one, obligations which would exist if the Sacrament of Penance had never been instituted. All tolerably good men acknowledge and observe them. A very special place is to be assigned to *professional* secrecy; because the good of society requires that its members should feel confidence and security in their recourse to those who are specially qualified to assist them in the different classes of misfortunes and difficulties in which they may find themselves involved. This happens often, indeed, through their own fault. But, even so, they are not to be left destitute of help, or to be driven to desperation, or to be exposed to the danger of going additionally wrong for the want of those remedies and of that guidance which God in His Providence affords, and which society itself, under Him, seeks to place within their reach.

A remarkable example of the application of this principle is found in the privilege accorded to attorneys and barristers, or rather

to their clients. Our law is justly solicitous to punish crime, and no diligence is spared in the pursuit of this object. Expense is not allowed to stand in the way. The public money is liberally disbursed. The discovery and conviction of a single malefactor are made a national business. The cases of Franz Muller and of Arthur Orton are instances—remarkable no doubt, but still merely two among many—of the zeal employed in bringing delinquents to justice. Yet, the greatest criminal may have free recourse to one or more legal advisers, and they are not only allowed, but compelled, to maintain secrecy concerning the subject of these communications, unless the party interested voluntarily relax the obligation. Neither counsel for the prosecution nor the judge himself is at liberty to elicit information from them about their client's confidential statements, however desirable it may seem to arrive at the truth, because this is most properly considered a wrong means to employ for the purpose.

So far our jurisprudence is unimpeachably fair in this respect. But there is some ground for saying that it stops rather short in confining this protection, as it does, to the case of *legal* advisers. The principle is not extended to medical men, nor to the clergy. Communications made to them are not privileged. A physician can be called upon to tell all he knows, so can a priest, if we except, practically at the present day, knowledge acquired precisely through confession. I say *practically* and *at the present day*, because this was not always so, and even now, if I don't mistake, the rule is not of the same formal and expressly juridical character with regard to a confessor as with regard to a barrister or attorney. However, the actual course uniformly taken by the judges may be looked on as having passed into law.

But the privilege is meagre and incomplete, and not satisfactory even as regards the confessional. Because, though no priest is now ever asked to reveal the sins told him in confession, or, if by chance asked, he is never pressed, and no judge would sanction such pressure, yet questions are sometimes put and urged as to transactions which may easily have a close connexion with confession, and really fall under the seal. A confessor, for example, learns from a penitent some obligation contracted by the latter, and undertakes to co-operate in its fulfilment—undertakes, we will say, to convey restitution to an injured party, without affording a clue to the person from whom it comes. This involves external action, quite beyond the material limits of the place where the confession has been heard, but which the priest is not at liberty to account for, and not only is he not at liberty so to account, but he would thereby violate the seal of confession. And this holds, as is obvious, not only with regard to questions which are equivalent to inquiries about the person, but with regard to those which are more remote, yet which, if answered, would put the questioner on the road towards the discovery of the penitent. Again, something may

be otherwise known concerning an interview, that has no look of confession, between the priest and a particular person, and yet the business transacted cannot be explained without trenching on the secrecy of the sacred tribunal, because that business has an intimate connexion with the sins told there. Questions, therefore, regarding it are in reality questions about confession. It is quite clear that a priest cannot in conscience answer such questions as these, and that no civil law can bind him to answer them, nor any danger of consequences justify him in doing so. The Divine law must be fulfilled at all costs. Further, it is clear that all attempts to interfere with the sacramental secret are in themselves wrong, and, I will add, at variance with civil liberty and the acknowledged right of Catholics to practise their religion.

But, even where confession does not enter at all, private professional communications between the clergy and the faithful, with a view to advice, ought to be respected. It is certainly for the good of society that its members should have free access to counsel and direction in matters of conscience, and the advantages to be derived from this access override any that could accrue, in particular instances, from interference with it. This is more obviously true in the case of priests than in the case of lawyers; for it never happens that priests are consulted professionally for a bad purpose. I say never, because, if there be exceptions, the number is so infinitesimally small as not to be appreciable. The object in view is always to ascertain the existence or absence of a moral obligation, and the motive is that the person may be in a position to do what is right. Now this cannot be said of recourse to men of the legal profession. So far as criminal jurisprudence is concerned, many innocent men seek to establish their innocence, and many guilty men try to screen their guilt, which I fully admit to be a lawful thing; since a wrongdoer is justified in escaping punishment if he can, provided always that the means adopted are fair, and this is very far from always being the case. In civil causes the recovery or retention of property, compensation for wrongs or losses, the enforcing of agreements, and the like, are in view—often, no doubt, properly in view; but it cannot be denied that frequently there is injustice, either on the part of the plaintiff, who struggles to obtain what he has no title to, or on the part of the defendant, who endeavours to defeat a well-founded claim. I have not the least intention of disparaging the legal profession, for which I have the highest respect and esteem. All I mean to infer is that suitors to whom the law affords such thorough protection for their legal secrets—since the privilege is theirs—that suitors, I say, considered in that capacity, are of the full less entitled to such a provision than those whom we may call the clients of the clergy, seeing that the former are at best immediately intent on their own legitimate temporal interest of some sort, while the latter have for their object rectitude of conduct. I say of the two merely by way of comparison, arguing a *for*

tiori, not that I would desire to see the existing privilege as to legal advisers in any degree abridged.

Unquestionably it is the interest of society that men should be guided by their conscience, and should possess every help towards forming their conscience correctly. The law itself appeals to conscience by the administration of oaths, which are, perhaps, a little too much multiplied; but however that may be, they are, in moderation, justly considered expedient and even necessary. I say the law appeals to conscience in administering oaths; for though witnesses are liable to punishment if they be proved to have sworn falsely, yet in many cases the falsehood could not be detected, in many more the witnesses would count on escaping discovery. Nothing indeed is more clear or certain, or more generally recognised, than that oaths are administered with a view to securing truthfulness on the score of conscience. Besides, the claims of conscience are continually dwelt on by judges and advocates, and, in the main, it is supposed that, as far as may be, law and conscience ought to go together—that law should support and enforce the demands of conscience.

From the nature of things there cannot be a perfect coincidence between conscience and law, even that branch of law which is called *equity*, and which was, in its origin, more specially intended to insure the fulfilment of conscientious obligations. Those by whom it is administered must follow certain rules, whose application accidentally, at times, contravenes natural right; and a late distinguished equity judge once complained that he was obliged to administer *injustice* from the bench, not, of course, injustice on his part, but injustice as to results over which he had no control. This, certainly, does not excuse those who seek such results. What I wish to convey by these remarks on the relation between law and conscience—what I wish to infer—is, that it is the policy of the law not to throw unnecessary obstacles in the way of those who desire to govern their conduct by the rules of morality, and therefore that the secrecy of all professional communications with *spiritual* advisers should be respected and protected as much as the secrecy of professional communications with *legal* advisers.

There are, no doubt, persons who will deride recourse to the clergy in what are styled worldly matters, as if worldly matters could have no spiritual bearing. It is not my business to pronounce on the *conscientiousness* of such persons. There are others who will say that the *Catholic clergy*, in particular, are not to be trusted. This is not the place to enter into a controversy concerning the trustworthiness of priests. I do not forget that, as I said in the commencement of these papers, I am addressing Catholics; though I may take occasion to deal incidentally with the prejudices of Protestants. In speaking to Catholics, I assume the truth of our religion, and of the principles according to which the clergy are educated, which are no other than the principles of our religion. I

assume that the clerical office and profession are divinely instituted, and that the Governing Church, as I have called it, which consists chiefly of the bishops, is divinely appointed to watch over the individual members of the clerical body. This is a fair guarantee of their general fitness to discharge the duties imposed on them, though they are not personally infallible nor impeccable. They all thoroughly understand that, as ministers of God, they are specially bound to guide the faithful according to His law, without wilfully diverging to the right or to the left; and it is to be presumed that, as a rule, they act accordingly. Their particular studies qualify them to form a correct judgment on the questions that are submitted to them for decision. Some, of course, are more thoroughly qualified than others in what may be called a scientific point of view, and these are preferably resorted to in difficult cases. Generally speaking, they have no interest in misleading those who consult them, even though they were not upright and conscientious. Generally, too, there is every reason to believe that they *are* upright and conscientious, and would not sacrifice duty to interest. All this I say to Catholics who will, for the most part, I conceive, be ready to admit the entire statement. A good deal of it I may confidently say to reasonable Protestants, whatever be their particular religious tenets; for, although they will not view the Catholic priesthood as I do, yet considering what our clergy are seen to be, and how they are regarded by those who know them best, and what they—the clergy—believe themselves to be as to their office and duties, impartial Protestants will not see much mischief to be apprehended for society from their guidance or advice concerning moral obligations.

I have said that ordinarily priests have no personal interest in the decision they give or the advice they afford. Can so much be said of members of the legal profession in either of its branches? I am very far from wishing to charge them at all generally with an undue regard for their own interest. Being men, it is only common sense to suppose that some of them occasionally yield to a weakness of this kind; but it is no part of my purpose to make any accusation against them. I merely ask can it be said that there is generally no interest of theirs involved in the questions on which they are consulted? That their interest should or should not be involved is a thing which does not depend on them, and consequently no fault is implied in affirming that it commonly is so. Their calling is an honourable one, and one that is necessary to society; but it is no harm to say that litigation is beneficial to them. Their livelihood depends upon lawsuits. Their credit likewise depends, to no small extent, on success in the causes they undertake. They are liable, therefore, to temptation, both in the matter of promoting and protracting actions and in that of straining points to gain the day. I don't want, for all that, to say they are not to be trusted. But, taking all things into consideration,

there is no ground for denying that priests are to be trusted at least every bit as much.

There is another official use of the professional knowledge of the clergy, and that is religious instruction, by preaching, catechising, or otherwise. I employ the expression *official use*, because though every part of a priest's conduct ought to be regulated by theology, yet judgments, decisions, spiritual advices, moral teaching, are at once in a true sense official acts, and a direct expression and application of theological doctrine. The clergy are bound to instruct the people both as to dogmas, or truths to be believed, and as to morals, teaching them what they are bound to do and what to avoid, exhorting them to repentance for their sins and the practice of virtue. The people are to be informed concerning God and His perfections, the mysteries of the Trinity and Incarnation, the rewards and punishments of a future state, the institution and nature of the sacraments, the authority of the Church and of the Roman Pontiff, the commandments of God and the Church. Coming down to details, the clergy must teach their parishioners the various obligations of justice and charity, the duties of parents towards children and of children towards parents, of superiors and inferiors in each other's regard ; in one word, all that God requires of men in the different relations of life. Merely secular matters, as such, merely temporal interests, as such, do not fall within the range of this pastoral teaching, but their moral bearings do, though a good deal of prudence is requisite in treating of these, that the proper boundaries may not be transgressed, that a handle may not be afforded for complaining of unnecessary and mischievous interference in worldly business, and that needless offence may not be given to any one. Yet the clergy have a right to speak to their people concerning all classes of moral obligations. By this assertion I mean that individual priests have the right in subordination to their ecclesiastical superiors, in other words, that the Church has the right of doing so through her ministers. Ordinarily, in these countries, there is no difficulty thrown in their way. The fullest expositions of Catholic doctrine, with its practical developments, may be safely given. There is no likelihood of treason or sedition being preached here or anywhere else, because the Church condemns these things, and enforces loyalty towards the State. But if the civil power were to command anything unlawful, as happened even among us in other times, the clergy would be entitled and obliged to forbid a guilty obedience to that authority whose just laws should still continue to be observed.

END OF VOL. II.

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